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MASONIC SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

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Wm. H. Stuart.

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MASONIC SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY

R.·.W.·. WILLIAM M. STUART

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND MASTER
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Inv. 5250
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TO

MY SON

CADET ARCHIBALD WILLIAM STUART

WEST POINT

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INTRODUCTION

Much as I enjoyed perusing the proofs of R. W. Bro. Wm. M. Stuart's previous book, *Hand to Back*, I confess that the present volume afforded me even still greater pleasure. *Masonic Soldiers of Fortune* deals with real men, figures of history who were of bone and sinew, and through whose veins coursed a courageous blood.

The author is to be congratulated upon the choice of his subjects. Many of them will come as unfamiliar characters to us, and still more so in their capacities as members of our ancient and honorable Craft. As we follow their fortunes, the pages of history open anew to us; we live over again the hours of our boyhood. The old school histories gave us the names of men and places, and set forth dates in a more or less compelling fashion; but it is to the tales of Coffin and Tomlinson—to mention but two—to which we are indebted for a knowledge of the more human side of our early American heroes. And if my own experience is a criterion, I suspect also that many of us imbibed a more thrilling if less accurate knowledge of Revolutionary and War of 1812 history through the weekly novels surreptitiously read in barn lofts and attics. Those were halcyon days indeed!

The reading of Bro. Stuart's biographical sketches create a desire to "search further." To mention but one individual, Francisco Miranda, who appears in the story of David Gouverneur Burnet, The *Encyclopedia Britannica* shed some light upon him; but it has also been whispered that he was a Freemason, as were many of the patriots who fought against Spanish tyranny in South

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and Central America a century ago. Unfortunately, the Argentine correspondent who was investigating the records passed on to the Grand Lodge above before his work was completed, but it is hoped that others will take up the task and carry on. The ties existing between our Latin American neighbors and ourselves, continuously strengthening as we arrive at a better understanding and a realization that our ideals are one, will make it possible to add new fields for Masonic research, and to extend the list of patriots in whose lives Freemasonry was also a compelling force.

The critical reader will be impressed by the care the author has displayed in verifying facts and figures. These sketches are not the effusions of a flowery orator; though they possess a distinctive style and life all their own which lift them above the commonplace, they also carry conviction, and can be relied upon as an accurate presentation of facts.

The present volume is commended to those who would know more of the men and Masons who have contributed to the welfare of our country since its establishment in the trying days of 1776. Its reading will be found both enjoyable and instructive.

J. HUGO TATSCH, P.M.

Iowa Masonic Library,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa,
September, 1, 1928.

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PREFACE

The average person probably construes the term "Soldier of Fortune" to mean one who sells his sword to the highest bidder. However, a modern authority gives the intriguing phrase a construction much broader in scope: "A soldier who serves where fortune summons him." This definition is sufficiently flexible for our present purpose.

Concerning the meaning of the word "misfortune," there can be little doubt. Few of us have escaped its influence, and, of all classes, the soldier usually suffers most from its blighting effect.

In the following series are given sketches of the lives of Masonic soldiers who experienced in their careers both fortune and misfortune in generous measure. All these brethren, save possibly one, were indomitable in action, felt within their beings the lure of adventure, achieved considerable success in their chosen calling, and were prevented from attaining the highest pinnacle of fame because of the machinations of that ultra-fickle goddess, Fortune.

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Masonic Soldiers of Fortune

JOHN WHISTLER

The Whistler family, of English origin, is very ancient. At about the time that Columbus discovered America the Whistler clan, even then somewhat noted, existed in three main branches residing in Oxfordshire, Essex and Sussex. Goring was one of the seats of the Oxfordshire branch, and from this place came Ralph Whistler, the son of Hugh, and migrated to Ireland. In Ulster province Ralph became an original tenant of a large tract owned by one of the London guilds. Here the Whistler family, as founded by Ralph, seems to have done well; but it was not until 1756 that the subject of this sketch, destined to become the founder of a famous American family, was born.

It appears that John Whistler, a direct descendant of Ralph, was given a good education, for he was a fair linguist and a musician of ability. He seems to have been born with a strong love for adventure; at any rate, when yet quite young, he ran away from home and enlisted in the British Army. This was during the early days of the Revolutionary War, and young Whistler soon found himself aboard ship bound for Canada. Under the talented but egotistical General Burgoyne, Whistler participated in the invasion that was calculated to reduce to serfdom a free people. But, with the other survivors of Burgoyne's ill-starred army, Private Whistler laid down his arms at Saratoga in the autumn of 1777, and as a captive started on the long march across country to Boston. Lossing thus describes this march:

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"The whole view of the vanquished army, as it marched through the country from Saratoga to Boston, a distance of three hundred miles, escorted by two or three American officers and a handful of soldiers, was a spectacle of extraordinary interest. Generals of the first order of talent; young gentlemen of noble and wealthy families, aspiring to military renown; legislators of the British realm, and a vast concourse of other men, lately confident of victory and of freedom to plunder and destroy, were led captive through the pleasant land they had coveted, to be gazed at with mingled joy and scorn by those whose homes they came to make desolate. 'Their march was solemn, sullen and silent; but they were everywhere treated with such humanity, and even delicacy, that they were overwhelmed with astonishment and gratitude. Not one insult was offered, not an opprobrious reflection cast'; and in all their long captivity they experienced the generous kindness of a people warring only to be free."

It is probable that it was during the days of his captivity that John Whistler first conceived a love for America, as well as being convinced of the wickedness of fighting against its inhabitants. In common with the rest of the army, Whistler was not permitted to return at once to England, as had been stipulated in the terms of the surrender at Saratoga. Congress, for what it considered good and sufficient reasons, refused to ratify this part of the capitulation. In consequence, it was many a long day before John Whistler again saw the land of his birth.

At last he returned to England, and was honorably mustered out of the military service. But no sooner had he escaped the influence of Mars than he was severely wounded by a shaft delivered by that industrious wight known as Cupid. The arrow came from high life; the object of the young soldier's attention being no less than a daughter of Sir Edward Bishop. As might be expected, when the circumstances are considered, the baronet did

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not look with favor on the match. In short, he drove young John Whistler from his door. But Whistler did not stay away—at least from a window. He eloped with the daughter of the nobleman and fled with his bride to America. Here, happy but penniless, the couple lived for a time at Hagerstown, Maryland.

Whether it was dire want, or the stirring of his military instinct, that prompted the action, Whistler soon entered the Army of the United States. He was not long in attaining a position where he could see active service. The bloody war with the tribes of the Northwest Territory broke out. As adjutant of Gaither's battalion, Colonel Drake's regiment, levies of 1791, Whistler stood with his men on that gloomy November morning when the forest that surrounded St. Clair's little army vomited hordes of screaming, bounding figures. In the scene of horror and confusion that followed, Adjutant Whistler was severely wounded. How he escaped from the stricken field we do not know; but he did escape and eventually recovered from his wounds.

The next year, 1792, the War Department issued an order to the effect that any non-commissioned officer who should raise twenty-five recruits would be commissioned an ensign. Whistler had no difficulty in securing twenty-five recruits, for it was said of him that he could raise more men and do more work than any other officer in the army. Accordingly he received his commission as ensign in the First Regiment of Foot, April 11, 1792, and in November of the same year was made lieutenant. He served faithfully throughout the remainder of the war, which was ended by Brother Anthony Wayne's victory at Fallen Timbers. The same year as this battle, Whistler was made battalion adjutant and quartermaster.

During the year 1795 he was located with his company at Fort Washington, near Cincinnati, Ohio.

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On September 8, 1791, about two months before Whistler was wounded at St. Clair's disastrous defeat, the Grand Lodge of New Jersey had, because of the petition of Generals St. Clair, Harmar, and others, chartered a Lodge at Cincinnati, to be known as Nova Caesarea Lodge No. 10, naming as Master Dr. William Burnet, a scion of a famous New Jersey family, and the father of six famous sons.

The infant Lodge in the Ohio wilderness, second in the territory, provided a meeting place for Masons of that remote region. The officers of Fort Washington, who were so inclined, were not long in availing themselves of this opportunity. Early in 1795 Lieutenant John Whistler petitioned the new Lodge for the degrees, was elected, initiated, passed, and raised accordingly; receiving the degree of Master Mason May 5, 1795. At this time Edward Day was Master; John S. Gano, Senior Warden; Dr. Calvin Morrell, Junior Warden. The Lodge is now known as N. C. Harmony Lodge No. 2.

Lieutenant Whistler was promoted captain in July, 1797, and six years later (1803) was sent with his company from Detroit to the southern shore of Lake Michigan. Here he erected Fort Dearborn on the site of the present city of Chicago, and in consequence is the founder of the second largest city in America. Captain Whistler and his men built Fort Dearborn without the aid of beasts of burden; the timbers and stones being hauled from the forests and quarries by the men, the commanding officer doing his full share with the rest.

Whistler was made a major by brevet, July 10, 1812, but upon the reduction of the army in 1815, following the close of the war of 1812, he was not retained, as he had two sons in the service. He had lost one son in action during the struggle.

He was now given the appointment of military store-

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keeper at Newport, Kentucky, opposite Cincinnati, and from that post was transferred to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. Here, not far from St. Louis, he spent the remainder of his days. He died in 1827 at Belle Fontaine, Missouri, having reached a ripe old age. And his influence lived after him in the form of a talented and useful progeny. Let us consider the three sons who entered the military service of the United States.

John Whistler, Jr., a lieutenant in the United States Army, died in December, 1813, of wounds received sixteen months before in the battle of Maguaga, near Detroit, Michigan, August 12, 1812.

William Whistler entered the army in 1801, participated in the same battle in which his brother John was wounded, was promoted steadily, if slowly, and reached the grade of colonel in 1845. After having been in the military service *sixty years*, he was retired in 1861.

Before considering the third of the military brothers, it might be well to touch upon the battle of Maguaga, a bloody little fight that, because of the surrender of Detroit by the cowardly Hull, soon following, has been largely forgotten.

General William Hull was a Mason; but the members of the Order have never taken much pride in that fact. During the war of the Revolution he was Junior Warden of Washington Lodge No. 10 (military), which was warranted by Grand Master Webb of Massachusetts in October, 1779. As a major, William Hull seems to have rendered faithful service in the Revolution; as a major-general in the war of 1812, he earned notoriety almost as unenviable as that of Benedict Arnold.

Governor of the territory of Michigan at the outbreak of the war of 1812, General Hull at once invaded Canada, then became frightened and retired. After this event, and before he was himself besieged in Detroit, he dis-

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patched a force of six hundred men under Colonel Miller on a reconnoitering expedition toward the River Raisin. Of this force the Fourth Infantry, regulars, comprised the nucleus. It was in this regiment that both John and William Whistler held commissions.

It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of August 9, 1812, that Colonel Miller's column reached Maguaga, about fourteen miles below Detroit. Here, in the heavy oak forest near the bank of the Detroit River, a sudden and terrific fire smote the troops as they were marching along the dusty trail. The volley came from a mixed force of British and Indians, commanded respectively by Major Muir and Chief Tecumseh.

Although taken by surprise, the Americans did not flinch. Forming their line of battle and planting a piece of artillery where its fire would be effective, they charged with the bayonet. The discharges of the six-pounder were terribly destructive, and the veterans of the Fourth Regiment were efficient with the steel. Amid the forest shades a ghastly contest ensued for a few minutes, then the British and Canadians fled, leaving the battle to Tecumser and his braves. They, too, were forced to yield presently, and the Americans held the field, after having suffered a loss of seventy-five in killed and wounded. Many of the wounded, including Lieutenant John Whistler, subsequently died.

The third son of Major John Whistler, George Washington Whistler, was the most famous of the distinguished trio. He was born in 1800, and was appointed to West Point at the extremely early age of fourteen. He developed extraordinary scholarship, especially along engineering lines, and upon graduation speedily made his mark. He was instrumental in constructing several of the early railroads of the country; for at this time civil engineers, other than graduates of West Point, were scarce. There-

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fore Whistler resigned his commission in the army in 1833, and eventually became the foremost engineer in the nation. Indeed, his reputation was international; and this led in 1842 to his appointment by the Czar of Russia to a consulting engineership on the Imperial Railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg. In Russia he earned great distinction, and five years after his advent in that country was decorated by the Czar. He died at the early age of forty-nine (April 7, 1849) of the Asiatic cholera. Talented as George Washington Whistler was, he had a son yet more transcendent in genius, although in another line.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler, son of George W. Whistler, was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, July 10, 1834. Upon the removal of his father to Russia, James attended the Imperial Art Academy at St. Petersburg from 1843 to 1849, when, the father died and the family returned to Pomfret, Connecticut. Here James was sent to a preparatory school; for, in conformity with the family traditions, he was destined for West Point. Two years later he received his appointment to the historic military school on the bank of the Hudson.

Young James A. M. Whistler, however, was not cut out for a soldier, in spite of the blood that ran in his veins. The inherent genius of the family had taken in this youth a new turn. Military discipline, the constant drilling, the set routine, were odious to him. The beauty of his surroundings were some compensation, and he loved to roam over the rugged wooded hills and along the banks of the noble river. But he had little time for such diversion; the requirements of the Academy were arbitrary and inflexible. James distinguished himself in drawing, but mathematics, French and history bored him as much as his class standings bored his instructors. He managed to

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stick for three years, and then was dismissed for lack of scholarship.

He now began to paint in earnest. He painted pictures of everything, for to him all nature was beautiful. At first his efforts met with little success; he succeeded in pleasing few beside himself. In 1859 he removed to London, but there he remained for a long time in comparative obscurity. Eventually, though, his wonderful art became recognized, and in 1887 he was elected President of the Royal Society of British Artists.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler died in London, July 17, 1903, being sixty-nine years of age, and having survived his wife seven years. His death marked the passing of one of the greatest artists that America has produced. His grandfather had fled from England to seek his fortune in America; the grandson had gone from America to seek his fortune in England. Both in a measure attained their ambition, and both Britain and America share in the honors of this illustrious family.

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DAVID GOUVERNEUR BURNET

During the first days of February, 1806, there lay in the harbor of New York a mysterious vessel. A square-rigged, three-masted ship she was, named the *Leander*. Her captain was John Lewis, a good seaman, but he took his orders from a man higher up. For some time the *Leander* had been shipping a crew, and now there had been signed on more than two hundred men, mostly young and of the best blood in America. Included in the lot were a grandson of Ex-President John Adams, and David Gouverneur Burnet, one of the six sons of Dr. William Burnet, referred to in the previous chapter as the first Master of Nova Caesarea Lodge No. 10, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

David G. Burnet was born in Newark, New Jersey, April 1, 1788, of a family that "ranked high, on both sides, in New Jersey and New York for education, talent and moral worth." On the eve of sailing of the mysterious *Leander* David Burnet was commissioned a lieutenant.

It is now high time to state just what the mission of the *Leander* was, as well as the identity of the "man higher up."

Francisco Miranda was born in Caracas, Venezuela, in 1750. The oppressive rule of the Spaniard excited his ire while he was yet in tender years, and he resolved that the day would come in which he should be the liberator of all Latin America. He has been characterized as a born agitator and revolutionist; but, had he been successful, he would now be styled a patriot. He was not more

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than twenty when he came to the English colonies scattered along the Atlantic seaboard, and traveled extensively through them, mostly on foot, observing the customs of the people and absorbing the ideals of the Anglo-Saxon. Again in 1783 he visited the United States.

Upon the breaking out of the French Revolution he went to France, entered the military service and speedily won distinction as a soldier, becoming a general in command of a division. All this time he was dreaming of the day when he should lead the forces of his native country to victory against the Spaniard. While in France he seems to have practiced the arts of intrigue, for he was twice expelled from that country as a dangerous plotter. But undismayed, he persisted in his endeavor to enlist the sympathy of prominent European politicians, and did succeed in winning to his side William Pitt.

Early in 1806 he came to the United States again and began to fit out an expedition against the province of Caracas. At this time he was residing in Washington, and was on friendly relations with both President Jefferson and Secretary James Madison. It was believed by people, supposedly on the inside regarding political matters, that the President favored Miranda's project, or at least winked at his doings. This probably explains why he was able to secure the services of so many scions of our better families. At any rate, the *Leander*, armed with sixteen guns and carrying close to two hundred and fifty men, was permitted to leave port without interference from Federal authorities.

A few days after leaving New York, the *Leander* was overtaken by the British frigate *Cleopatra* and nineteen men were taken off and impressed into the British service. Miranda, however, went aboard the *Cleopatra* and succeeded in eliciting from the commander a promise of help

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in the enterprise against the Spaniards. The British ship now went on its way and the *Leander* was permitted to resume her interrupted voyage. She made the Mona Passage by the middle of February; but it was the first of May before the expedition appeared off the Spanish Main near Porto Cabello. Here a brush with some coastguard vessels came to nothing, except that Miranda lost two small smuggling schooners that he had persuaded to join him, as well as sixty men. Thus the first attempt was discouraging.

Two months later Miranda fell in with Admiral Cochrane, commanding the British fleet in West Indian waters, and persuaded him to furnish some small vessels to assist in the raid. Altogether ten small ships set out from Trinidad, the largest of the fleet being the sloop-of-war *Lily* of twenty-four guns. On the second of August the expedition appeared off the town of La Vela de Coro, garrisoned by the Spanish.

Under a heavy fire delivered by the fleet, the boats were filled with excited men and pulled for the shore. Lieutenant Burnet commanded one of the boats. There were but ninety Americans in the landing party, and they were opposed by several hundred Spaniards; but with a wild rush the Yankees swarmed over the parapet of the fort and put the enemy to flight. They had taken the port of the city of Coro, which was located twelve miles inland. Miranda proposed to march thither at once and seize the place before the Spaniards recovered from their fright.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when the little army of two hundred and sixty men, headed by Miranda himself, set off for Coro, dragging with them two light field-pieces. Strict silence was enjoined. It was very hot and exceedingly dark. An hour before dawn they entered the city and found it deserted. It was like a city of the dead. A false alarm concerning the approach of

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the enemy led to separate detachments of the little invading force firing into each other, and some loss resulted, but of the Spaniards there was no sign.

Miranda remained in the city four days, vainly waiting for the people to rise and join his force. He would permit no plundering, and he treated the inhabitants of the vicinity with kindness; yet the time was not ripe for revolt. Discouraged, Miranda led his army back to the coast.

A few days later a landing force of fifteen men from the *Leander*, in search of water, was set upon by Spanish cavalry which rushed out from among the sand hills, yelling and firing. The little water party was captured, carried away and strangled or condemned to the mines.

At about this time Pitt, the Premier of England, died, and as Miranda could now look for no more help from the English, he returned to New York with the remnant of his expedition.

Miranda made another attempt in 1808 and was again joined by young Burnet, who had survived the first expedition. But things did not turn out well, and Miranda advised Burnet to go back to the United States. This he did in good time, for Miranda was captured by the Spaniards, sent to Spain and there died in a dungeon.

David G. Burnet now studied law in Newark, with the idea in mind of removing to Cincinnati, Ohio, where most of his family had already gone. It would have been strange if David Burnet had not considered joining the Masonic fraternity, for his father and all his brothers were members of the Order. According to the minutes of St. John's Lodge of Newark, under date of November 24th, 1813, "The petition of David G. Burnet was presented by Bro. Caleb S. Halstead, read to the Lodge and filed." On December 8, 1813, it is stated, "The petition of David G. Burnet was laid over for further consideration until the next regular meeting."

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Nothing further can be found in the minutes relative to this petition, and it is obvious that Burnet did not receive his degrees in St. John's Lodge of Newark. Why, we do not now know. It is possible that circumstances compelled him to remove to Cincinnati before his petition could be acted upon. At any rate, he was not made a Mason until many years had passed—to be exact, twenty-six.

It appears that David Burnet did not long remain in Cincinnati after his removal to that place. In his younger days he seems to have been much of a rover. He now located in Natchitoches, Louisiana, and engaged in business. The nature of his business we do not know, but it apparently had a deleterious effect on his health, for he began to drift into tuberculosis, then generally called "consumption," or "a decline." Resolving to regain his health by adopting an outdoor life, he in 1817 drifted to the Plains and joined a tribe of wild Commanches, whose range was along the upper reaches of the Brazos and Colorado Rivers in Texas.

Burnet lived among the Indians for two years. Galloping across the wind-swept plains, sleeping on the ground at night with merely his saddle for a pillow and the stars for a canopy, eating a rough but nourishing diet, he soon began to feel strength returning to him. Once the course of the disease had been checked, his recovery was rapid.

It was about this time that Burnet met Colonel Ben R. Milen, formerly of Kentucky, who was trading with the Plains Indians. The two men, strangely met, continued friends to the end.

Having entirely recovered his health, Burnet returned to Ohio for a time, then went back to Louisiana, and for six years followed the practice of law. He now married, and in 1826, being attracted by the reports of good land in Texas, he migrated thither and introduced, it is said,

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the first, or one of the first, steam saw-mills ever in that country.

For a few years after arriving in Texas, Burnet did not attain any special degree of distinction. He forged into the spotlight at the time of a convention called in 1833 by the American settlers, who were discontented with their status under the Mexican government. The object of this convention was to petition the Mexican Federal Government to erect Texas into a State distinct from Coahuila. Burnet wrote the memorial and, it is said, his effort was worthy a statesman of the first order. It, however, failed of its object.

The next year Burnet was appointed one of the first three district judges of Texas. He was now on the upgrade. He ably filled the position of judge, and retained that station until the revolution against the authority of Mexico broke out in 1835. Texas declared her independence from Mexico on March 2, 1836, and David G. Burnet was chosen President of the Republic to serve until the adoption of a constitution, which took place on October 22, 1836.

During the eight momentous months that Burnet served as President, occurred many events that now illuminate the pages of Texan history; the immortal fight at the Alamo, the butchery at Goliad, the victory wrought by Old Sam Houston at San Jacinto, and the capture of Santa Anna; who, even if a Mason of high degree, was a heartless scoundrel, and richly merited the fate of hanging, which was spared him.

Through all these troublesome times President Burnet held firm the rudder of the infant ship of state, and when Sam Houston was elected first President under the Constitution, Burnet handed the reins of government over to that stern patriot, soldier and Master Mason.

In 1838 Burnet was elected Vice-President to serve for

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three years; but in 1840, owing to the illness of President Lamar, Burnet was again called upon to act as executive. It was while serving as Vice-President of the Texan Republic that David G. Burnet was at last admitted to Light in Masonry. According to the records of the Grand Lodge of Texas, as certified by R.W. W. B. Pearson, Grand Secretary, under date of September 2, 1926, David G. Burnet (in the records the name is spelled *Burnett*) was a member of Holland Lodge No. 1, of Houston, receiving his degrees as follows:

Initiated, January 18, 1839,
Passed, January 24, 1839,
Raised, May 21, 1839.

He demitted April 13, 1842. From this time on there seems to be no record of his Masonic affiliations. His public references to Masonry are few.

Colonel John A. Wharton, a brave soldier killed at the battle of San Jacinto, was given an elaborate funeral. In delivering the funeral oration, Burnet, then President but not yet a member of the Masonic Order, said:

"To you members of the benevolent fraternity, he was an object of peculiar regard. He exemplified in an eminent degree all the cardinal virtues which your order proclaims and inculcates. His benevolence was not merely Masonic, it was catholic; universal; and comprehended all classes of the distressed."

Burnet seems to have been a statesman of the highest type. Of him it has been said, "His state papers in all these years reveal the highest order of statesmanship and patriotism, and everywhere his life-long religious recognition of the God of his fathers is manifest."

In 1841 Burnet was defeated in the presidential election by Sam Houston. In 1846 Judge Burnet was made

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Secretary of State, and served throughout the term of James P. Henderson, the first governor.

For many years following the completion of his term as Secretary of State, Burnet remained on his farm in retirement, all his family having been taken from him except one son. He bitterly deplored secession, but decided to remain with his people. In the terrible war that followed, his only son, Major William E. Burnet, having survived until near the close of the struggle, finally was killed near Mobile, March 31, 1865.

In 1866 Burnet was elected United States Senator, under President Johnson's plan of reconstruction. However, Congress was then fighting the President, and would not ratify his plan, hence Burnet never took his seat. Two years later Judge Burnet visited his birthplace in Newark, New Jersey; but after a stay of a few months he returned to Texas, where he died at Galveston December 5, 1870, being eighty-two years of age.

An old work on Texas, compiled by one of the first settlers, who seemed to know everybody, adds some touches to the story of Burnet's life, even if it does seem to contradict slightly the generally accepted version. A few points are noted:

"He received a liberal education, but left school before graduating, and in 1805 entered the counting house of Robertson and Hartshorn in New York City. His tastes were not in accord with the dull routine of a clerk's life, and in 1806 he enlisted with General Miranda. . . . . In 1831, having married a New York lady, he returned to Texas. His vessel was partially disabled when approaching Galveston, and he and his bride barely escaped being swallowed up in the waters of the Gulf. . . . "

The main point at issue in the above account is the statement that he did not marry until after removing to

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Texas. However, that point is immaterial. The life of David G. Burnet was full of experience; and as soldier, lawyer, judge, statesman, Master Mason, he served loyally and well the people of his own day and generation.

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DE KALB AND THE OLD CONTINENTALS

The part of this chapter that bears more particularly on De Kalb was originally incorporated in an article published in the "Masonic Outlook," issue of March, 1926. In this paper the author made the same mistake in regard to Gates that nearly every Masonic historical writer has made during the past century: namely, that he was not a Mason. The error is corrected in the present chapter.—W. M. S.

Among the distinguished foreigners who not only aided mightily in establishing the independence of America, but also added luster to the fair fame of Freemasonry, was Baron De Kalb, a native of Alsace, Knight of the Royal Military Order of Merit, Brigadier-General in the French army, and later Major-General in the army of the United States.

De Kalb came with Lafayette to America in the spring of 1777, and on the fifteenth of September of the same year was commissioned by Congress as Major-General. In the spring of 1780 he was given command of the Maryland Division of the Continental Army, and with this division and the Delaware regulars marched to the relief of General Lincoln, then besieged in Charleston, South Carolina. Before De Kalb arrived Lincoln surrendered. In July General Horatio Gates succeeded De Kalb in command of the Southern army, but retained him as second in command.

Masonic writers have generally considered that Horatio Gates was not a Mason, basing this assumption on the fact that he did not *act* like one. Unlike most of Washington's generals, who were Masons and loyally supported the policies of their leader, Gates was not in accord

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with the ideas of the Commander-in-chief, and was at no pains to conceal his opposition.

Our ancestors of Revolutionary days were prone to consider a man as either good or bad; they had no conception of half-way estimates. Much like the writers of cheap fiction of a later period, in their opinion a man was either a hero, immaculate inside and out, or else a villain without a redeeming trait. In our own infancy we were taught that Washington *could* not lie, rather than that he refused to lie because it was wrong. On the other hand, we were told by our history teacher that Gates and Arnold were absolutely without the pale, because Gates tried to get Washington's job and Arnold tried to betray his country. Our instructor ignored the fact that Gates tried to displace Washington because, in his overwhelming egotism coupled with undisputed patriotism, he sincerely believed that the country needed *Gates* at the helm. Also, our mentor failed to note the fact that before Arnold attempted the betrayal of his country he first *saved* it on the field of Saratoga.

Modern psychology has taught us many things, chief among them being: No man is wholly good or entirely evil. In all of us the elements are so blended that the line of demarcation between the good and the bad is often difficult to determine. Who shall say, "This man is a saint," or, "That man is a demon?"

In these later days we have learned several additional facts concerning General Horatio Gates: He *was* a Master Mason; he was not a great man, but he was *not* an unmitigated villain.

The first fact was recently discovered through the exertions of Reginald V. Harris, Grand Historian of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia.

In the *Master Mason*, of Washington, D. C., issue of

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August, 1926, there was printed a letter under the caption, "Gates Was A Mason," and reading as follows:

"Referring to the inquiry in the June number of *The Master Mason*, page 522, as to whether Gen. Horatio Gates was a member of the Masonic Order, may I refer you to 'Massachusetts Proceedings,' Vol. I, page 269, where you will find recorded the proceedings of a meeting of Massachusetts Grand Lodge, December 18th, 1778, in which occurs the following minute:

" 'Voted the Hon'ble General Gates and such of his family who are Masons, be waited upon and invited to dine at the Feast.' (St. John's Day.)

"Immediately below these minutes are the minutes of a meeting of Grand Lodge in ample form December 28th, 1778, to celebrate the festival of St. John the Evangelist. Among those present was the Hon. General Gates.

"General Gates lived in Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, for some years, and married a daughter of one of the officers in the garrison. There was a very active regimental lodge at Annapolis between 1738 and 1755. It was virtually a military lodge in Philipp's or the 40th Foot, and practically all the officers of the regiment were Masons, and I have no doubt that Gates, if he was not made a Mason previously in England, which is very doubtful, became a member of the Annapolis Royal Lodge.

"This lodge was the first lodge on Canadian soil and there are numerous references to it in the 'Massachusetts Proceedings,' Vol. I.

"Yours faithfully,
Reginald V. Harris,
Grand Historian,
Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia."

In view of the fact that he was present at a meeting of the Grand Lodge held in *Ample Form*, there can be no

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doubt concerning the Masonic status of General Horatio Gates.

Let us now consider some of the salient points in the life of that peculiar man, who thought so highly of his own opinions that he sat in his tent, discussing heatedly with a wounded British officer the principles involved in the Revolutionary struggle, while Arnold was winning the battle of Saratoga.

Horatio Gates was born at Maldon, County of Middlesex, England, in 1728, and was a godson of Horace Walpole. While yet quite young he entered the British Army and, without especially distinguishing himself, rose to the grade of major. His first active service in America was at the time of Braddock's expedition and he was dangerously wounded in the battle that Washington did his best to save. This was in 1755. Recovering from his wounds, he in 1762 was an aide on the staff of General Monckton in the expedition against Martinique in the West Indies.

So far his record had been honorable without being distinguished. He seems to have acquired considerable property; for he now purchased an estate in Virginia and settled down to the pleasant life of a country gentleman.

Upon the breaking out of the Revolution, Congress, in its search for available leaders, fell upon Gates, made him a brigadier and assigned him to duty as adjutant-general of the Continental forces.

In June, 1776, he was placed in command of the Northern wing of the army, then located in and about Fort Ticonderoga and the border of Canada. At this time he was the friend of General Arnold. When the latter got into difficulties over a charge of peculation, was haled before a court and "investigated" as to what he had done with certain goods and chattels seized from the enemy at Montreal and at St. John's, Gates dissolved the court be-

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cause it had requested the arrest of Arnold. To Congress Gates reported as follows:

"The warmth of General Arnold's temper might possibly lead him a little farther than is marked by the precise line of decorum to be observed before and toward a court-martial. Seeing and knowing all the circumstances, I am convinced, if there was fault on one side, there was too much acrimony on the other. I was obliged to act dictatorily, and dissolve the court-martial the instant they demanded General Arnold to be put under arrest. The United States must not be deprived of that excellent officer's services at this important moment." (*Life of Benedict Arnold,* by Isaac N. Arnold.)

Later, as we shall see, Gates opposed Arnold in every possible way; but that was because Arnold had come to stand in the light of Gates. Horatio Gates was so decidedly human as to be rather commonplace.

During the autumn of 1776, Gates participated in the campaign of the army in New Jersey, but failed to do anything either spectacular or important. He was not with Washington during the Trenton-Princeton campaign. At that particular time he was trying to advance his fortunes with Congress; which, incidentally, listened willingly to his imaginative tales. Gates was a born intriguer, or what is now termed a professional politician. It is probable that he could not help it. It was his nature. Also, it must not be forgotten that Horatio valued his own abilities far more than any other man possibly could. He looked with complacency on his military record and sincerely believed that if he were at the head of the army the fortunes of America would improve. Men of the Gates type are not rare in this day.

Conspiring always, he succeeded in the summer of 1777 in displacing Schuyler, who had previously succeeded him in the command of the Northern army.

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Burgoyne's campaign was now in full swing and in the Northland things looked black indeed for the patriot cause. Although Schuyler was by no means an ideal campaigner, he was far better than Gates, who was neither a fighter nor a tactician.

The first battle of Saratoga was won by Arnold, fighting with his single division against nearly the whole British Army. And Gates, having now discovered that Arnold was the sincere friend of Schuyler and Washington, and in consequence could not be used to further the Gates propaganda, did not so much as mention in his dispatches to Congress the fiery leader from Connecticut. Rather, he deprived him of his command.

Then followed the second battle of Saratoga. The first battle had checked Burgoyne; the second ruined him. Like the first, it was won almost entirely by the terrific fighting of Arnold, who, although without a command, rushed into the front of battle, led on the men, drove the enemy in rout from the field and then assaulted him in his entrenched camp. And now Gates was *compelled* to mention Arnold in his report to Congress; but he soft-pedalled Arnold's heroism as much as was expedient.

When, shortly after this event, Burgoyne was forced to surrender, Gates, disdaining to report through his Commander-in-chief, Washington, sent the account of the capitulation directly to Congress. That fawning and wholly inefficient legislative body promptly had a medal struck off for "Gates, the gallant leader."

Horatio Gates did not dispute the encomium. He admitted the justness of it and straightway began to perfect his plans for displacing Washington. Saratoga was the brightest spot in his life, even if he had done little or nothing to win the campaign. The dark days were yet to come.

It was during the latter part of 1777 that Congress ap-

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pointed a new Board of War and made Horatio Gates the chairman. This Board was invested with, or at least assumed, powers that properly belonged to the Commander-in-chief. The invasion of Canada, projected without consulting Washington, was one of the schemes by which Gates, who had planned this one, tried to undermine the power of Washington. In an effort to alienate the fidelity of Lafayette to the Great Leader, the young Frenchman was appointed to the command of the Canadian expedition. It all came to nothing; as did the famous Conway Cabal, also probably engineered by Gates. Washington still remained at the head of the forces of America.

For a time Gates could find nothing for idle hands to do; then came the appointment to the command of the Southern army. And then—*Camden.* As Saratoga was the brightest spot in the life of Horatio Gates, Camden was the darkest. And as he had been extravagantly praised for the victory that he did *not* win at Saratoga, so now he was unjustly blamed for the battle that he did *not* lose at Camden.

Camden was lost solely from the action of the militia, the pet of an inefficient Congress.

Certain it is, Gates did not err when he marched against Cornwallis. The British leader has never been criticised for marching against Gates. The plan of each leader was substantially the same and was conceived at practically the same time. The rival forces met in the midst of a forest at night. Morning came and the militia, nearly two-thirds of the whole American Army, fled without drawing a drop of blood, either from the enemy or from themselves. The regulars were left to fight it out alone and die in order to protect the fair fame of the Service.

It has been charged that Gates did not exert himself to rally the troops; but rather fled like Monmouth at Sedge-

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moor, leaving his soldiers without a leader. Let us see what Marshall, in his life of Washington, says about the matter:

"Gates, in person, assisted by their generals made several efforts to rally the militia; but the alarm in their rear still continuing, they poured on like a torrent, and bore him with them. He hastened with General Caswell to Clermont, in the hope of stopping a sufficient number of them at their old encampment, to cover the retreat of the Continental troops; but this hope was enirely disappointed. Believing the Continental troops also to be dispersed, he gave up all as lost, and retreated with a few friends to Charlotte, about eighty miles from the field of battle, where he left General Caswell to assemble the neighboring militia, and proceeded himself to Hillsborough, in order to concert some plan of further defense with the government."

The real trouble with Gates was that he was merely Horatio Gates, a former major in the British Army, an officer of no especial ability. Not by any means was he an Alexander, a Caesar, a Hannibal. And, though he aspired to oust Washington and command in his stead, he should not be mentioned in the same breath with that natural leader of men, who, when the militia were fleeing at Princeton, rode directly between the opposing lines and by the very power of his presence led the raw troops on to victory. Never could Horatio Gates have done that, even if he had had the requisite physical courage—which some have doubted.

No, he was merely Horatio Gates. But he was not, by any means, a bad man, even though a designing one.

This then was the man whom Congress selected to displace De Kalb in the summer of 1780. With laudable energy he proposed to march at once against the British army led by Cornwallis, with Lord Rawdon as second in

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command. The British force was at Camden and numbered about 2,000 men, all but 500 being seasoned regulars.

The army of Gates numbered 3,000 men; two-thirds of them were raw militia. Among the officers of the various detachments, however, were men who later were prominent both in the affairs of the nation and the high councils of Freemasonry.

General Richard Caswell led the North Carolina militia. He later became Governor of the State and Grand Master. The Maryland troops were led, so far as one brigade was concerned, by Brigadier-General Mordecai Gist, then Master of a military lodge and later Grand Master of Masons in South Carolina. He had distinguished himself at the battle of Long Island, and was so patriotic, as well as eccentric, that when he became the father of two sons he named one "Independent" and the other "States."

General Smallwood, in command of another brigade of Maryland regulars, was also a distinguished Mason, as was Colonel Otho Williams.

The route taken by Gates on his advance lay through a desolate sandy country covered with scattered scrub pines. Sickness among the troops was prevalent, the heat was intense. The army had little or no provisions and was forced to live on lean cattle found ranging in the woods, green corn, unripe peaches, the bark of trees. On August 14th the army arrived at Clermont and encamped near Rugley's Mill. Here Gates was joined by seven hundred militia, but he weakened his force by sending some of his best regular troops to the aid of Sumter.

At ten o'clock on the night of the fifteenth Gates marshalled his army and marched against Cornwallis with the idea of surprising him in his camp. At the same hour of the same day Cornwallis marshalled his army and

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marched against Gates with the idea of surprising him in his camp.

With militia in the van and on the right flank, followed by the two brigades of Maryland and Delaware regulars led by Baron De Kalb, Gates advanced toward his foe. The night was sultry and very dark, for there was no moon. In almost complete silence the troops plodded along through the sandy soil, bumping against trees, stumbling over logs, floundering in bogs. Gates had threatened with death any soldier who should fire his musket before being ordered to do so. The weird surroundings reacted on soldiers and officers alike.

At about two o'clock in the morning, as the advance guard of the American army was breasting a small hill, a sudden challenge rang out in the darkness, followed almost immediately by the blaze of a musket volley which illuminated the woods and revealed a heavy body of troops close at hand.

The American militia fired one return volley, then bolted for the sanctuary of the brigades of regulars. The Continentals were thrown into some confusion by the fleeing militia and for a few moments all was chaos. In the darkness men rushed about aimlessly, stumbled and fell; officers, cursing wildly, struck out with the flat of their swords; horses plunged. And ever from the advance of the enemy volleys flashed, lighting up the woods with an intermittent glare.

But now several parties of Americans attacked and brought the head of the British column to a halt. Some prisoners were taken by each side and the respective commanders were informed of the true status of their foe. As if by mutual consent both leaders decided to await the dawn before beginning regular hostilities. Gates called a hurried council of war. There being no alternative, it was decided to fight.

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Gates formed his line of battle with one Maryland brigade and the Delaware troops under Gist at the right; the North Carolina militia under Caswell in the center; the Virginians under Stevens on the left; another brigade of Maryland regulars under Smallwood formed the reserve. De Kalb, in active charge of the line, took post on the right.

With the first light of dawn the British began to maneuver for position, while the American artillery opened with a succession of crashes. On the left the American militia were supposed to attack. But, shaken by the experience of the night, they fired one ineffective volley, threw down their arms in panic and "fled like a torrent."

The American officers, including Gates himself, exerted themselves to the utmost in their endeavor to stop the panic, but in vain. Gates was engulfed in the tide of fleeing militia and swept from the field. Thinking the day lost, he made no attempt to return to his place, and night found him eighty miles in the rear.

The battle, though, had just begun. The American right, composed of Maryland and Delaware regulars, decided to fight, heavily outnumbered as they were. Nearly all the militia, two-thirds of the American Army, had fled. One thousand American Continentals now faced double that number of foes, all but five hundred of whom were regulars.

The day grew fearfully hot. There was no breeze and the smoke hung close to the ground, rendering it almost imposible to determine what was taking place. Upon the little band of Continentals, Rawdon, second in command of the British army, massed his regulars. The assault was bravely withstood, then De Kalb took the offensive. Step by step the enemy was forced back. The fighting was of the most bitter kind.

While Gates, with fear clutching at his heart, was

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spurring his horse toward the rear and the fleeing militia were being butchered by Tarleton's cavalry, the deserted Continentals were actually forcing the British to retire. Had the cowardly militia but stood firm, if only for a short time, Cornwallis would assuredly have been defeated.

De Kalb on foot, though he was now nearly seventy years of age, led the Continentals in person. Bullet after bullet struck him, but, perceiving his opportunity, he led a fierce bayonet charge that forced the enemy to recoil and netted fifty prisoners.

Smallwood, with the other Maryland brigade, bore up well until he was flanked. Forced to retire for a space, he charged and regained his position. Again he was driven back; again he claimed all that he had lost.

Amid the thinly scattered pines all was now confusion. The sun could not be seen; dense masses of smoke hovered over the field and shrouded the conflict in gloom. Charge succeeded charge; yells, cheers, groans and the thunderous bursts of musket volleys made such a pandemonium as to render commands by word of mouth almost useless.

Cornwallis perceived that the brigade of Gist, at whose side stood the undaunted old Baron De Kalb, was the backbone of the American defense. He therefore concentrated all his available force and rushed upon the devoted brigade.

For a time there was a wild mêlée. Bayonets were poised, plunged, raised again, their points dripping blood. Gun-butts thudded on human skulls. Red coats and tattered blue coats gathered in little groups, while countless individual contests were enacted. With eleven wounds on his body De Kalb fell at last to the sandy ground, now saturated with blood. British soldiers thrust at the fallen old warrior with their bayonets; but his aide, Lieutenant Du Buyson, threw his arms about him and

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shouted his name and rank; himself being wounded in the act of saving his commander from instant death. Temporarily spared, De Kalb was conveyed by the enemy to Camden, where he died three days later.

After one-third of the heroic Continentals had been killed and 170 wounded had been taken prisoners, the rest fled to swamp and woods for safety. Many were eventually captured. The triumph of Cornwallis was complete. Although the battle of Camden has gone down as our most shameful defeat there was nothing shameful about the stand made by the Old Continentals "in their ragged regimentals." The dauntless stand established for all time the fighting reputation of the American regular. Before he died, De Kalb said that if the militia fled too soon, the regulars did not flee soon enough—fighting as hard as ever after there was no hope. At Camden was established a tradition.

The old Baron has always been a heroic figure of our national history. There is something indescribably thrilling about his fight against odds in the Carolina forest that sultry day, when to the American Army all save honor was lost. He had come to a foreign country in order to work and receive Master's wages, and now that Fortune had turned down her thumbs he highly resolved to make a fine end. Perhaps Fortune had been unkind to him in the past; it is probable that he failed to accomplish what he had desired when life was young and the morning full of hope. In his old age he stood on a stricken field, a major-general at the head of a few ragged but heroic troops. Is it not possible that 'mid the battle-fog of that terrible day he glimpsed the future glory of the land whose livery he wore? In those tense moments that preceded his last mad charge on the British line, was it given to him to hear the triumphant shouts of Freedom's chivalry

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at Yorktown, New Orleans, Mexico, Buena Vista, Gettysburg, Santiago, Manila, Sedan?

Somewhat of the American soldier's future glory he might have sensed as he raised his sword and turned for the last time to that ragged line of grim-faced Continental Infantry. Whirling his battered blade above his head he shouted "Charge!" and led his dauntless men on to death and immortality.

The spirit of that wild fight has been caught by Judge McMaster and stored up for the inspiration of posterity in his unique poem, *Carmen Bellicosum.* Every schoolboy in the land has learned those lines of defiant courage—

> "In their ragged regimentals
> Stood the old Continentals,
> Yielding not."

No American lad ever failed to thrill as he visualized:

> "But with eyes to the front all,
> And with guns horizontal,
> Stood our sires."

There can be no doubt of the identity of:

> ". . . . the old-fashioned Colonel
> Galloped through the white infernal
> Powder-cloud;
> His broad sword was swinging,
> And his brazen throat was ringing
> Trumpet loud."

So, when we read of Camden, we think not much of the flight of the mob-like militia, but rather consider the dauntless rally of the devoted Continentals and their gray-haired leader, who came from across the sea to give his life to the Cause. Greater love hath no man.

The second in command of Cornwallis's army, Lord

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Rawdon, afterward Earl of Moira, was a Freemason. It is recorded that he caused the wounded and dying Baron De Kalb to be brought to his tent where he did everything to assuage his anguish that one brother could do for another. And after De Kalb died the noble Briton gave him a military and Masonic funeral. All honor to Lord Rawdon!

De Kalb was buried at Camden and near the head of his grave was planted a tree. For many years this served as the only marker of his final resting place. But later the citizens of Camden erected over the grave a beautiful monument of marble, the cornerstone of which was placed by Lafayette in 1825.

The misfortunes of Gates followed the defeat at Camden thick and fast. That seems to be the way of Dame Fortune. First she is all smiles, then the look of pleasant greeting changes into a scowl of hate, vengeful, implacable.

Gates was, of course, soon relieved of the command of the Southern army and was superseded by General Nathaniel Greene. He accepted the reversal of his fortunes philosophically and received Greene with the utmost courtesy. Under date of December 3, 1780, he issued to the army the following order:

"The Honorable Major-general Greene, who arrived yesterday afternoon in Charlotte, being appointed by his excellency, General Washington, with the approbation of the Honorable Congress, to the command of the Southern army, all orders will, for the future, issue from him, and all reports are to be made to him. General Gates returns his sincere thanks to the Southern army for their perseverence, fortitude, and patient endurance of all the hardships and sufferings they have undergone while under his command. He anxiously hopes their misfortunes will cease therewith, and that victory and the glorious advan-

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tages attending it may be the future portion of the Southern army."

And at this time came the dreadful news that his only son had died.

Surely Gates stood in need of sympathy. He received it from the very man he had sought to displace. Washington wrote him a most tender letter, consoling him as well as one Mason may console another.

Gates was now "investigated" by Congress; but eventually acquitted of blame. He was reinstated to command in 1782, but the end of the war was near and he was able to do nothing to regain his vanished laurels.

Upon the close of the war Gates retired to his estate, but in 1790 removed to New York City, where he lived in a country mansion located at about the present intersection of Twenty-third Street and Second Avenue. Ten years later he was elected to the State Legislature and served one term. A few years before his death in 1806, at the age of seventy-eight, he freed all his slaves; but so well was he liked by his bond-servants that many of them refused to take advantage of his generosity.

Although his physical courage has been called in question, his love for the land of his adoption has never been doubted. He had no ability as a military leader, his intellect was quite ordinary, he was prone to plot and intrigue; but he was accomplished in manners, a generous friend, humane and benevolent, and without rancor in enmity. Allowing the many defects in his character, for which he should not be too much blamed, he was a man whom Masonry need not blush to accept as a former votary.

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BENEDICT ARNOLD

In a footnote on page 148 of Isaac N. Arnold's "Life of Benedict Arnold," we find the following:

"It was at this time, while Arnold was the guest of Washington, and being 'Brother Masons,' they visited together a Masonic Lodge. They received a brotherly welcome, and each signed his name on the records of the Lodge. The record is in existence, and the name of Washington stands, but some zealous patriot, in his hatred of his treason, had drawn black lines across the name of Arnold. How deplorable that Arnold should have caused the alienation of Washington—separated forever these 'Brothers of the Mystic Tie.' "

It is possible that the above refers to the incident mentioned by R.W. Bro. Ossian Lang in his *History of Freemasonry in the State of New York*. In speaking of Solomon's Lodge No. 1 of Poughkeepsie, Brother Lang says:

"The brethren were almost to a man on the side of the patriots. In the minutes of May 16, 1781, appeared this significant item—

" 'Ordered that the name of Benedict Arnold be considered as obliterated from the minutes of this Lodge.' "

Although a prominent Masonic historian has stated that Arnold was the only one of Washington's generals who was *not* a Mason, the fact remains that Benedict Arnold *was* a member of the Fraternity. He was a member of Hiram Lodge No. 1, of New Haven, Connecticut.

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He came of the best blood in New England. If he was not born to the purple, at least his ancestors were rulers of men, for two of them were governors of Rhode Island.

Headstrong, fiery, intolerant of restraint, Benedict Arnold had physical courage of the highest type. He had a mother and a sister of the kind that usually renders men great. Loyal, trusting, loving women they were. Surely young Arnold should have been well equipped to conquer all opposition in the days when the guns of Lexington summonded true men to the trial of battle.

At this time the future major-general was thirty-four years of age, having been born at Norwich, Connecticut, January 14, 1741. Being captain of the Governor's Guard, he led to Cambridge the finest company of spirited young soldiers yet seen in the American Army.

Restless and eager for active service, Arnold soon proposed to the Committee of Public Safety an expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, then the keys to Northern New York and the depositories of many supplies. His plan was adopted, and he was sent on the mission. But before he could drum up recruits, he found Ethan Allen already in the field at the head of the "Green Mountain Boys." These hardy mountaineers refused to accept Arnold's commission, so he was constrained to accompany the expedition as a volunteer. In this capacity he assisted in the capture of Ticonderoga; then, fifty of his own men having now arrived on the scene, he led them on a raid against St. John's. This post he captured, and with it many supplies and munitions of war badly needed by the patriot army.

Arnold's fertile mind next hit upon the plan of an expedition against Canada by way of the primeval forests of Maine. At the head of eleven hundred picked men,

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among whom were Daniel Morgan, the famous rifleman, and Aaron Burr, later Vice-President of the United States, he started from Cambridge on September 11, 1775.

Ships transported the expedition to the mouth of the Kennebec River, where batteaux conveyed the men to the present site of Augusta. From this point the march lay by land through forests hitherto untrodden by the feet of men.

The gloomy wood swallowed the hardy troops, and for weeks nothing was heard from them, and then only when a considerable contingent deserted. Privation, sickness, hunger, desertion, gradually thinned the ranks. It seemed like folly to persist. Winter came on; starvation stalked like a spectre at Arnold's right hand, as ever he urged his shivering and fainting men toward the goal—Canada.

"The country grew more and more rough and difficult as the party advanced, and having now reached nearly to the highlands dividing the waters which flow to the Atlantic, from those which empty into the St. Lawrence, the weather became bitterly cold, and snow and ice added to their difficulties. The lonely, inhospitable solitudes of these high and far-away regions is strikingly illustrated by the fact, that in 1858 a musket which had been left in 1775, by one of Arnold's expedition, was first discovered. The stock had entirely decayed, and the mountings and barrel had fallen to the ground. During this period of more than eighty years, the Colonies had become a great nation; the pioneer had penetrated every bay and harbor of the great western lakes, and crossing the Mississippi, and scaling the Rocky Mountains, he had erected his settler's cabin along the shores of the Pacific; the far-off Columbia was dotted with his towns and villages, but into these gloomy solitudes of Maine, during all this time, no wanderer had gone!" (*The Life of Benedict Arnold*, by Isaac N. Arnold.)

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After one of the most terrible marches in all history, Arnold's party, sadly reduced in numbers, appeared before Quebec, and was joined by General Montgomery and his followers, who had come by the way of Lake Champlain. On the last day of the year, in the midst of a swirling snowstorm, the assault was made. Montgomery fell at the first fire, Arnold was shot in the leg and borne from the field, Morgan was captured. The terrible sacrifice had ended in disaster. It was not written that Canada should align herself with the Old Thirteen.

Arnold recovered from his wound. He next appears in a fiery test at Valcour Island in Lake Champlain. Here his hastily improvised fleet, vastly inferior to that of the enemy, fought to such good purpose—Arnold himself pointing the guns—that the invasion of New York was thrown back until the next year. On land or on sea, Arnold was an indomitable fighter.

Now enters the blundering Congress, the *real* cause of Arnold's treason. On February 19, 1777, that body, distinguished for nothing but inefficiency, elected five major-generals, but passed by Arnold, who had long been a brigadier, and was the senior of each of the newly promoted officers. Justly indignant, Arnold would have resigned, but refrained because Washington urged him to stay with the colors. Arnold's reply breathes true patriotism. Said he:

"Every personal injury shall be buried in my zeal for the safety and happiness of my country, in whose cause I have repeatedly fought and bled, and am ready at all times to risk my life."

Then came Ridgefield.

Governor Tryon invaded Connecticut with two thousand men while Arnold happened to be at New Haven.

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He, together with the elderly General Wooster, rallied the militia and attacked. Behind a barricade of logs, wagons and stones, he held the road at Ridgefield until his position was flanked, and he himself sustained a volley from the enemy at thirty yards distance. His horse was hit nine times, but Arnold was uninjured. As he, entangled in the trappings of his fallen steed, was endeavoring to free hmiself, a British soldier rushed at him, bawling lustily, "Surrender! Surrender! You are my prisoner!"

Arnold calmly drew his pistol and fired. "Not yet," said he, grimly, as his opponent slumped to the earth.

In the meantime Wooster had been killed. Arnold fled from Ridgefield, again rallied the militia and hung on the flanks of Tryon's column, stinging like a yellow-jacket until the British sought their ships.

Congress now voted Arnold a horse and raised him to the rank of major-general. However, as though still determined to be unjust, Congress refrained from restoring Arnold to his proper position of seniority. Thus he had another grievance that rankled in his breast until an unhealthy condition resulted.

It was owing to Washington's reiterated suggestion that Arnold was sent into the Northland to aid Gates in checking Burgoyne. It was well for the country that Arnold was sent. He was beloved and respected by the militia; for he would fight, and he rarely fought in vain. His flashing eye, his roaring voice, his beckoning sword, his steaming, bounding charger, were enough to cause the militia to follow him anywhere that man could go.

Arnold's first service after joining the Northern army was the relief of Fort Stanwix, then besieged by St. Ledger. The strategem by which he accomplished this is too well known to need repetition.

Then came the first battle of Saratoga. Here Arnold with his single division attacked the advancing British

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host, brought it to a stop and held it all the long, bloody afternoon, while Gates remained in his tent. Arnold won the battle, but Gates did not even mention him in his report to Congress. Not only that, he relieved him of command because of some hot words that had passed between the two officers.

Arnold would now have left the army had it not been for the importunities of his fellow officers, who feared disaster should be forsake them. He stayed. When the second battle of Saratoga placed in the balance the fate of the campaign, he sprang to the back of his war-horse and spurred it recklessly toward the point where the musketry and the booming of cannon were loudest.

As he came tearing on to the field like a madman, his steed flecked with foam, his own face purple with anger and battle lust, his sword lopping branches from the trees under which he passed, his old division sent up a mighty roar of cheers, and followed him straight at the line of the enemy in a headlong charge. He tore the line asunder and drove the British from the field. But, not content, Arnold gathered his shattered battalions and led them to a ghastly assault on the entrenched camp of the enemy. Foiled at one point, he whirled and rushed the position held by the Hessians. The hirelings could not stand before the whirlwind attack of the ferocious Arnold and his lean, hard-bitten Continental infantry. Firing one volley, the Hessians bolted, leaving a gap in the lines that caused Burgoyne's immediate retreat and his ultimate surrender.

Arnold had won the second battle of Saratoga; but the farewell volley of the dismayed mercenaries had wounded him in the same leg that had caught a British musket ball at Quebec. He was lamed for life. As Arnold lay on the ground, a vengeful Continental, marking the wounded Hessian from whom the shot had come, rushed at him

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and would have slain him with the bayonet. "Hold!" shouted Arnold, raising himself from the bloody soil. "Do not kill him. He did nothing but his duty. He is a fine fellow."

Arnold was fierce in battle, but compassionate in victory.

If, as it is said by a famous British historian, Saratoga is one of the decisive battles of the world, and American independence really dates from that stricken field, then Arnold is the savior of his country—until in an evil hour he tries to betray it.

Saratoga brought him his rightful rank at last. Congress could no longer keep that from him. Sorely wounded, he was unfit for the field for many months. He was placed in command of Philadelphia. It was the death warrant of his honor. He married a Tory lady, Peggy Shippen, and lived in such style that it offended the Quakers of the City of Brotherly Love. Charges were made against him, most of them being trivial in character. A court-martial was ordered. He was absolved of all guilt except in the case of one or two insignificant items. But as a sop to the burgers of Philadelphia, it was ordered that the Commander-in-Chief reprimand the hero of Saratoga. Washington loathed the distasteful task. He worded his reprimand so that it really constituted an eulogy. Said he:

"Our profession is the chastest of all; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that in proportion as you have rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment toward your fellow citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I

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will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

Arnold's proud spirit could not brook the disgrace. He had thought it certain that he would be absolved of *all* blame. And now to be publicly reprimanded by the Great Leader whom he loved as a brother—which in fact he was—and by him was loved in return, was too much. Arnold could not forget the slights and studied injustice of Congress. Besides, his extravagant mode of living had financially embarrassed him. He bitterly needed money. He yielded to the pleas of the British emissaries who had already approached him. He bowed to the tempter. Refusing a command in the field, that virtually placed him second in command, he asked to be assigned to West Point, then the strongest post in America. Sympathising with Arnold in his trouble, and willing to help, aid and assist a brother in distress, Washington unsuspiciously granted the request.

Why go further? Every school-boy knows the rest. The story of the mysterious *Vulture*, the midnight conference in the woods on the western bank of the Hudson, the chivalrous Andre, the three vigilant militiamen, is known to every man, woman and child in America. There is nothing more to be said in *favor* of Benedict Arnold. Let us be as charitable as we may toward him who in an hour of weakness fought a losing battle with his soul. Let Masons remember one thing: While Arnold stood ready to betray his trust, he consistently refused to betray his friend and brother, Washington.

With his treason Arnold made the great refusal: he forfeited all claim to the honors that his country might have bestowed upon him, and to the regard of his brethren of the Mystic Tie.

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In the *Life of Benedict Arnold,* to which we have frequently referred in this chapter, we find the account of an incident of the traitor's campaign against his former countrymen in Virginia:

"It was during this expedition that General Arnold inquired of a captain of the patriot army who had been taken prisoner: 'What would be *my* fate if I should be taken prisoner?'

" 'They will cut off,' replied the captain, 'that shortened leg of yours wounded at Quebec and at Saratoga, and bury it with all the honors of war, and then hang the rest of you on a gibbet.' "

Had Arnold not yielded to the siren voices of revenge and illicit ambition, he would assuredly have become the greatest soldier in America, save Washington, and eventually President of the United States.

In this day those who bear the name rendered famous at Quebec, Valcour, Ridgefield and Saratoga, would, but for an evil chance, be tracing with pride their descent from that fiery leader who rushed to the assault through the snows of Canada and drove his horse recklessly at the hedge of British bayonets on the decisive field of American liberty.

But it is not so. Men who now answer to the name of Arnold hasten to assure the curious that their line does not trace back to the traitor. The very name *Benedict Arnold* has become a synonym for treason. It is a figure of speech. All because that man who had faced dauntlessly the two ruffians, privation and gun-fire, yielded at last to the third ruffian who attacked his constancy.

It is true that he had excuses: The ingratitude and inefficiency of Congress; the intriguing of men of lesser ability; the meddling officiousness of petty Philadelphia magistrates. But he should have been faithful, even unto

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death, to the trust that his friend and brother, Washington, reposed in him. That should be the way of Masons. Had he been thus true, his name would not now be anathema.

Perhaps Arnold served his purpose. Since his day America has had no traitor. Nor is it likely she will ever have another. The one example is enough. One who has taken the oath of allegiance, perhaps smarting under the stings of governmental injustice, or the indifference of the very people he serves, is sometimes prone to permit his mind to dwell on the fortune that would be his own if he would but peddle his knowledge, trust and honor in a market that is ever active. But he pauses, he shudders, he draws back, appalled at his thoughts, when in his ear Conscience whispers the words, *Benedict Arnold.*

In his mind's eye he sees a vision of that miserable soldier, dying years ago in a foreign land, poor, wretched, despised of men, taunted by the seven devils of remorse, trying vainly in his last moments to don again the faded regimentals of buff and blue: the uniform in which he had won his laurels but bartered his soul.

"Ah!" gasps the tempted one, "I, a Benedict Arnold? *Never! ! !*"

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DAVID WOOSTER

The subject of this chapter was descended from a long line of New England Puritan ancestors, and was the youngest of six children. He experienced few pleasures in his youth, for pleasure in the abstract was taboo among the descendants of the Roundheads. At the age of twenty-eight, David Wooster was graduated from Yale college in 1738.

A war between England and Spain had just broken out. To guard against a possible descent upon the coast by Spanish cruisers, as well as raids by pirates, smugglers and other riff-raff of the sea, the General Assembly of Connecticut, Wooster's native colony, in the spring of 1740 ordered that a sloop-of-war should be built and placed in commission.

This was done, and David Wooster was appointed lieutenant on the new coast-guard sloop *Defense*. Soon he was promoted to be captain, and for three years he cruised up and down the coast from Maine to Virginia with such vigilance that the terror that cometh by night had not the slightest chance to disturb the slumbers of the Connecticut freeholders.

Presently came war with France, the hereditary enemy of England, and young Wooster was called to a larger field.

To the Northeast, on the island of Cape Breton, was mighty Louisbourg, the strongest place of arms that the French then had in America. Fortified at immense cost, it was almost a Gibraltar. From its port issued a swarm of privateers which made havoc of New England com-

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merce, and out of its portals came French-Canadian war parties that, uniting with their savage allies, caused the borders of New England to burst into flame.

Hence, the energetic Shirley, Governor of the province of Massachusetts Bay, dreamed a dream of vengeance against the foe, the exact purport of which was the conquest of Louisbourg by the Yankee militia.

The project seemed absurd. It *was* absurd. But there was then prevalent in the land, as it has been in sundry later times, what Homer Lea called "The Valor of Ignorance." Throughout New England the drums snarled their stirring call for the great adventure—the first offensive campaign by an embryonic race of conquerors.

The hardy Yankees responded in droves. Officers and men were alike unskilled in warfare, but all were imbued with enthusiasm and a religious fervor that rendered them really formidable. No regular troops were available, but William Pepperell, the merchant general from Maine who commanded the expedition, prevailed upon Admiral Warren with his fleet to aid in the expected conquest.

There were about forty-three hundred men in the motley army. They sailed away, and the unbelievable happened at Louisbourg. "They came, they saw, they conquered." The mighty fortress, its garrison weakened by internal dissension, fell before the undisciplined valor of an army of yokels and preachers.

More than a century and a quarter later, Parkman, viewing from a point of vantage the place that had once been the terror of his ancestors, wrote:

"Stand on the mounds that were once the King's Bastion. The glistening sea spreads eastward three thousand miles, and its waves meet their first rebuff against this iron coast. Lighthouse Point is white with foam; jets of spray spout from the rocks of Goat Island; mist curls in clouds from the seething surf that lashes the crags

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of Black Point, and the sea boils like a caldron among the reefs by the harbor's mouth; but on the calm water within, the small fishing vessels rest tranquil at their moorings. Beyond lies a hamlet of fishermen by the edge of the water, and a few scattered dwellings dot the rough hills, bristled with stunted firs, that gird the quiet basin; while close at hand, within the precinct of the vanished fortress, stand two small farmhouses. All else is soltitude of ocean, rock, marsh, and forest." (*Montcalm and Wolfe.*)

One month before starting on the expedition as captain of Connecticut troops, David Wooster had married Mary Clap, the daughter of the President of Yale college. In the siege he seems to have rendered good service without especially distinguishing himself. One of his men, "a respectable freeholder and a Church-member," having been struck by a British officer, Captain Wooster took the quarrel upon himself, dashed the sword of his opponent aside and compelled him to ask pardon of the affronted "freeholder and Church-member."

Wooster became popular with his men.

Soon after the fall of Louisbourg, Wooster was sent in command of a cartel ship to France, from whence he went to England. Here he was lionized and given a captain's commission in the king's regular service. It is probable that he was at this time made a Mason.

Returning by packet boat to Boston, he was, under date of November 12, 1750, given a warrant, by Thomas Oxnard, Provincial Grand Master of Massachusetts, to establish a Masonic Lodge in New Haven. This was the first warranted Lodge in Connecticut. As organized, it had but six members. The officers were, David Wooster, Master; Samuel Mansfield and John Eliot, Wardens. The first meeting took place in December following the date of the warrant. It was styled Hiram Lodge. It is

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still distinguished by that name. As has been noted in the preceding chapter, Benedict Arnold was later admitted a member of this Lodge.

During the French and Indian War, which broke out in 1755, ten years after Pepperell's capture of Louisbourg, David Wooster again entered the military service of his native colony, and was given the rank of colonel. Throughout the long and bitter war her served faithfully, distinguishing himself at the bloody repulse before Ticonderoga, and eventually rising to the rank of brigadier-general.

Peace coming at last, Wooster returned to his home in New Haven and settled down as a half-pay officer of the regular British service. He was soon appointed collector of the port of New Haven. He also engaged in business, prospered, and grew well-to-do and happy.

When the Revolution broke out he did not forget that his first duty was to the land of his birth. He resigned all connection with the British government, and tendered his sword to Connecticut. He was now growing old, having attained the age of sixty-five. His services were appreciated, and he was commissioned a brigadier-general—his former rank in the British service.

Before leaving with his command for the front, he marched the men to the church and, in the absence of the pastor, he conducted divine service. Then calling to the soldiers, the successors of the pious but warlike Puritans, he led them away to camp.

Wooster's first service was in New York City, but in the spring of 1776, following Arnold's repulse at Quebec, he was sent to Canada. He was unable to retrieve victory from that disastrous campaign.

The following year Wooster was in command of the militia of his own State, his status being really that of a home-guard officer.

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As related in the chapter on Benedict Arnold, it was in the latter part of April, 1777, that Ex-Governor Tryon of New York led a raid against Danbury and the surrounding country. Twenty-six vessels conveyed the expedition from New York up the Sound and came to anchor in the harbor of Westport. Two thousand men, horse, foot and artillery, landed, passed through the hamlet of Compo, along the dusty country roads, and at night made their bivouac in the town of Weston, eight miles from their landing place.

The next morning the looting and burning of the countryside commenced. Wooster was at New Haven when, on the morning of the twenty-sixth, a messenger thundered into town and informed the general of the raid. Arnold was also in town at this time, being on leave from duties in the field following his desperate fight at Valcour Island.

Both generals, widely differing in temperament and age, agreed that steps should be at once taken to check the invasion. They immediately set out for the scene of warfare, gathering the militia as they rode. Seven hundred men only could be raised on such short notice. With five hundred of these militiamen, Arnold threw himself in front of Tryon, who had retreated to Bethel, while two hundred raw troops under Wooster buzzed and sniped at Tryon's rear guard. The skirmish that ensued was similar to the retreat from Lexington.

Along the pleasant country roads, closely flanked by trees and bushes garbed in the trappings of spring, the retreat and the pursuit came to Ridgefield, Wooster having captured forty prisoners on the way. Near this place he attacked sharply, and the hard-pressed rear guard of the enemy had to bring into action some artillery. The undisciplined militia broke under the rain of grapeshot. Encouraging his men, the aged brigadier led them again

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forward, crying: "Come on, boys! Never mind such random shots!"

Behind a hedge a musket flamed; discharged, it is supposed, by a Tory. Wooster threw up his hands, tottered a moment in the saddle, and slid from his horse. He was carried from the field a dying man. Three days later at Danbury, his soul returned to the God who gave it; and thus passed a distinguished soldier, gentleman, and Master Mason.

Congress ordered that a monument be erected to his memory, but it was not done. Seventy-five years later, however, the legislature of Connecticut, the Grand Lodge of Masons, and the citizens of Danbury, jointly voted funds sufficient to erect a suitable monument to the old hero. This memorial was dedicated with Masonic ceremonies on April 27, 1854. Among other inscriptions, it bore the following:

BROTHER DAVID WOOSTER

Impressed, while a stranger in a foreign land, with the necessity of some tie that should unite all mankind in a

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD,

He returned to his native country, and procured from the Provincial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts

A CHARTER

And first introduced into Connecticut that Light which has warmed the widow's heart and illumined the orphan's pathway.

Under this Charter, in 1750, Hiram Lodge No. 1, of New Haven, was organized, of which he was the first Worshipful Master. Grateful for his services as the Master Builder of this oldest Temple, for his fidelity as a brother, and his renown as a patriot and soldier, the

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Free and Accepted Masons have united with his native State and the citizens of Danbury, in rearing and consecrating this monument to his memory.

Erected at Danbury, A. L. 5854, A. D. 1854.

David Clark, G. Master.

Thomas Wooster, the only son of General Wooster, was initiated in the Lodge his father had instituted but a few days previous to the General's death.

Says Hayden in his book, *Washington and His Masonic Compeers*

"The names of Warren, Montgomery and Wooster became a standing Masonic toast during the war, commemorative of their virtues as patriot Masons, who fell early in the country's defense."

The fact that the Masons of Revolutionary days linked the name of Montgomery with those of Warren and Wooster, proves that he who fell so gloriously at Quebec was taken and accepted as a Mason by the brethren of his own time. This is about the only proof that Montgomery *was* a Mason. But, as the author of *Plain Tales From the Hills* was wont to say, "That is another story."

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RICHARD MONTGOMERY

It was on the sixth day of July, 1818, that the steamboat *Richmond* left her dock at Albany with a strange and impressive load. On the main deck was a coffin, surmounted by plumes and draped with the national colors, while around the bier stood four statuesque soldiers garbed in full dress uniform. There were many other soldiers on board, together with a military band and sundry dignitaries of the Federal and State governments.

As the steamer swung out into the Hudson and plowed her way toward New York, crowds of solemn people came down to the shores of the river and stood with bared heads, while the crashing reports of minute guns echoed and re-echoed among the hills.

The *Richmond* approached Barrytown, located on the eastern bank. There came a sharp command from the captain. Followed the jangling of bells. The paddle wheels reversed, and the steamer came to a stop in front of a mansion partially concealed by surrounding trees. Through their glasses the officers on the ship could see an aged woman standing on the porch of the mansion, her right hand shading her eyes from the glare of the afternoon sun.

Then the military band broke into a wailing dirge. As the mournful strains drifted across the water to the lone woman, she was seen to fall.

Mrs. Richard Montgomery had bidden her husband farewell forty-three years before, when he drew his sword for the land of his adoption. Now that she was privileged to witness his delayed home-coming from a foreign land,

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honored as his remains were by the homage of a great nation, the shock was too much. She fainted.

Friends carried the old lady to her room; the bell on the steamer jangled again; the voyage was resumed.

Two days later the body of Major-General Richard Montgomery was interred beneath his monument in front of St. Paul's Chapel in New York. The hero who died so gloriously at Quebec on the final day of 1775 had at last come home.

Richard Montgomery was born in Dublin, Ireland, and was educated in Trinity College. His father, Thomas Montgomery of Donegal, had three sons and a daughter. The latter married the Viscount Ranelagh. The eldest son, Alexander, entered the army, and was with Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, later in his career serving the county of Donegal for forty years in Parliament. The second son, John, was a merchant, and died in Lisbon. Richard, the third son, entered the British Army, was assigned to the Seventeenth Foot, and during the French and Indian War came to America, and was present at the capture of Louisbourg. He was not with Wolfe at Quebec, notwithstanding the statements of many historians, Lossing included.

While in America Richard Montgomery, now a captain, imbibed the doctrines advocated by the Americans, and upon his return to England declared publicly his sympathy for his kindred beyond the seas. At about this time he was disappointed in his aspiration for a commission as Major. The upshot of the whole matter was that Captain Montgomery resigned from the British service in 1772. He came to New York, and in July of the next year married Janet Livingston, the daughter of Robert R. Livingston, at that time one of the Judges of the King's Bench, and later a distinguished American patriot and Grand Master of Masons of New York.

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After his marriage Montgomery removed from a farm that he had previously purchased at King's Bridge, and settled at Rhinebeck, where he built a mill and started a house.

Upon the breaking out of the Revolution, Congress, in its search for leaders of military experience, offered Montgomery a commission as brigadier general. Deeming it his duty to fight for his adopted land, he accepted the commission, and joined the army commanded by General Schuyler.

Early in the year 1775, the expedition against Canada was resolved upon, and Schuyler led a small army down Lake Champlain and the Sorel River, appearing before St. John's, the principal advance post of the enemy near the border. Schuyler, being misled by the false report of a spy, retreated almost at once to Isle Aux Noix in the Sorel. Here he was taken ill, fortunately for the army, and Montgomery succeeded to the command.

While no one can doubt, or ever has doubted, the patriotism of Schuyler, his ability as a soldier has been consistently over-estimated. He was credulous, as cautious as McClellan in a later and greater war, and never did at any time in his military career much more than retreat.

Montgomery was of different stripe. He was young (but thirty-seven), full of enthusiasm and energy, and possessed a pleasing personality and a gift for persuasive talk that won the confidence of the rough and untutored soldiery, whom it now became his lot to lead. Few officers in command of an army of such backwoodsmen could have accomplished anything, for discipline was unknown to the men. Their first burst of energy wearing off, they objected to going so far from home, and fain would return to their own firesides. Montgomery coddled them, talked to them, and managed to keep a majority faithful. But he had his hands full. That he was decidedly human

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in his characteristics is betrayed by a letter that he wrote to his wife from the camp near St. John's in September, 1775. Said he:

"I must entreat the favor of you to write no more of those whining letters. I declare if I receive another in that style, I will lock up the rest without reading them. I don't want anything to lower my spirits; I have abundant use for them all, and at the best of times I have not too much." (Article on Montgomery, by Louise Livingston Hunt, in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, for February, 1885.)

Poor man! He did need all his energy and generalship. After the illness of General Schuyler, Montgomery had advanced with his motley army and laid siege to the strong fort of St. John's, garrisoned by five hundred British regulars and one hundred Canadian volunteers. This was the first time that an American army had besieged in a regular manner a fortress of the enemy since the breaking out of the war.

Montgomery had little artillery and few gunners who knew their trade. He had scant ammunition and camp equipage. The officers were mostly incompetent, the men insubordinate. Truly it looked like a hopeless task.

Montgomery now began to display those talents which, had he been permitted to live, would have placed him in the front rank of America's soldiers.

Farther down the Sorel River, twelve miles north of St. John's, was located Fort Chambly, garrisoned by less than a hundred men. Carleton, the governor of Canada, had considered this post to be safe until after St. John's should fall; hence he had not reinforced this work. Becoming advised of this state of affairs, Montgomery sent a detachment under Colonel Bedell, of New Hampshire, to take the post by surprise. This was done, and Chambly surrendered after a feeble resistance.

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Besides prisoners to the number of about ninety, Montgomery now became possessed of plenty of powder, shot, food and other supplies, with which he was enabled to prosecute the siege of St. John's. Also, at about this time, Schuyler sent Colonel Lamb with some experienced cannoniers to Montgomery's aid.

Batteries were now laid out and a hot fire opened upon the fort. In the meantime Carleton advanced from Montreal with a force to relieve the garrison. A short distance below the town the British leader ran directly into an ambush placed by Colonel Seth Warner and three hundred of his Green Mountain Boys. Carleton and his nondescript army were driven away like chaff.

Montgomery now exhibited some of his prisoners to Major Preston, the commander of Fort St. John's, and demanded his surrender. This was complied with and, after a bitter siege of six weeks, the British garrison of six hundred men marched out of the fort and grounded arms.

At St. John's many pieces of artillery, food and clothing in abundance were obtained. Montgomery decided to push on at once for Montreal. But now he was deserted by many of his raw troops. The rustic New Englanders, overcome by homesickness at being so long in a foreign land, demanded their discharge. Accordingly, Montgomery sent them on their way, and with the balance of his army marched to the conquest of Canada.

Ethan Allen had a short time before made an attack on Montreal with a few men, but had been captured. However, the place fell before Montgomery with scarcely a show of resistance. He intercepted the retreat of the garrison and captured General Prescott and one hundred and twenty British regulars.

So far, in spite of many difficulties, Montgomery had been uniformly victorious. He had captured over eight

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hundred of the enemy, two strong forts, many supplies and one general officer. He had displayed great ability as a strategist, a fighter and a leader of men. It began to look as though Canada were at his mercy. But he was not deceived by appearances. "As long as Quebec remains in the enemy's hands, Canada is unconquered."

Hence he led his remnant of an army down the shore of the St. Lawrence, having re-clothed the men in Montreal, and appeared before Quebec just as the terrible northern winter set in. Here he was joined by Colonel Arnold and his half-starved brigade that he had led through the wilderness of Maine.

There was much sickness in the little army, and the effectives were reduced to something like nine hundred men. Within the fortifications of Quebec were eighteen hundred men under Carleton, a most efficient, humane and talented officer.

Montgomery, recently made a major-general, resolved to attack. There were to be two false attacks and two real assaults. Montgomery, at the head of his New Yorkers, was to lead one of the columns destined for the real work, Arnold the other.

In a blinding snowstorm the assault was made early in the morning of the last day of the year. Montgomery led his detachment around the crags of Cape Diamond and paused to reconnoiter. Through the swirling snow clouds and the faint light of early morning a group of the enemy could be seen at a barricade.

Montgomery drew his sword. "Men of New York," he cried, "you will not hesitate to follow where your general leads! Forward!"

He sprang toward the lines and after him floundered his troops. There came the blaze of a cannon, almost in the faces of the men. The deadly whiff of grapeshot tore life from the chivalrous young leader and many of his

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companions. Appalled by the suddenness of the catastrophe, the rest of the column fell back and left their commander to stiffen in the snow and ice of Quebec. From this wintry sepulchre he was taken by his triumphant enemies and given decent interment. His watch was returned to Mrs. Montgomery by the knightly Carleton. For forty-three years, as we have seen, the body of the young hero lay in Quebec, then, upon respresentations by high officials of the Republic, the British Government permitted his remains to be taken back to the land for which he had died.

Had Montgomery lived, Quebec would have fallen, and the American Revolution would have been shortened by several years.

That Richard Montgomery was a Mason has been asserted by nearly all Masonic historians. It can scarcely be doubted that he was a member of the Craft; for, as was noted in the previous chapter, he was so considered by the Brethren who knew him. However, it has never come to light just when and where he was made a Mason.

In a letter to the author of this paper, Brother Robert I. Clegg, 33°, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information, writes:

"The toast of Warren, Montgomery and Wooster was common in Masonic meetings at the time of the American Revolution, and was usually given immediately following the first one in honor of Washington. I have gone carefully through the records of American Union Lodge, and have found several references to the toast to Montgomery and the other two generals."

Robert Freke Gould, in his larger *History of Freemasonry*, vol. III, page 418, has this to say:

"Montgomery was of Irish birth, and after serving with distinction in the French War, settled in America.

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. . . . No man that ever fell in battle during a civil contest was more universally regretted, and his untimely fate was as much deplored in England as in the country of his adoption. He was among the Masonic friends who gathered around Washington at Cambridge in the beginning of the war."

Elsewhere in the same work we find the following:

"General Richard Montgomery: This distinguished brother was born in Ireland in 1737. Served in Canada under General Wolfe, and subsequently entered the American Army, when he became a Mason, having been initiated, passed and raised in one of the American Army Lodges."

Brother Sidney Morse, in his work, *Freemasonry in the American Revolution*, says that Montgomery was a Mason. So does Brother Madison C. Peters in his book, *Masons as Makers of America*.

Dr. G. P. Brown, writing in the *Acacia*, of Lincoln, Nebraska, August, 1902, says of Janet Livingston (Montgomery's wife)—

"Her father (Robert R. Livingston) was one of the most prominent Freemasons of his time. As early as 1771 (by the Minutes of Solomon's Lodge No. 1, Poughkeepsie) we find him Master of his Lodge. Soon we find his distinguished son-in-law to be a Freemason, probably made in that old Lodge and at the hands of Chancellor Livingston. No Masonic historian has as yet been able to give the date of General Montgomery being made a Master Mason."

Several Lodges have been named after Brother Montgomery, including Montgomery Lodge No. 19, of Pennsylvania, and Montgomery Lodge No. 13, of Lakeville, Connecticut. The portrait of Montgomery forms the

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frontispiece of the Centennial Anniversary book published by the Lodge at Lakeville.

In Brother Chas. H. Callahan's book, *Washington the Man and the Mason*, is given Montgomery's portrait with several references to him.

Although it has not been ascertained when and where Montgomery was raised, there can be no reasonable doubt concerning his Masonic status. He was not the man to make a false claim, and that he *did* claim to be a Mason is fairly well established.

In our next chapter we shall discuss a man who was *known* to be a Mason; yet, like Montgomery, the Lodge that raised him has never been discovered by modern Masonic historians.

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BARON VON STEUBEN

One blustery day in the winter of 1778, the half-naked and nearly starved soldiers of Washington's army at Valley Forge, peering from their huts and wretched hovels, noted with wonder an imposing procession drawing rein before the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief. Easily the most distinguished looking member of this group was a man about forty-eight years of age, rather stout, a little gray, with a dignified air that at once impressed and attracted.

Gradually the news travelled about camp that the new arrival was no less than Friedrich Wilhelm August Heinrich Ferdinand Baron von Steuben, some time aide on the staff of Frederick The Great, with the rank of Lieutenant General, and now commissioned by Congress a Major General, detailed to act as Inspector General of the army; a position vacated by the infamous Conway. It soon became known that the distinguished foreigner was to drill and discipline the Continentals until they could meet in the open with fair chance of success the best troops of Britain. It was further understood that von Steuben had offered to serve without pay unless the struggle resulted successfully for America; in which event he left to the generosity of Congress the amount and character of his reward. His aides were Major L'Enfant, the engineer who later planned the city of Washington, and Captain de Pontiere.

Certain it was that the American army sorely needed discipline. Owing to the imbecility of Congress, Washington had thus far in the struggle been compelled to rely

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to a considerable extent on the militia—a very uncertain support at best. The militia of the Revolution bore but slight resemblance to the National Guard of the present. It was composed of all able-bodied male citizens of the various states, between the ages of sixteen and sixty. For the most part it had no company or regimental organization, no drill or discipline, no equipment except what each man furnished for himself, and no officers who knew the slightest thing about military tactics. Without bayonets, skill in evolutions, or morale, it was totally unable to stand in the open against the king's regulars. It is true that when led by officers whom they knew and trusted, the men had been known to fight well behind entrenchments; at other times they had run away without firing a shot. It was the uncertainty connected with their use which had time and again rendered abortive the best laid plans of Washington. A general, in order to work out a successful plan of battle, must know exactly what each unit will do under given conditions. With militia no one could foretell this—not even the militia themselves.

The Continental regulars at this time were moderately dependable. Although they lacked skill in field maneuvering, they had acquired in the school of hard knocks a certain amount of discipline that had rendered them fairly good fighters. Without this little band of ragged, hard-bitten regulars, Washington would have been unable to fight at all. Of late he had prevailed upon Congress to augment the regular establishment, and it was with joy that the Commander-in-Chief welcomed the new drill master to the camp. He anticipated that the distinguished German would be able to whip the army into shape to warrant a regular campaign in the open.

Steuben was horrified at the condition of the troops. He declared that no European army in like circumstances could have been kept together a month. But he buckled

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down to his task with energy. First he established a school for the officers. Then he drilled to perfection a company of troops to serve as a working model for the rest of the army. He compiled a text book of military tactics founded on the Prussian system, but modified to suit local conditions. This work, written in French, was translated into English, and adopted by Congress for the use of the service. It was the official book of tactics for the American army until long after the war of 1812. Its worth is proved by its results, upon which we shall soon touch.

Steuben, knowing very little English, was handicapped to a very great extent in making his commands intelligible to the army. He was delighted therefore when one day Captain Benjamin Walker, who could speak both French and German, stepped from the ranks and volunteered his services. "Had I seen an angel from Heaven," later declared the Baron, "I could not have been more rejoiced." Thereafter Walker became his official interpreter and firm friend. Steuben was a thoroughly religious man, but he also was conversant with the lurid vocabulary familiar to the drill field. One day after sputtering and snorting in several different languages until he was purple in the face, he turned in despair to Captain Walker. "Come, Valker, mein frient," he gasped, "tamn dese plockheads mit English—I can curse dem no more yet."

Steuben, with his usual energy, began a course of study in English, but it was not until later in the war that he became sufficiently proficient in the language to warrant his being placed in command of a brigade or division.

Though he swore at them and introduced the most rigid discipline in the world, the men grew fond of their new drill master. As Inspector General he not only looked to the training of the army, he supervised the clothing, food and medical care of the men, insisted upon sanitation, and,

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in short, did much to insure the comfort and well being of the soldiers. Impressed, perhaps, by the fact that they were now under the supervision of a former officer of the great Frederick, the troops responded quickly to his efforts, and the mob of tattered warriors soon took on the semblance of an army. On the wind-swept drill field of Valley Forge they marched and counter-marched, maneuvered, absorbed an intricate and terribly efficient bayonet drill, and did it all with a silence that amazed a visiting French officer, who remarked upon it. "Noise!" snorted the Baron, "vere yet should der noise come from ven efen mein brigadiers dare make no sound but to repeat mein commands?"

Whether Steuben was a Freemason when he came to America, we do not know. However, he was later a member of Trinity Lodge, No. 12, New York. Afterward he was made an honorary member of Holland Lodge, No. 8. Pennsylvania Lodge, No. 8, was located not far from the camp at Valley Forge, and it is said that every member served in Washington's army. "According to Masonic tradition, Lodge meetings and informal Masonic gatherings were frequently held in the camp, a number of which were attended by Washington. Both Lafayette and Alexander Hamilton are said to have been made Masons at this time, and in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief. Many such fraternal gatherings were held during the Revolution by troops on garrison duty, in winter quarters, and in other periods of inaction . . . . In June Brother Anthony Wayne gave a grand entertainment and banquet to members of the Masonic fraternity, in an orchard adjacent to his headquarters. All the general officers, including Washington, and many of their ladies, were present." (*Military Patriots of the American Revolution*—Published by the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.)

Steuben had only a few months in which to prepare

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the army for the coming campaign, but he used his time to such good advantage that by the time Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia in June, the troops were able to maneuver with considerable skill. Not yet had they acquired the facility in evolutions that they afterward attained, but they had made tremendous strides. It has been stated by Lossing and other reputable historians that after the American regulars were disciplined by Baron Steuben they were never defeated in battle on anything like equal terms. Not only is this true, but on many occasions they vanquished in the open field and with the bayonet many more than their own number of the choicest troops of England. At Camden, where the commander, Gates, and the militia—more than half of the entire army—fled at the first fire, the little band of regulars under Brother De Kalb stood firm and came within an ace of defeating alone the entire British army, twice their own number. At Stony Point Brother Wayne took the fort with troops whose muskets were unloaded, and of the sixty-three British slain *every one* was killed by a bayonet thrust. At Cowpens, Guilford, and Eutaw, the Continental infantry worsted in fair fight more than their own number of the best troops that Britain could muster. It is safe to say that after Steuben had thoroughly disciplined the army, which by the way he could not accomplish in a few months, the American regulars were not only the most effective body of troops on the continent, they comprised the most terribly efficient soldiers in the whole world. General Clinton himself is quoted as saying that the Dutch drill master had rendered the American troops better soldiers than his own.

Why then were the American soldiers so much more efficient than their adversaries, who had centuries of military traditions back of them—traditions of victory against odds? Were the Americans more brave? No; they were

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of the same race as their opponents. Whence came it, then? The reasons were three:

First, the Americans were fighting for liberty. And while it is true that thoroughly disciplined troops will fight well for a poor cause, or no cause at all (imagining as they do that their side is the right one), he who fights for liberty on his own soil is apt to be nerved to a higher pitch than one who wars for conquest.

Second, the Americans were better marksmen. It is true that the American regular of the American Revolution, when compared to the present standard, or to the standard of Morgan's riflemen of that period, was a poor shot; but he was much better than his opponent. The shooting instinct was in the blood of the American.

Third, the tactics introduced in the American army by Steuben, being those of the first soldier of the age—Frederick the Great—were superior to those of the British army. Not only was the bayonet practice superior, but the mode of handling large bodies of troops in the field was far more expeditious. It is claimed that the whole Continental army could be marshaled from its camp and placed in order of march in less than one hour. It is also said that a distinguished foreign officer, who was once standing near the Baron when the army was being reviewed, chanced to mention a very intricate and difficult maneuver of the Prussian service, and added that he supposed it was far beyond the American training to execute it. "Vait," grunted the Baron, "und vatch!"

Thereupon Steuben gave a command and the maneuver was executed flawlessly to the extreme surprise of the foreign officer.

It has been noted that the work on tactics written by Steuben for the use of the army during the Revolution was retained until after the war of 1812. This was the textbook used by General Brown when he formed his army

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for the invasion of the Canadian peninsula in 1814. And this campaign, one of the most remarkable in the history of the American army, was undertaken against Wellington veterans, supposed to be at the time the best troops in the world. What was the result? In four heavy engagements and several lesser ones, the American army was not defeated once; it inflicted upon its opponent a loss of over three thousand, while its own casualties amounted to less than eighteen hundred. The enemy were always in superior force and always on their own ground, yet they never gained the victory.

The battle of Chippewa affords the most striking example of the efficacy of the tactics used in the American army. This action was fought in a plain, unobstructed by breastworks, woods, or streams. The American force numbered nineteen hundred men; their opponents twenty-two hundred. Both armies were composed almost exclusively of regular troops. In the swift action that followed the British were defeated and driven in rout from the field, suffering a loss of five hundred and seven, while Brown's army sustained a loss of three hundred and twenty-seven. So much for the tactics introduced by Baron Steuben.

The partial state of discipline which the army had attained at the opening of summer, 1778, was now to be put to the test—the fiery test of THE GUNS OF MONMOUTH.

On June 18, Sir Henry Clinton, commanding the army of ten thousand British troops in Philadelphia, evacuated the city and proceeded by slow stages on his march across New Jersey, his objective being New York. The extreme heat of the season, the poor roads, and his baggage train, twelve miles in length, sorely retarded Sir Henry's advance.

Apprised of the change in the plans of the enemy, Washington drew off his army from the encampment at Valley Forge and followed Clinton. Most of the Ameri-

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can division and brigade commanders did not believe that the Continental army should precipitate an open engagement, being led to that opinion from the influence of General Charles Lee, the latter, through exchange for General Prescott, being now restored to the army. However, at a final council of war held at Hopewell on June 27, Brothers Wayne, Greene and Lafayette voted in favor of an attack, deeming it injurious to American prestige to permit the enemy to march across the state without interference. As this opinion coincided with that of the Commander-in-Chief, an attack was ordered on the morning of the 28th against Clinton's army, now encamped on the plains of Monmouth.

General Lee was second in command of the American army; but, as he opposed an attack, his division was at first given to Brother Lafayette. Lee, however, soon recanted and begged to be restored to his command. Thereupon Washington gave him charge of four thousand men, included in which were the brigades of Brothers Wayne and Morgan, and ordered him to begin the attack early in the morning.

And now there was initiated a battle of movements. Washington's army was composed of thirteen thousand men, all but one thousand being regulars. Twenty-three thousand men began marching and counter-marching over that rolling country, dotted with patches of woods, hedges and swamps. The facility with which the Americans maneuvered for position plainly showed the effect of Brother Steuben's training.

Trusting that Lee's advance would bring on an attack by Clinton, Washington proceeded to form his main line of battle. As the sun mounted toward meridian, the day grew intensely hot. Not a cloud was in the sky, scarcely a breath of wind rustled the leaves of the parched foliage. Toward the front came the sullen boom of cannon, col-

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umns of smoke rose over the trees and hung sluggishly in the air. Here and there the gleam of scarlet betrayed the movements of the enemy.

Lee led his men down toward his objective, discovered a strong party which he endeavored to surround, noted with alarm another detachment moving to flank him. He attempted to change front, some misunderstood orders caused confusion, a regiment became mired in a swamp, several detachments began to fall back without orders. Lee apparently lost his head, and his whole division began a retreat. Some authorities believe that he purposely invited disaster because his advice was not taken in regard to the matter of attacking the enemy. At any rate, his division, fast falling into confusion, retreated toward the main body of the American army without Washington being advised of the change of plans, and with nothing but slight skirmishing to warrant such a step. Properly speaking, there had been no fighting at all.

A countryman came riding a sweating horse fast along the road where Washington was located, and reported that the Americans were retiring. Washington could not believe it. Taking his staff and a few troopers, he galloped toward the front. Soon he met fugitives, then a whole regiment marching toward the rear. Of the colonel Washington inquired the cause of the confusion and retreat. The colonel shook his head. "I do not know, Your Excellency. It's orders."

Directing the officer to halt and reform his men, Washington dashed away, met the rest of the brigade streaming past, an interval, then Lee himself at the head of the last brigade. Reining up his panting horse, Washington accosted Lee in terms of anger: "I desire to know, sir, whence comes this confusion and this disgraceful and unwarranted retreat?"

Lee was startled by the terrible aspect of his usually

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calm chief. He mumbled something to the effect that misleading intelligence had caused confusion in the division, and that he did not feel called upon to attack the whole British army with his detachment.

Although disputed, it has been alleged that the infuriated Commander-in-Chief now shook his fist in the face of his subordinate and thundered, "Sir, you are a damned poltroon! I have certain information that you were faced by merely a strong covering party."

"That may be, sir, but it was stronger than mine," sullenly returned Lee.

"I am sorry that you accepted command of this division unless you meant to fight."

Lee was also growing angry. "I did not think it prudent to bring on a general engagement," he returned shortly.

"Whatever *your* opinion may have been," said Washington, "I expected my orders would have been obeyed."

There was no time for further words; the British were but a short distance away. The retreating division had now halted. Rapidly Washington formed it into line. Three batteries were placed on rising ground to protect the detachment. All orders were obeyed with celerity and a degree of efficiency that again showed the effect of Steuben's training. A year before it would have been impossible to rally a division retreating in the face of the enemy and bring it into an effective fighting organization within the space of a very few minutes.

Washington turned to Lee. "Will you command these men?"

"I will," returned Lee eagerly.

"I expect you to check the enemy," insisted Washington.

"It shall be done, and I will not be the first to leave the field." Lee saluted.

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The American artillery opened with a series of crashes. The British advance was brought to a halt. Washington turned and galloped back to form the second line. This he arranged on rising ground, with Brother Lord Stirling commanding the left wing, Brother Greene on the right, while Washington himself led the center.

At Lee's rallied line a severe contest was now raging. The American artillery was well served and held the enemy off for a time. It was here that the celebrated Molly Pitcher served the gun when she saw her husband fall. Eventually Lee was overpowered and forced to bring off his division, which he did in excellent order.

In heavy columns the enemy advanced and attacked the second line. First they fell upon Brother Stirling, but were repulsed by his artillery. Next they tried to flank him and failed. Then they turned against Brother Greene on the right. Greene had a powerful battery planted on a hill under the immediate supervision of Brother Knox. The artillery, its position covered by a dense cloud of smoke caused by its rapid and continued discharges, not only shattered the British columns which were attacking in front, but also enfiladed the enemy's right, which was assaulting Stirling and Wayne.

The battle now became general. The roaring of many pieces of artillery fairly rocked the ground; the shouts of charging men, and the blinding clouds of smoke hung low, made a turmoil such as had been rarely experienced during this war. The heat was intense. Men sank dead from the effect of the sun with no mark of bullet upon them. Others crawled off into alder thickets in search of water, and there their bodies were found after the battle. So far the British had been unable to make any impression upon the second line of the Americans. It was growing late in the afternoon. The battle had begun at dawn.

Near the center of the American line the brigade of

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Pennsylvanians commanded by Brother Wayne was posted in an orchard, one flank resting upon a barn. Upon this devoted brigade the British now leveled their principal attack. A battery of artillery, posted on a hill near a piece of woods, fired continuously upon Wayne, while a tremendous musketry fire smote him. He caused his men to lie down, and thus protected by the apple trees and the barn, they suffered little. On his right an American battery crashed in reply to that of the enemy and kept them for a time in check. At last there advanced down the opposite slope a heavy column of troops in admirable order, perfect step, tall bearskin shakos nodding in the fierce rays of the sun. It was the famous Grenadier Guards, an organization with traditions, now led by Colonel Monkton, one of the best fighters in the British army.

It cannot be said that Wayne's lean Continentals felt flattered at thus being selected for the particular attention of this corps. Nor is it probable that they had any fear of it. Wayne rarely led his men to other than victory. *Their* traditions were brief, yet they had them; and they were destined to make more—some this very day.

On came the Grenadiers, Monkton striding ahead. Just beyond a hedge he halted his men, dressed the column, then delivered a little speech. During intervals in the cannonade Wayne's men could hear some of his words, so near was the enemy. "My brave grenadiers . . . . bayonet . . . follow your commander." He turned and waved his sword. "Charge!" he cried. The column broke into a run. It came near, so near that the sweat could be plainly seen on the inflamed faces of the men.

"Ready!" ordered Wayne. "Pick out the officers. Aim! Fire!"

Among the apple trees came a gush of smoke and a

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roar like that of a thunder clap. Smote with the besom of destruction, the shattered British column came to a sudden halt. Nearly all the officers, including the brave Monkton, lay on the ground.

"Fix bayonets!" roared Wayne. A series of metallic clicks answered. "Charge!" he shouted, and drove his horse straight at the scarlet ruck. Behind him, and on either side, raced his lean, hard-bitten infantry.

It was in a cornfield that the clash came, and here among the trampled stalks of maize ensued a contest grim and great. The body of Monkton marked the nucleus of the fight. About it knots of men lunged, swore, gasped and died. The long green leaves of the corn suddenly changed color. Backward and forward the lines surged. There was now no firing; it was a trial of the bayonet—a weapon with which the British claimed to be proficient. And justly so. But now the Grenadiers were face to face with men who had mastered the bayonet drill of Frederick the Great—the warrior king who had used the map of Europe for a drill ground. Furthermore Wayne's men were more agile than their opponents; fasting had made them so. And they were led by a fiery commander whose boast it was that he would storm hell if Brother Washington would draw the plans.

So there in the cornfield struggled the ranks, blue and scarlet, while overhead beat the pitiless rays of the July sun, and the smoke of the cannonade rolled slowly from the field. Some Americans seized the contested body of Colonel Monkton and bore it to the rear. Back along the way they had come the pride of the British army was forced; but many lay quiet among the stalks of corn. At last the survivors turned and fled to their line, while on the hot air rose a hoarse shout of triumph from the throats of Wayne's lean fighters. Gone forever on this

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continent was the boasted superiority with the bayonet claimed by the British. It had been a trial most fair.

Sullenly the whole British army fell back across the fields and through the woods until it occupied the spot held by Lee in the morning. And after it surged the victorious Americans.

Clinton now occupied a strong position, but Washington began immediate preparations to attack him. Sending strong divisions to both right and left, Washington massed an overpowering number of cannon against the center and made ready to reopen the ball. But it had now grown dark. He was forced to wait until morning. Had daylight lingered but a few hours, there can be but little doubt that Washington would have bagged the whole British army; and the war would have ended at Monmouth rather than at Yorktown, three years later.

But during the dead of night, Clinton, leaving his tents standing and his desperately wounded behind, stole silently away toward New York, and when the dawn came up Washington discovered that his prey had escaped.

In this struggle, which, as has been said, was a battle of movements, with some severe fighting at isolated points of contact, the American loss was about two hundred and thirty, while that of the enemy was nearly five hundred. And subsequent to the battle a large number of Clinton's men, especially Hessians, deserted; so that the total loss sustained by the British in this brief campaign was about two thousand, as given by standard authorities.

Baron Steuben was with the army during the battle, but owing to his unfamiliarity with the English language, did not have an independent command. He later relaxed none of his efforts toward perfecting the discipline of the army, which steadily gained in proficiency. Toward the

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end of the war Steuben was given an independent command, and in Virginia aided Lafayette to coop up Cornwallis in Yorktown. He was at the siege of Yorktown and present at the surrender. The garrulous Lossing tells a story illustrative of the Baron's sense of humor.

It was during the latter days of the siege that a bomb fell near Steuben, who promptly sprang into a trench to escape its effects. As he sprawled in the ditch, General Wayne fell on top of him. "Ah!" ejaculated the Baron, "I always knew that you were a brave general, but I did not know that you were so perfect in every point of duty; you cover your general's retreat in the best manner possible."

Presumably, by this time Steuben's command of English had improved.

Serving as he did without pay, he was generally in straitened financial circumstances, but his generous character was such that he always contributed to the wants of the needy if possible to do so. He evidently believed that it was his duty to contribute to the relief of anyone, especially a Brother Mason, who was in a destitute situation as liberally as the needy one's necessities might require and the Baron's ability permit. He even did better than this. Lossing is authority for the following story.

At the time of the disbanding of the army at Newburg, Steuben chanced across Colonel Cochrane, who was depressed because the army was to be dismissed without pay. "I can stand it," lamented the colonel, "but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern and I have nothing for them."

Thereupon Baron Steuben hurried to the tavern, sought out the wife of the colonel, and poured on the table before her the entire contents of his purse. Leaving the place, he was accosted by a negro soldier who stated that he had no money to pay his passage to New York. The

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Baron, touched anew, borrowed a dollar from a brother officer and gave it to the negro.

The war safely won, Congress ignored for a time the claims of the man who had done so much to insure the liberties of the country. He was in want. Eventually, though, the Federal Government granted him a pension of $2,500 per year, while New Jersey gave him a farm, and the State of New York presented him with sixteen thousand acres of uncleared land in Oneida County. Here, in the town of Steuben, he built a large log house, cleared about sixty acres of his land, and lived amidst his tenants and some followers from the army. He divided his land with his former aides, Captains Walker, North and Popham. In the winter he resided in New York City, but returned every summer to his estate.

He died as the result of apoplexy in his home at Steuben, November 28, 1798, being sixty-four years of age. He was first interred in the garden, but later, owing to his previously expresed desire, his remains were conveyed to a lonely spot in the midst of the forest and there again consigned to the earth. In later years the building of a road necessitated the removal of the body once more, and he was now reinterred about seven miles from Trenton Falls in the town of Steuben. In 1826 a monument was erected to his memory, the funds having been raised by popular subscription. In recent years, through the tardy action of Congress, an elegant bronze statue of Baron Steuben was unveiled in Washington, the sculptor being Albert Yaegers of Suffern, New York. A town and a county in New York State, a city in Ohio, many streets, squares and avenues, commemorate the name of this talented man who campaigned with the two greatest warriors of the century—Frederick the Great and George Washington—and who contributed more to the cause of liberty than casual readers suspect.

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A recent writer in the Utica "Semi-Weekly Press" describes an old desk formerly belonging to the Baron, and cites the fact that by accident some secret drawers were discovered therein. "But there follows a bit of romance," continues the news writer. "In one of these compartments, carefully wrapped in paper on which was some faded handwriting, was found a lock of hair. It is known that Baron Steuben never married, but we have an account of an early love affair. We are also told that he treasured the portrait of a beautiful woman. Knowing these things, one cannot help attaching some significance to the above incident. At any rate, it serves to envelop the old desk in a halo of mystery and romance, and one is reluctant to unveil the secret which it has guarded for a century."

But, romance or no romance, Baron von Steuben, America owes you a debt of gratitude. Warrior; patriot; good citizen; altruistic, high-minded gentleman; Master Mason; we of the present, who profit by the work you did, salute you! The glorious traditions of our military service began in your day and because of your efforts. We salute you as THE MASTER BUILDER OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

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JOHN PAUL JONES

Like the tale of a mythical god of old Athens reads the record of that courageous gentleman of the long ago, who though born in one of the lower stratas of Scotch society, attained riches, titles and honor; who came to walk with kings, but whose proudest boast ever remained that he was an *American citizen.*

Paul Jones, the son of a poor Scotch gardener, was born July 6, 1747, in Arbigland, parish of Kirkbean, stewartry of Kirkcudbright. It was on the estate of Lord Selkirk, a nobleman of distinction, whose castle was on St. Mary's Isle, that Paul first saw the light of day. Years after the future commodore of the American navy was to do the employer of his father an injury and then make ample reparation.

The youth of Paul Jones was spent on the shores of the Solway Frith across the channel from Whitehaven, which also he was to bring into the limelight of history.

Although the name has now become so familiar that it is difficult to think of him in other terms, it must not be forgotten that the famous sailor's birth name was not Paul Jones, but John Paul. Under that name he was at the age of twelve apprenticed to a Mr. Younger of Whitehaven, a merchant engaged in trading with America. Before he was thirteen John Paul sailed for Rappahannock, Virginia, in the ship *Friendship.* From the first he liked America. His elder brother, William Paul, had already settled in Virginia, and it was in his home that John stayed while on this first voyage to America.

A business failure on the part of Mr. Younger now

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induced that gentleman to release John from his apprenticeship, and the boy was therefore thrown upon his own resources. He, however, improved to the full such limited opportunities as he had. Filled to the brim with the thirst for learning, he studied late at night, not only navigation and kindred subjects, but French as well. In time he became a very good French student, and his scholarship in other lines was such that he did not have to blush when in the presence of the learned.

John was still but a boy when he shipped as third mate on a slaver hailing from Whitehaven. And in 1766 he secured a berth as first mate on the brigantine *Two Friends*, also engaged in the slave trade. At this time the business of slave trading was considered entirely respectable, but John Paul grew so disgusted with it that he left the business after the ship had arrived in the West Indies, and returned to Scotland as a passenger on another vessel. On the way over both the captain and the mate of the ship died of the fever, and Paul took command, bringing the brigantine safely into port. This act earned for him the appointment as master of the ship.

In the year 1770 he commanded the *Betsy* of London, a vessel engaged in the West India trade. John now entered into speculations and made considerable money. It was in this same year of 1770 that, being ever in search of *Light*, he was initiated in St. Bernard Lodge, No. 122, A. F. & A. M., of Kilwinning, Kirkcudbright, Scotland. This was on November 27.

The next year John Paul renounced Scotland as his home, and in 1773, being called to Virginia to settle the estate of his brother, William Paul, he decided to stay there and set up as a planter. He now had some property, although it would appear that he never was a very rich man. It was also probably about this time that he decided

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to change his name by adding to his birth name that of Jones.

Until recently it had remained a mystery just what induced him to take this step. But a few years ago that indefatigable historian, Cyrus Townsend Brady, cleared up this point. It seems that during his lean years Paul had grown on very friendly terms with a gentleman of North Carolina by the name of Wiley Jones. Although Brady does not mention this point, it is exceedingly probable that the cause of this friendship was Masonry. Jones was of much help to John Paul when the latter sorely needed it, and in romantic gratitude Paul added the name of Jones to his own. Later Wiley Jones was instrumental in securing for John Paul Jones his first commission in the infant navy of the United States.

John Paul Jones seems to have been an enthusiastic and consistent Mason. Both before and during the Revolution he was a frequent visitor at the lodges in Boston, Philadelphia and New York. There is not the slightest doubt but that it was Masonry which first brought him to the attention of influential Americans. Later most of the officers who sailed with him on his various cruises were Masons, including the afterward famous Richard Dale, lieutenant on the *Bonhomme Richard* at the time of her battle with the *Serapis*. Dale and Jones were firm friends as well as Masonic brothers, and worked together in utmost harmony.

On December 7, 1775, John Paul Jones received his commission as lieutenant in the Continental navy, being ordered to service on the *Alfred*. It is said that to him fell the honor of hoisting the first American flag over a ship of war. This was the celebrated Rattlesnake flag with the motto, "Don't Tread On Me."

Jones's first independent command was the schooner

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Providence of seventy tons burden and armed with four tiny guns. With this feeble force he made a very successful cruise in which he captured sixteen vessels and destroyed British property aggregating a million dollars.

Shortly after this, while in command of the *Alfred* he made another cruise and captured great stores of clothing, of which the patriots were then in much need.

Paul Jones was commissioned a captain on the very day that the Stars and Stripes were adopted as the national flag. Ordered to the command of the *Ranger*, a corvette of three hundred tons, he hoisted at her masthead on the 4th of July, 1777, the new flag. This particular ensign had been made from "slices of their best silk gowns" by the Misses Mary Langdon, Augusta Pierce, Caroline Chandler, Dorothy Hall and Helen Seavey, of Portsmouth, N. H., for presentation to Jones for this very ceremony. The ladies were present on the deck of the *Ranger* when the flag was raised.

This flag had a glorious history. It streamed over the *Ranger* when Jones set sail to carry to the King of France the news of Burgoyne's surrender; it still flew from the masthead of this famous ship when she captured the *Drake*; it received from the united French fleet at Brest on February 14, 1778, the first salute by a foreign naval power; and it went down with the *Bonhomme Richard* after the desperate fight off Flamborough Head.

According to Augustus C. Buell* in his history of Paul Jones: "When Jones returned to this country in February, 1781, he found Miss Langdon of 'the quilting party' a guest of the Ross family, whose house was always his home in Philadelphia. By way of an apology he explained to her that his most ardent desire had been to bring that

** While Buell has been severely criticized as a historian (see Albert Bushnell Hart's article, "American Historical Liars," published in "Harper's Magazine," October, 1915), the story related herein is generally accepted.*

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flag back to America, with all its glories, and give it back untarnished into the fair hands that had given it to him nearly four years before. 'But, Miss Mary,' he said, 'I couldn't bear to strip it from the poor old ship in her last agony, nor could I deny to my dead on her decks, who had given their lives to keep it flying, the glory of taking it with them.'

" 'You did exactly right, Commodore,' exclaimed Miss Langdon, 'that flag is just where we all wish it to be—flying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship that ever sunk in victory.' "

After arriving at Brest with the message for the French king, Jones soon took the *Ranger* on a cruise destined to be famous. He fairly swept the English Channel and the Irish Sea of British commerce, causing the price of marine insurance to sky-rocket and himself to be denounced as a pirate, a blackguard and a traitor.

Knowing the harbor of Whitehaven like a book, he determined to surprise it and burn the shipping. Taking two boat crews, he landed in the night, surprised the forts, which appear to have had but small garrisons, then attempted to burn the fleet of merchant-men that fairly crowded the harbor. But here fortune turned against him. His torches had burned out. Running into a nearby house he secured some fire which he placed in the hold of the vessel warped to a dock. Soon this ship burst into flame.

But now the dawn had come up and the populace were aroused. Jones himself describes what ensued. He says: "The inhabitants began to appear in thousands, and individuals ran hastily toward us. I stood between them and the ship on fire, with my pistol in my hand, and ordered them to stand, which they did with some precipitation. The sun was a full hour's march above the horizon; and as sleep no longer ruled the world, it was time to re-

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tire. We re-embarked without opposition, having released a number of prisoners, as our boats could not carry them. After all my people had embarked, I stood upon the pier for a considerable space, yet no person advanced. I saw all the eminences round the town covered with the amazed inhabitants."

The raid had been but partly successful, yet it served to terrorize the inhabitants of the British coast towns and awaken them to a feeling for the coast-wise citizens of America, who for so long had been forced to endure the aggressions of the British navy.

It was ever in the mind of Paul Jones to secure as a hostage some prominent Briton, that his captivity might serve to mitigate the evil experienced by the Americans. With this end in view he approached St. Mary's Isle and saw through the clustered foliage the turrets of the castle of Lord Selkirk.

On the estate of this nobleman Paul had played as a little child. He knew every inch of the surrounding country. He held the family of Lord Selkirk in the highest respect, for the Lady Selkirk had in old times often befriended his mother. But he knew that if he could secure the person of the nobleman it would go a long way toward insuring the good treatment of American prisoners, such as were at this time languishing in that floating hell, the Old Jersey prison ship.

Choosing two boat crews of his most trusty men, Jones embarked from the *Ranger*, landed on the shore of St. Mary's Isle and proceeded up the broad driveway that led to the castle.

Coming very soon upon two countrymen, the Americans learned that Lord Selkirk was away from home. This was bitter news for Jones; but as the person of the lord was all he wanted, he gave the command to his men to right about face and march to the pier, but the men

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were inclined to revolt. They wished to loot the castle of the family plate that they knew it must contain.

Jones pondered their grievance. He well knew the mental processes of the average common sailor. In those days if a sailor could not make prize money or secure loot he was very prone to mutiny. Bitterly Jones resented being placed in the position of a plunderer, and at that of one who had befriended him in his childhood. However, he could not risk a mutiny at this time.

He, therefore, directed the officers of the party to proceed with the men to the castle and secure the plate, but on no account to permit any other pilfering, or any injury to the people of the castle. He then returned to the shore and awaited the return of his men.

The party, now fully satisfied, made its way to the castle, secured the plate and returned to the *Ranger* without doing any further damage either to property or person.

Later, when the plate was put up for sale, Jones, although he really could not afford to do so, purchased it and returned it to Lord Selkirk with an explanation and apology. His courtesy and thoughtfulness were acknowledged by Lord Selkirk in a letter which was printed in various papers, but which did not serve to lessen the storm of abuse showered upon Jones by the British public. The British had grown to fear him, hence they hated him.

This raid has been made the subject of a novel by Cooper, and *The Pilot* has had a popularity with the reading public that has continued to this day.

Shortly after this event Jones was attacked by the British man-of-war *Drake* near Carrickfergus. The *Drake* was a ship about equal to the *Ranger* in size and weight of metal, but was heavier manned.

It was late in the afternoon when the action commenced. It continued for over an hour. At the end of that time the *Drake's* rigging, spars and sails were cut to pieces,

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one-fifth of her crew had fallen, and she was completely helpless. She was therefore forced to strike. On the *Ranger* but two men were killed and six wounded. Jones carried the *Drake* into Brest harbor as a prize.

After the French alliance, Jones thought it probable that he would be able to secure a command sufficiently strong to work havoc upon the British shipping. Said he, "I do not wish to have command of any ship that does not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way."

But he met with many discouragements. Franklin tried to aid him, but it was not until the summer of 1779 that he was enabled to secure a command that promised to be of any avail. Then he was given the *Duc de Duras*, an old, rotten East Indiaman, which he proceeded to turn into a warship. Many of her guns, forty in number, were rusty and positively dangerous. Her crew had to be raised among the offscourings of the docks and wharves. Of her entire personnel, but seventy-five of the seamen were Americans. The rest were foreigners of various breeds, including even some Malays. The French government loaned him a hundred soldiers to act as marines. The officers were mainly American and included the brave, active and efficient Lieutenant Richard Dale, personal friend and Masonic brother of Jones. The flag that floated over the old ship, renamed the *Bonhomme Richard*, now in the harbor of L'Orient, was the same that Jones had raised on the *Ranger* in Portsmouth harbor.

In Jones's little squadron there were also four other vessels, the *Pallas, Cerf, Vengeance, Alliance.* The last named was a small, well-built American frigate with an American crew, but commanded by the Frenchman, Captain Landais, who had been given this command as a compliment to the French government. Landais was a half-insane, wholly-jealous crank, who bitterly resented having Jones rank him, and who proved when the crucial moment

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came that he was more of a menace than a help. The three other vessels were small affairs, thoroughly French throughout, but flying the American flag. With this polyglot and feeble command Jones started out to win honor for the flag and immortality for himself. And, strange as it may seem, he succeeded in doing both.

Sailing the temporarily quiet waters of the North Sea on the evening of September 30, 1779, Jones on the quarterdeck of the *Bonhomme Richard* sighted near Flamborough Head a large fleet of merchantmen convoyed by two powerful ships of Britain's navy. The first, a fine new frigate of fifty guns, was commanded by Captain Pearson. This frigate was the *Serapis*. The second ship of war was the sloop *Countess of Scarborough*.

It was already growing dark; a finger of light streamed from the tower on Flamborough Head; the moon was shedding its soft radiance over the water; the light of the battle lanterns made plain the rows of portholes in the sides of the ships. Crowds of curious people had gathered along the heights to watch the expected fight. The merchant vessels scuttled for cover, but the warships came straight toward the challenger of the naval supremacy of England.

And now from the dark shadow with the double row of lurid portholes came a loud cry, "What ship is that?"

For answer Paul Jones gave a command and a heavy broadside rang out from the *Bonhomme Richard*.

Before the flash of the guns had died out an answering broadside crashed from the eighteen-pounder gun of the *Serapis*. Through the rotten sides of the *Richard* the heavy balls tore, splintering beams and tearing human flesh.

Then, too, there was other cause for apprehension on the part of Jones. Two of the old rusty cannon in the lower tier of guns burst with the first discharge, killing

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their crews and hurling pieces of metal everywhere, some of them even penetrating the deck above.

But the *Richard* surged slowly ahead while Jones tried to maneuver her into position for raking. Still firing heavy broadsides, the *Serapis* avoided her antagonist and came sweeping up on the port side. Soon the bowsprit of the *Serapis* got entangled in the rigging of the *Richard* and locked together the two ships swung side by side, the bow of each pointing in a different direction. Jones hastened to lash the ships together, for he well knew that his chance of success lay in making it a close fight. If he allowed the *Serapis* to chose her distance she could knock the rotten old East Indiaman to pieces with impunity.

And now the *Pallas*, another one of Jones's squadron, proceeded to attack the *Countess of Scarborough*. The other ships gave no aid. Rather, the crazy Frenchman, Landais, took himself off with the *Alliance*, while the other ships stayed at a safe distance.

The gloom of the autumn evening had fallen fast; it was now quite dark, except for the joint illumination of the moon and the ever-flashing broadsides of the ships. The roaring of the heavy cannonade echoed and re-echoed along the coast and far inland, filling the hearts of the peasantry with foreboding.

On the high poopdeck of the ancient ship stood Paul Jones watching the enemy pound his command to pieces under his very feet. For the decayed planking of the *Richard* offered but slight impediment to the flight of the heavy balls from the battery of the *Serapis*. Within an hour from the time the action commenced the main battery of the American ship was silenced, everything in the path of the terrible discharges from the enemy being blown either out or in. It is said that from this time on the balls from the eighteen-pounders of the *Serapis* went straight through the *Richard* without hitting

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anything, the planking and timbers on both sides having been cut asunder and hurled out of the way. The gun-deck was a veritable shambles. And now the ship caught fire!

Almost immediately after this the ship's carpenter told Jones that in the hold the water was pouring in very fast. The old tub was sinking under their feet. And to add to the confusion, someone released the two hundred prisoners that had been held below deck on the *Richard*. These men came tumbling up the hatchways, adding tremendously to the hazard of battle, for they were all British seamen. And now among the mongrel crew of the *Richard* some began to cry for quarter, while even among the officers murmurs were heard that Jones should strike. Surely this was the time to try a man with a heart of oak. But jones had a heart of steel and fire.

And now from the *Serapis* came the hoarse cry, "Have you struck?"

Immediately Jones sprang upon the rail and, funneling his hands, roared back through the sulphurous gloom, "Sir, I have not yet begun to fight!"

Then, as though in an effort to blast that unconquerable spirit, the broadsides of the *Serapis* reopened with added intensity. Splinters flew in clouds, the flames secured a new start, masses of stifling smoke rolled up from below decks and almost strangled the men. All of which but served to stir Jones to new endeavor.

First he caused a rumor to be circulated among the released prisoners that the *Serapis* was sinking, and that the only salvation for both crews was to keep the *Richard* afloat. The terrified prisoners thereupon rushed to the pumps and worked heroically, releasing for other duty many of Jones's men. Next he hauled two nine-pounders across the spardeck, had them loaded with chainshot and grape, and opened fire on the mainmast of the *Serapis*,

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hoping to bring it down. Then he directed the fight in the tops and the rigging of the entangled ships.

About this time Jones stopped long enough to reprove one of the junior officers for indulging in profanity. "Don't swear, Mr. Stacey," said he. "In another moment we may all be in eternity, but let us do our duty."

In view of the fact that the British have always characterized Jones as a pirate, this seems rather strange language to use at such a time and place.

If the British had it all their own way below decks, it was not so either on the main deck or aloft. The French soldiers of the *Richard* had from the rigging of the American ship fairly swept the deck of the *Serapis* clear of men. Also, the Americans had speedily swarmed into the tops and upper rigging of the *Richard* and, crossing over into the rigging of the *Serapis*, had driven the topmen out and gained command, thus being able to fire directly down on the British deck and into the various hatchways that led to the gundeck below.

And now an old American tar, taking a bucket of hand grenades, crept out along a yard that hung directly over the main hatch of the British ship, calmly lighted the fuse of one of his missiles and tossed it down into the hole. Almost immediately there followed a terrific explosion, which tore up part of the deck of the *Serapis* and put many of the guns of her main battery out of commission.

It seems that the powder monkeys of this battery had accumulated behind each gun several surplus charges, while some had been broken open and the powder strewn along the decks. When the grenade exploded here the loose powder was ignited with disastrous results.

Now the Americans fairly rained grenades on the deck of the *Serapis* and even tossed them through the portholes of the ship. If most of their cannon had been rendered useless, they yet retained and could use a most

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formidable weapon. And now the *Serapis* caught fire. The *Richard* had been almost continuously on fire.

On the *Richard* the doctor came running on deck bawling that the water was gaining so fast in the cockpit that it already floated the wounded there. He advised an immediate surrender. "Tut! Tut! Doctor," smiled Jones amid all that reign of horror, "would you have me strike to a drop of water? Just help me a bit with this gun."

The crew of the *Serapis* growing desperate, attempted to board. They were beaten back. The crew of the *Richard* made a like attempt, which also failed. But the continued hammering of Jones's two nine-pounders against the foot of the mainmast of the *Serapis* bore fruit. The mast tottered and swept downward into the sea carrying the top of the mizzen mast with it.

For Jones things now looked brighter. But at this instant out of the gloom came the *Alliance* firing alike upon both the *Serapis* and the *Richard.* In vain the Americans shouted for the crazy Frenchman to hold his fire. Broadside after broadside he discharged, returning again and again to the attack. Many of the *Richard's* crew were killed by the missiles from the *Alliance,* the captain of which desired to make the *Richard* strike to the *Serapis* that he might have the honor of taking both ships.

Seeing that their calls were unheeded, the Americans of the *Richard's* devoted crew, now under fire from both friend and foe, turned again to their job. Lieutenant Richard Dale had been wounded, but in the excitement of the fight failed to realize it. Throughout the contest he was a veritable tower of strength to Jones.

The contest had now been raging for three hours. About half of the crew of the American ship had fallen; nearly two-thirds of that of the *Serapis.* The *Pallas* had captured the *Scarborough.* This fight could not go on

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forever; human endurance could not stand much more; nor were there men enough left in both crews to furnish food for powder for many more hours. Someone *had* to yield. Jones would not. Hence on the deck of the *Serapis*, the commander, Captain Pearson, tore down the British colors with his own hands.

The bloodiest fight in all naval history was over!

The perfidious Landais had at last sailed away with the *Alliance*. Lieutenant Dale led on board the captured *Serapis* a prize crew and sent Captain Pearson and his first lieutenant to the *Richard*. When Pearson handed to Jones his sword in token of surrender, he is reported to have made a remark to the effect that he would hate to fight with a halter around his neck.

The answer of Jones was characteristic of him; courteous, high-minded gentleman that he was: "Sir," said he, "you have fought like a hero; and I make no doubt your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner."

Pearson's sovereign did just that thing; he made Pearson a knight. When a long time after this Jones heard about it, he remarked dryly, "He deserves it. And if I ever fall in with him again, I'll make him a duke."

In the morning after the bloody night battle it was soon found that the poor old *Bonhomme Richard*, which Jones had named in honor of his friend, Dr. Franklin, could not be saved. Therefore, the prisoners and the wounded were transferred to the deck of the *Serapis*, jury masts were rigged on the latter, and sail set for Holland.

Bow foremost the *Richard* sank into the sea, from her topmast still streaming the first *Stars and Stripes* ever hoisted over an American man-of-war.

Arriving at the Texel, Jones was commanded by the Dutch to either set the French flag over his ship, accepting a French commission, or give up his prizes.

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Now one of Jones's famous sayings was that "I have ever looked out for the honor of the American flag."

On this occasion he lived up to that saying, as he always did. He refused to lower the American flag, choosing rather to give up his prizes. Deposing Landais from the command of the *Alliance*, Jones shifted his colors to that ship. After carefully refitting her, Jones put to sea in the teeth of both a howling gale and a whole fleet of blockading British ships and brought the *Alliance* safely through the English Channel to Corunna in Spain, and later to a French port. The five hundred and four prisoners that he had taken were afterward exchanged for a like number of patriots who had been languishing in British dungeons.

Jones was now not only a hero, he was the talk of all Europe. The French created him a Chevalier of the Order of Merit. He returned to America in February, 1781. Congress proceeded to pass a flattering resolution concerning him.

The end of the war found no command for him in the American navy, for the navy was temporarily abolished at the close of the struggle. Jones went to Russia and was commissioned by the queen a rear-admiral, later being promoted to the grade of admiral in command of a squadron in the Black Sea. In the Russian navy he displayed his genius as of yore, but he did not like the service. He eventually returned to Paris, where his health began to fail. He died July 18, 1792, being but forty-five years of age.

According to the historian Brady, to whom reference has already been made, there was found among the papers of John Paul Jones the following in his own handwriting:

"In 1775, J. Paul Jones armed and embarked in the first American ship of war. In the Revolution he had

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twenty-three battles and solemn recontres by sea; made seven descents in Britain, and her colonies; took of her navy two ships of equal, and two of superior force, many store ships and others; constrained her to fortify her ports; suffer the Irish Volunteers; desist from her cruel burnings in America, and exchange as prisoners of war, the American citizens taken on the ocean, and cast into prisons of England, as 'traitors, pirates, and felons!' "

Ever since being made a Master Mason Jones had retained his membership with the lodge at Kilwinning.

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JOSEPH BRANT

Much of the material included in this chapter was originally used in an article prepared for the "Masonic Outlook," under the caption, "A Savage Mason." However, when the story appeared in the November, 1924, issue of the "Outlook," it was under the title, "Chief Joseph, the Iroquois Mason." This was misleading. The Chief Joseph of history was not by any means Joseph Brant; rather, he was the famous Nez Perce chieftain who, after a march rivaling that of the Greeks under Xenophon, surrendered in 1877 to General (later Brother) Nelson A. Miles. The article caused some comment, both favorable and the reverse. It has been thought desirable, therefore, to include in the present chapter other incidents of Brant's Masonic career, as well as to furnish conclusive proof of Brant's Masonic membership, a fact that has been frequently questioned, both by some in high places and those of lesser degree.—W. M. S.

In 1742 there was born on the banks of the Ohio to Mr. and Mrs. Tehowaghwengaraghkwin a son destined to fill many pages of American Revolutionary history. The head of the family with the unpronounceable name was a chief of the Onondaga tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy, while the mother was a Mohawk. The father died in the Ohio country, and the mother eventually returned to Canajoharie, N. Y., with two children: The boy, born in 1742, named Thayendanegea, and a daughter, Mary, or Molly, who became the common-law wife of Sir William Johnson, Crown Superintendent of Indian Affairs in North America.

Sir William Johnson, justly famous in our early history, was an enthusiastic Mason. He was raised in Union Lodge No. 1, of Albany, N. Y., early in 1766, and when

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St. Patrick's Lodge No. 4, of Johnstown, was warranted, May 23, 1766, he became its first Master. His nephew and son-in-law, Guy Johnson, was Senior Warden, and Daniel Claus, another son-in-law, was Junior Warden. John Butler, father of the infamous Captain Walter Butler, was Secretary.

The widow of the defunct chief with the seven-syllable name finally married an Indian whom the settlers called Barnet, later contracted to Brant. His stepson, Thayendanegea, was called Joseph Brant, and under this name achieved both notoriety and fame. Possibly because of the influence of Molly Brant, Sir William Johnson became interested in the young Iroquois, and sent him to Dr. Wheelock's school at Lebanon, Connecticut. Eventually the baronet employed Brant as his secretary. As interpreter and religious instructor for his tribe Joseph Brant was exceedingly active. He seems to have possessed both energy and ability to a considerable degree. At about the time of the breaking out of the Revolution he went to England, mingled freely with the nobility, and had his portrait painted by Romney. It was at this time that he was made a Mason. He was raised in London, England, April 26, 1776. After the Revolution and the consequent removal of the Mohawks to Canada, he became Master of Lodge No. 11 (now extinct) at Brantford, Ontario—the Mohawk settlement. The first clue to the origin of this Lodge came to light in January, 1899, when it was learned that the warrant was issued February 12, 1793, with the following named officers: Joseph Brant, Master; Thomas Horner, S. W.; W. K. Sunth, J. W. Later in his career Brant was a member of Barton Lodge No. 10 (now No. 6) of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Through the important discovery of the records of Lodge No. 11, Brant's entire Masonic career was traced.

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Just how American Masons came to be furnished with this important item will be described in full in the notes at the end of this chapter. It is sufficient to say here that it was through the efforts of a woman that this was brought about.

In spite of the fact that there were at least four well-authenticated incidents of the War of the Revolution wherein Joseph Brant proved his fidelity to the trust reposed in him by answering the G. H. Sign, there are many critics who deny that he was ever a Mason.

In an address given at the Sesqui-Centennial of St. Patrick's Lodge No. 4, at Johnstown, N. Y., September 4, 1916, Grand Secretary Edward M. L. Ehlers said:

"It has been stated that Joseph Brant was a Mason, but a careful search among all records bearing upon the subject fails to establish that fact."

The trouble was that the Right Worshipful didn't look in the proper place for the records. They were there.

R. W. Ehlers then spoke of General Eli S. Parker, who had served on Grant's staff during the Great Rebellion, who was the titular chief of the Six Nations, a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and the first Master of Akron Lodge No. 527, of this State. Says R. W. Ehlers:

"Parker was familiar with the stories related by Mackey and Hayden concerning the statements that Brant and Tecumseh had rescued members of the Masonic Fraternity who were in great peril, but denied that the traditions of his people contained any knowledge of the Masonic membership of these warriors, nor had he been able to find any record in England concerning their membership in the Craft."

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General Parker had experienced the same trouble; he failed to look in the right place.

After such eminent authorities had gone on record as saying that Brant's Masonic affiliation was a myth, the small fry chimed in on the same strain, without displaying the slightest effort to get to the bottom of the matter. In relation to the first published reports of the investigations of the woman to whom we have referred, the scribe of a local newspaper scoffed at her efforts and said in part:

"Colonel Ehlers was a *personal friend of Chief Tecumseh* and other noted Indian chieftains and made diligent inquiry through them of Brant's Masonic connection. All told Colonel Ehlers that they never heard of such being a fact. . . . . This research of Colonel Ehlers will dispose of another of those widely spread but erroneous stories circulated about Revolutionary characters.—Ed. Chronicle."

So much for "Ed. Chronicle." However, we would note that Brother Ehlers must have been a very, very old man when he delivered his address in 1916—provided he was personally acquainted with Chief Tecumseh. If our memory serves, Tecumseh was killed in the Battle of the Thames, in 1813. But let us go back to Brant.

Returning from England to America with a colonel's commission, Brant became the recognized leader of the Iroquois in their border warfare waged against the Americans. Although a redoubtable fighter, Brant invariably displayed more compassion than the leaders of his white allies—the Butlers, MacDonald, Colonel Johnson. As a rule, historians and others have dealt harshly with Brant, and one famous poet practised poetical license to such an extent that he told an untruth concerning the savage leader. Campbell, in his poem, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, says through the mouth of one of his characters:

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"The Mammoth comes—the foe—the Monster Brandt—
With all his howling desolating band."

Stone, the biographer of Brant, proved conclusively that the Chief did not participate in the Wyoming raid. He was, however, at The Cedars, Cherry Valley, Minisink, Chemung, Geneseo and other famous spots where he indicated both his genius for leadership and his humanity.

Early in the war he and his red warriors surrounded a party under the leadership of General Nicholas Herkimer, a member of St. Patrick's Lodge, and later the hero of Oriskany. Although Brant could have annihilated Herkimer's force he let them go, because Herkimer was "a friend and neighbor."

Following the death of Brother Montgomery before Quebec on the last day of 1775, the affairs of the little American army of invasion in Canada went from bad to worse. General Wooster, sent to take charge, could effect little. He quarreled with Arnold—a point rather remarkable in view of the fact that they were both members of the same Masonic Lodge, Wooster having been the first Master of Hiram Lodge No. 1, of New Haven, Connecticut, in which Arnold had been raised, April 18, 1765.

It was in May, 1776, that the final disaster came. On the north side of the St. Lawrence Arnold had stationed a garrison of 390 American troops under Colonel Bedell, at a place known as The Cedars. A force of 650 regulars, Canadians and militia, under Captain Foster, of the British Army, and Colonel Joseph Brant, approached this post stealthily and captured it. Another detachment sent by Arnold as a relief was ambushed and practically annihilated. Among the captives who were to be burned was Captain John McKinstry, a brave man and a Mason. It is improbable that the captain had ever heard that Brant was a Mason, but he may have supposed that some of the

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British officers were of the Craft. At any rate, as the flames were beginning to give him agony, he gave the *sign.* Brant promptly rushed forward, kicked the burning wood aside and released the captain. Years after the war Brant visited McKinstry at his home in Greendale, N. Y., and, it is claimed, sat in Lodge with him in what is now known as Hudson Lodge No. 7, at Hudson, N. Y.

There are many authorities of reliable standing who give substantially the same version of the above account, among whom might be mentioned Hayden. There was also an article on the subject in the New York *Masonic Outlook* for March, 1925, under the title, "Captain McKinstry Saved by Chief Joseph."

Hayden's account of the rescue is to be found in a book entitled "Leaflets of Masonic Biography," edited by C. Moore, A.M., Editor of the *Masonic Review,* and published at Cincinnati in 1863. The chapter referred to is entitled, "Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea)," and at its close the editor gives the following note:

"The foregoing sketch of Brant is from an unpublished work, by permission of the author, Brother Sidney Hayden, of Athens, Pa."

It will, of course, be recalled by Masonic students that Sidney Hayden, Past Master of Rural Amity Lodge No. 70, of Pennsylvania, became quite famous in Masonic circles as the author of that readable and authoritative work, "Washington and His Masonic Compeers."

Hayden gives the following account of another incident—the second during the War of the Revolution, where Brant was known to have been true to his Masonic obligations:

"Jonathan Maynard, Esq., who afterward resided in Framingham, near Boston, and was a prominent public citizen of Massachusetts, often related to his friends that,

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in the war of the Revolution, he was taken prisoner in the State of New York, by a party of the enemy, composed chiefly of Indians under Brant. According to the custom of the Indians and Tories, he was about to put him to death by torture, and preparations were being made to that effect. As they were stripping him of his clothes, Brant, who was present, discovered the symbols of Masonry marked with ink upon the prisoner's arms. All the dark passions of revenge at once forsook the warrior's breast, and he interposed and saved his captive brother. Mr. Maynard was then sent a prisoner to Canada, where, after remaining for several months, he was finally exchanged and returned home. He lived to a great age, universally respected, and continually bore testimony to Brant's faithful devotion to his obligations as a Freemason."

A very similar account of the same incident was told by the Rev. Josiah H. Temple, a historian of some prominence. His version was published in the *Family Herald and Weekly Star*, of Montreal, Canada, issue of November 8, 1921, and reads as follows:

"While his regiment was stationed at or near West Point on the 30th of May, 1778, Lieutenant Maynard, a Harvard graduate, with a small party went on a foraging expedition to a considerable distance from the camp, when they were set upon by a scouting band of Indians, and after a sharp skirmish were taken prisoners. They were conducted to a distance of several miles away from the American line, when a halt was made, and all but the lieutenant were tomahawked and scalped. As he wore a sword he was considered a greater prize and was carried to the camp of Brant, their chief.

"After a brief consultation it was decided to burn the captive. The faggots were selected, he was tied to a tree and the fire was about to be kindled. Although a stranger to all in the group, and ignorant of the fact that the In-

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dian chief was a Free Mason, as his last hope, Lieutenant Maynard gave a Masonic sign. It was recognized by Brant, who was standing near, and he ordered the execution to be postponed. Maynard was put under guard, and in due time, with other prisoners, was sent to Quebec, where he was held in captivity until December 26, 1780, when he was exchanged."

It will be noted that while the two accounts agree in the main, the latter is more specific as to dates and places; also it does not agree with the version of Hayden as to the way in which Brant was informed of Maynard's status. However, from comparing the two, we must come to the conclusion that either Maynard's life was saved by Brant because of Masonry, or else Brother Maynard told an untruth. Yet this is one of the stories that the doubters have questioned. Let us proceed to the consideration of the third incident.

In the summer of 1779 Colonel Joseph Brant led an expedition of Mohawks over the hills separating the valley of the upper Susquehanna from that of the Delaware, and invaded the region then known as the Minisink, the chief town of which is now Port Jervis. After some skirmishing, killing and burning, Brant retreated up the Delaware River valley, closely pursued by the Goshen and Warwick militia, under the command of Colonel Hawthorne.

One of the spots favored by summer boarders, who flock from the metropolis to the cool and wild valley of the upper Delaware for rest and recreation, is the hamlet of Lackawaxen, located at the confluence of the Delaware and Lackawaxen Rivers. Here at one time lived the famous novelist, Zane Grey. The obsolete aqueduct of the defunct Delaware and Hudson canal still spans the Delaware River, and now serves as a bridge for those who care to go from the flats on the south side to the high,

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densely-wooded ridge on the north bank, now embraced in Sullivan County. Near the summit of the wooded ridge occurred one of the most desperate little battles of the Revolutionary War.

It was at Lackawaxen that the pursuing force of militia under Colonel Hawthorne overtook the retreating army of Joseph Brant. When the Americans came in sight of the Indians, the latter were apparently about to cross the Delaware just below the mouth of the Lackawaxen. Colonel Hawthorne, thinking it unlikely that Brant had observed his approach, conceived the plan of scaling the hill on the right, marching past the Indians and taking them by surprise at the ford. Accordingly he led his forces scrambling up the wooded side of the mountain.

Brant had noted the pursuit. The Americans were no sooner out of sight than he countermarched, led his force up the valley of Drybrook and attacked Hawthorne's little army in the rear. It was a complete surprise.

Then commenced a fight most bitter and desperate. Among the rocks and stunted pines on the wild hill the rifles flashed constantly, powder smoke drifted low, savage yells and Yankee hurrahs rose to the blue sky. All that hot twenty-second day of July the fight raged from about ten in the morning until the going down of the sun. Then came the end. With empty powderhorns, outnumbered, outgeneraled, the little American force broke in flight. Down the side of the hill they crashed, seeking sanctuary in the river.

Safety was not there. The Indians lined the bank and potted the settlers like muskrats as they dashed into the water. Of the one hundred and forty whites engaged, forty-four were killed; the rest hid among the rocks and brush of the hills, eventually making their way back to Orange County.

Among the fugitives who sought the river at the close

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of that terrible day was Major John Wood. Wounded and weak from thirst, Wood fell exhausted as he drank from the river. One of his friends discovered him, carried him up the bank and placed him in some tall grass where he was temporarily hidden from the Indians. Here he was discovered by Brant himself, accompanied by several of his warriors.

In June, 1884, Solomon P. Wood, son of Major John Wood, and then in his ninety-first year, gave an interview to W. H. Nearpass, editor of the *Port Jervis Gazette.* In this interview the aged Mr. Wood told of the remarkable adventure of his father at the battle of Minisink—told it as his father, the *active participant,* had many times told it to the son. Taking up the story at the point where Major Wood was discovered by Brant, Solomon P. Wood said:

"'I swear, by God, that you shall die,' said Brant. My father pleaded humanity and that he was unarmed. An Indian made a thrust at him with a spear which he fended with his arm and the spear glanced off and struck his head, cutting it open. The Indian was about to make another thrust when father raised his hands imploringly, which Brant mistook for a Masonic sign of distress. Brant caught the spear with one hand and took his other hand and gave him the grip, and that confirmed the chieftain that they were about to murder a brother Mason.

"Subsequently Brant accused him of playing the hypocrite in giving a Masonic sign. My father replied that he knew nothing whatever of Freemasonry, and if he had given the sign it was entirely accidental. It is evident that Brant believed him."

Here we have another case where either a man's life was saved by Brant on account of his Masonic vows, or else the recipient of the favor prevaricated. Yet the scoffers have said that Brant was not a Mason.

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Of this incident Lossing, in the *"Field Book of the American Revolution,"* says, Vol. 2, p. 103:

"During the battle Major Wood, of Goshen, made a Masonic sign by accident, which Brant, who was a Freemason, perceived and heeded. Wood's life was spared, and as a prisoner he was treated kindly until the Mohawk chief perceived that he was not a Mason. Then with withering scorn Brant looked upon Wood, believing that he had obtained the Masonic sign, which he had used, by deception. It was purely an accident on the part of Wood. When released he hastened to become a member of the fraternity by whose instrumentality his life had been spared."

Hayden, too, gives an account of the Minisink incident, with some variations. For instance, he says that Wood, while not a Mason, had in some way learned the Mason's appeal in the hour of danger, and wildly gave it at this time. He also says that Wood was made a Mason while held a prisoner by the British, being raised at Niagara in a military Lodge. Brant, who was present on the occasion, advanced for him the initiation fee.

It seems to me, however, that Major Wood's own account of the incident may be safely accepted. Had he been a cowan he would never have sought admission to a Lodge in the regular manner.

Let us now advance three steps and consider the fourth incident in the record of Brant's Masonic mercy.

In retaliation for the massacres of Wyoming, Cherry Valley, Minisink, and because of the fact that within the confines of the Six Nations' domain were raised the crops that fed the British armies, Washington decided to send a force against the "Romans of the West," sufficiently strong to put them forever out of the struggle.

Accordingly an army was collected under General John

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Sullivan at Easton, Pa. This force proceeded by the way of the Wyoming Valley to Tioga Point, now Athens, Pennsylvania, where it was joined by another detachment under General Clinton; the troops of the latter having been floated from Otsego Lake down the Susquehanna River in flatboats.

First building a fort at Tioga Point to protect his base of supplies, Sullivan advanced by easy stages into the Indian country at the head of a perfectly appointed and well-disciplined army of 3,500 effective men, accompanied by a sufficient train of artillery. He burned the village of Chemung, then at Newtown, just across the valley from the present village of Wellsburg, four miles east of Elmira, he struck a powerful force of British and Indians and scattered it to the winds. Then, by the way of Horseheads, he advanced into the beautiful Finger-Lake region of central New York. Cornfields, orchards, villages of framed houses, luxuriant gardens, vanished in smoke and under the heels of the advancing legions. Through the present locations of Watkins Glen, Geneva, Conesus, Canandaigua, Geneseo, the army swept, brushing aside such feeble resistance as the dispirited Senecas could offer. To the valley of the Genesee the army advanced, and the Seneca capital, located in a highly cultivated region, a veritable Eden—if we are to believe the accounts of the soldiers—disappeared in flames. Retribution grim and great had come upon the workers of iniquity.

It was near this spot—not far from the present residence of U. S. Senator James W. Wadsworth—that Lieutenant Thomas Boyd, of Derry, Pa., was captured, together with Sergeant Parker, while engaged with a small force on a scouting expedition. Boyd and Parker were speedily prepared for the torture, but on the approach of Brant, Boyd, who was a Mason, gave the G. H. Sign.

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Brant immediately acknowledged the appeal and guaranteed protection. It is probable that he was sincere in this, and fully intended to keep his word, but he was called away on his official duties. During his absence Boyd and Parker were turned over to the Senecas by Colonel John Butler and his infamous son, Captain Walter Butler, and by the savages were cruelly tortured and put to death.

This torture was so barbarous that Robert W. Chambers, in his novel, "The Hidden Children," refuses to describe it, as being too horrible for print. Mary Jemison, the famous "White Woman of the Genesee," was troubled by no such qualms, and in her memoirs (p. 86, edition of 1846—Batavia) gives the story of the death of this Master Mason in all its lurid details.

So far we are on firm ground in regard to this bloody incident, but now we must take up a detail that is apocryphal, to say the least. Many historians insist that Walter Butler, like his father, was a Mason, and at this time was appealed to by Boyd. But Captain Butler, claiming prior allegiance to his king, in order to excuse his infamy, refused protection unless Boyd would divulge information relative to the movements of the American Army. This Boyd refused to do, and accordingly he was given over to the Senecas.

Now in regard to the authenticity of the above story:

Doty, the painstaking, accurate and entertaining historian of Livingston County, gives an account similar to the above. R. W. Brother Sidney Morse, in his "Military Patriots of the American Revolution," has a like description of the incident, but does not state *which* Butler was involved. Hayden, who hews close to the accepted version, states that it was *Colonel* Butler (John) to whom Boyd gave the Sign. In Stone's "Life of Brant," a footnote on p. 31, Vol. 2, reads:

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"Letter of Salmon. There is some reason to doubt which of the Butlers was the actor in this instance—the father, Colonel John, or the more severe captain, his son."

Chambers, in the novel previously referred to, specifically states that it was Captain Walter Butler who did the deed. But then, Chambers was writing fiction, even though he based his story on history.

As a matter of fact, though there can be no doubt concerning the Masonic status of Colonel John Butler, there *is* some doubt as to whether Captain Walter Butler ever affiliated with the Fraternity. Probably this question can never be settled.

Brother Charles Comstock, P. G. M., of Tennessee, and the present secretary of the Grand Lodge Historical Committee of that jurisdiction, a Masonic historian of repute, informs me that he can find no record of Walter Butler's membership. Brother Comstock, whose ancestors lived in the Mohawk Valley for generations, has searched the records of St. Patrick's Lodge without finding a trace of Butler the younger. If he ever joined the Fraternity it must have been in Albany. He was studying law in Albany just before the war, and it is possible that he was raised there.

I believe, though, that there can be no doubt of Brant's action in the Boyd matter.

Military Lodge No. 19, under warrant from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania—Colonel Proctor, Master—buried the remains of Lieutenant Boyd with Masonic honors on the bank of a little stream which flows into the Genesee, and erected over the grave a mound of earth, traces of which can be seen at this day. Proctor's Lodge accompanied Sullivan's army throughout the campaign, and meetings were held at frequent intervals.

The "Savage Mason," Brant, was far more humane

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than some of the white men with whom he campaigned. How far his compassion was owing to the teachings of Freemasonry we can only surmise. After the war he again visited England. Upon returning to America he devoted his life to the social and economic betterment of his tribe, then settled in Upper Canada. Among his good works was the translation of the Gospel of St. Mark into the Mohawk language. He died at his home on Lake Ontario November 24, 1807, at the comparatively early age of sixty-five. One of his sons served as an officer in the British Army during the war of 1812, and during the recent World War a descendant of Brant was a commissioned officer of the British Army in Flanders.

Mrs. Lillian D. Van Dusen lives at Fonda, N. Y., in the Mohawk Valley. She is the wife of a worthy Master Mason, a Past Matron of the Eastern Star, a professional genealogist, a close student of the history of her native valley, and a fiction writer; being at present, we understand, engaged on a novel with a Revolutionary theme and the Valley setting. In December, 1922, she prepared for a local paper an article on Brant which aroused considerable interest and some adverse criticism, among which were the learned remarks of "Ed. Chronicle," to which we have referred. The critics thought they had Brant buried, didn't need any woman's help in digging him up and, in effect, told this one so.

With that, Mrs. Van Dusen, indefatigable genealogist as she is, went to work to gather proof to back up her argument that Brant *was* a Mason. Eventually fortune favored her.

Doctor Peter H. Bryce, of Ottawa, Canada, desired to secure information in regard to the kind of leases given by Sir William Johnson to his tenants. Through her knowledge of local history and records, Mrs. Van Dusen

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was enabled to be of considerable assistance to Dr. Bryce. He desired to reciprocate. Mrs. Van Dusen told him of her quest. Now Dr. Bryce is a specialist in his line, President of the Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa, a student of history, a writer and lecturer. He took the matter up with Sir John M. Gibson, K. C., of Hamilton, Ontario, who in turn referred it to Grand Secretary Logie. The latter secured the required data and submitted a memorandum which reads, in part, as follows:

". . . . . Brant was with the government service at York in 1793. Brant was a member of Barton Lodge No. 10 (now No. 6), at Hamilton, and No. 11 at the Mohawk Village near Brantford (now extinct). Jos. Brant, or Thayendanegea, was born on the bank of the Ohio in 1742. . . . . In 1776 he visited England and was introduced at Court. He was initiated into Masonry in "The Falcon," Princess St., Leicester Fields, London, Eng., was presented with a Mason's apron by George III. He died at Wellington Square (now Burlington) on Nov. 24th, 1807, and is buried at the Mohawk village cemetery on the Grand River. His certificate is dated at London, April 26th, 1776."

Thus, tracing back through the records of the Grand Lodge of Canada, Mrs. Van Dusen was enabled to establish beyond all question Brant's Masonic status, when a letter to the Grand Lodge of England brought merely the following reply:

"With reference to your letter of the 14th December, I regret that I have not the information to enable me to furnish the record for which you ask."

In all probability there is now no record in England of Brant's Masonic membership.

Through the kindness of Dr. Bryce, Mrs. Van Dusen procured other items of interest concerning Brant's life,

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from various officials in Canada. The following from F. D. Reville, of Brantford, Canada, is interesting:

"Brant, after whom this city is named—with a handsome monument to his memory in Victoria Park—lies buried in the yard of the Mohawk Church, near this city —the first church built in Ontario and erected by King George III, in 1785, when the Six Nations Indians came here after the war. It is of plain stone with a railing around it. The stone does not bear any Masonic or other emblem, and the inscription is—

" 'This Tomb
Is erected to the memory of
Thayendanegea, or
Capt. Joseph Brant,
Principal Chief and Warrior of
The Six Nations Indians,
By his Fellow Subjects,
Admirers of his fidelity and
Attachment to the British Crown.
Born on the banks of the
Ohio River, 1742, died at
Wellington Square, U. C., 1807.' "

Through the information thus collected, Mrs. Van Dusen was enabled to publish her pamphlet, "Chief Joseph Brant, The Iroquois Mason," a work that should settle for all time the vexed question of Brant's Masonic membership.

To Mrs. Van Dusen the author of this book is indebted, not only for copies of her pamphlet, but also for the use of her files of correspondence accumulated in connection with her extensive search.

As for the warrior Brant, though he was the leader of borderers who seldom showed mercy, and his name is execrated by the historians of our land, he yet appears to

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have been far more compassionate than the rangers he led and the white men with whom he associated. From the evidence we have adduced, it would seem definitely established that he never forgot the vows he took at the altar of Masonry.

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HUGH MERCER

This chapter was originally published in the New York "Masonic Outlook," issue of February, 1925, and is now reprinted, with some changes, by permission of the editor.

As sparks fly upward, so some men take to an adventurous life. Such was Hugh Mercer, Master Mason, physician, follower of Bonnie Prince Charlie, colonial soldier of Pennsylvania, and sometime Brigadier-General in the army of the United States commanded by His Excellency, George Washington.

About six miles northeast of Inverness, Scotland, is a desolate moor, now distinguished by a cairn and numerous grassy mounds which mark the resting place of those who here died in defense of the cause of Charles Edward, last scion of the royal Stuarts. It is the field of Culloden.

Here, on April 16, 1746, when the "Young Pretender" and his dwindling army of stark veterans faced the powerful force commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, Hugh Mercer, then but twenty-four years of age, served as assistant surgeon. In the opposing army of King George were at least two other men destined to a place in American history: General Wolfe, the conqueror of Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, and General Frazier, who fell at Saratoga.

The wanderings of The Pretender after his disastrous defeat were frought with danger and full of romance. They have furnished themes for countless stories and traditions. It is extremely probable that he owed his ul-

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timate escape, in part at least, to the influence of Freemasonry.

In a *"General History of Freemasonry in Europe,"* by Emmanuel Rebold, the author states, in the chapter, "Origin of All the Rites for High Degrees," as follows:

"It was not until the partisans of the Stuarts had come to France, in the suite of the Pretender, that English Masonry was denaturalized by them, and used as a cloak to cover their revolutionary projects.

"The desire to restore the family of the Stuarts to the throne of England . . . . suggested to the partisans of that family and those interests the idea of forming secret associations, by which to carry out their plans; and it was with this object that they obtained entrance into the Masonic lodges on the continent.

"They commenced in France, through the agency of one of their most eminent emissaries, the Doctor, Baron of Ramsay, to spread a rite of five degrees which they had vainly endeavored to make acceptable in London. This Doctor or Baron of Ramsay, between the years 1736 and 1738, augmented this rite by the addition of two degrees, and then called it 'Scottish,' because, as he maintained, it proceeded from a powerful Masonic authority in Scotland. . . . . This chapter was composed of partisans of the Stuarts, who had constituted themselves into a Masonic authority before the Grand Lodge of Scotland existed, with the sole object of forwarding the projects of the uncrowned princes. . . . .

"It was not, however, until after Charles Edward Stuart, born at Rome, the son of the (Old) Pretender, had been initiated, and had founded, by a charter granted by himself, as patron, a chapter of high degrees at Arras, in 1747, under the title of 'Scottish Jacobite Masonry,' that the lodges, to which were attached high degrees, increased in France. . . . ."

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In the olden days, Masonry, it would appear, did not hesitate to dabble in politics.

When the survivors of Prince Charlie's army fled before Cumberland's vengeful horsemen, Hugh Mercer managed to make his way to Inverness; later, in disguise, going down to the sea and taking ship for America. He settled in the province of Pennsylvania, but here his life was not to be one of ease and safety. Upon the breaking out of the French and Indian War he took service with his adopted colony and was commissioned, March 6, 1756, a captain.

Following Braddock's disastrous defeat, the frontier of Pennsylvania was exposed to a horror of Indian outrages. In reprisal the colony fitted out an expedition, placed it under the command of Colonel Armstrong, with Mercer leading one of the companies, and dispatched it against the Indian stronghold of Kittanning, where one Captain Jacobs, savage chief of gigantic stature and evil mind, held sway over a rabble more ruthless and less intelligent than himself.

The present Kittanning, capital of Armstrong County, is a pleasant village of about five thousand population, located on the east bank of the Allegheny River, forty miles northeast of Pittsburgh, and is served by the Buffalo branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

In 1756 Kittanning was relatively as far from Philadelphia as Hawaii is at the present time. Colonel Armstrong's task was not an easy one, but neither he nor his hardy force of two hundred and eighty colonials were dismayed as they plunged into the wilderness. In due time the little army stood on the hills which flanked the Indian stronghold on the east and gazed through the dense foliage down upon their objective.

It was night. The moon cast a weird illumination over

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the forest, river, and Indian settlement. Whoops, yells and many fires indicated the exact location of the savage stronghold, the garrison of which were engaged in a dance, celebrating the success of some recent foray. Until such time as the moon should set, Armstrong caused his men to tie their horses and lie down to secure a little sleep.

Eventually the tumult and the shouting died, the fires sank, the moon disappeared and the first flush of dawn mantled the sky.

The provincials now descended the mountain and fell upon the hostiles, some of whom were sleeping in the thirty-odd houses of the settlement, while others had camped in a cornfield.

The fight was bitter. Captain Hugh Mercer was severely wounded in the left arm and borne by his companions to a near-by hill. The savage Captain Jacobs, aided by his seven-foot son, rallied the Indians and put up a strong defense behind the log walls of the cabins. Fire was called in to aid the whites. Choosing death by the leaden bullets rather than by the flames, the Indians dashed from their burning houses. A sirocco of rifle-breath smote them. The chief, his giant son, and about forty of the warriors were killed, the settlement reduced to a smoking ruin, then Armstrong, fearing interception from Fort Duquesne, retreated. Through some sort of blunder Hugh Mercer was left behind. Wounded and without food, the captain was alone in the wilderness.

But resourcefulness seems to have been ever a distinguishing trait of Mercer. By the river's bank he picked up two fresh-water clams. Raspberry bushes supplied him with fresh berries. He turned his face toward Fort Cumberland and plunged into the forest.

For days he wandered. Game proved scarce; save only

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roots and berries, he found little to eat. His wound troubled him sorely, he developed a fever, he grew weak and gaunt. Fortunately he met no Indians. But starvation stalked grim and relentless at his side.

Then one day, while making his way through a grove of pines, the famishing captain suddenly heard that ominous sound ever after to be remembered; the whirring of a rattlesnake. The reptile, coiled and ready for battle, lay near the roots of a large pine.

With a sweeping blow of his sword, Mercer severed the head and neck of the snake from its body, then, building a fire, roasted the reptile to a turn and ate it! He found the flesh palatable and was much strengthened by his repast. Fourteen days after leaving Kittanning he staggered into Fort Lyttleton. In recognition of his services in this campaign the city of Philadelphia voted Captain Mercer a medal.

During the autumn of the same year, Mercer, having recovered from his wounds and exposure, made a trip of inspection among the frontier forts in company with Colonel George Washington, his close personal friend and Masonic brother.

Washington had been made a Mason but a few years prior to the breaking out of the war, and it is probable that Masonry had much to do with drawing these officers together. Their friendship continued unbroken until Mercer's glorious death twenty-one years later.

Whether Mercer was a Mason at the time of the battle of Culloden we do not know. It has, however, been established that he was later a member of Lodge No. 4 at Fredericksburg, Virginia. It is improbable that he affiliated with this Lodge until after the French and Indian War. It is possible that he was *raised* there; we do not know. This was Washington's old Lodge. According to

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that distinguished Masonic student, W. Bro. J. Hugo Tatsch, Curator and Associate Editor, Iowa Masonic Library, Cedar Rapids, Iowa:

"Washington was initiated November 4, 1752, when he was twenty years old; he was passed March 3, 1753, and raised August 4, 1753, in Fredericksburg Lodge, Fredericksburg, Va." ("Was Washington A Freemason?"—published in *The Masonic Monthly*, of New Haven, Conn., issue of February, 1927.)

After General Forbes had captured Fort Duquesne, Mercer, now a lieutenant-colonel, was left in command of this important post, renamed Fort Pitt.

Upon the close of the French and Indian War, Mercer settled at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and resumed the practice of medicine. But the outbreak of the Revolution found him active in the cause of his country. In 1775 he commanded three regiments of Minute Men, and the next year was busy organizing and drilling Virginia militia. On June 5, 1776, Congress commissioned him a brigadier-general in the Continental line.

General Mercer participated in the battle of Long Island, the skirmish at White Plains, and the retreat through New Jersey. He was delegated by Washington to lead a projected attack on Staten Island, but this raid was finally abandoned.

After the defeated and dispirited American army had relinquished New Jersey and collected on the west bank of the Delaware near Philadelphia, Mercer was one of the first to propose to Washington the assumption of an offensive movement against the enemy. This suggestion was adopted by the Commander-in-Chief and led to the Trenton-Princeton campaign with the ultimate result that most of New Jersey was regained for the patriot cause.

All through the bitterly cold night of December 25,

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1776, Mercer rode by the side of his chief, and during the following gray morning hours led the column into Trenton. With the death of Rall and the capture of his Hessians the tide of the Revolution changed.

A week later when Washington's army lay cooped up behind the Assanpink Creek it was Mercer who proposed the march around Cornwallis's force, the attack on the British reserve at Princeton, and the race for New Brunswick to capture the enemy's stores.

The next morning General Mercer led the advance to Princeton. The brilliant rays of the winter sun sparkled on frost-covered trees, hedges and brook; bayonets gleamed, the rhythmic tread of the marching column sounded on frozen soil, but the day before sticky mud.

The sheen of scarlet was now observed in the distance. The British Colonel Mawhood with his brigade was marching toward Trenton to reinforce Cornwallis. The surprise was mutual.

Recovering more quickly than his opponent, Mercer led his force in a rush to a hedge near the residence of a Mr. Clark. From behind this cover the Americans delivered a volley at the British. The advance regiment of the enemy now deployed into line, a billowing cloud of smoke hid them for a few moments, then out of the battle-fog they came plunging with fixed bayonets.

The British volley had unhorsed Mercer. And now his raw troops refused to stand. Incontinently they fled, leaving their commander to be bayonetted by the charging enemy.

At that time the American soldiers had not yet acquired the discipline they attained later in the war. According to Lossing, the American regulars, after they had been trained and disciplined by Baron Steuben, were *never* defeated in battle by an equal number of the enemy. But Princeton came early in the struggle.

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Followed by reinforcements, Washington galloped to the place of the disaster, rallied the troops, headed a countercharge and sent the enemy whirling into Princeton.

Mortally wounded, Mercer was carried into Mr. Clark's house, and there, nine days later, he died. On January 14, his body was conveyed to Philadelphia and interred in Christ churchyard. Over his grave was placed a marble slab bearing the simple but eloquent statement: "In memory of General Hugh Mercer, who fell at Princeton, January 3rd, 1777."

Thus at the age of fifty-six died one of the most promising officers of the American Revolutionary forces.

In 1840 Mercer's remains were removed to Laurel Hill Cemetery, where an imposing monument was erected to his memory. On the west side of this monument was placed the following inscription:

"General Mercer, a physician of Fredericksburg in Virginia, was distinguished for his skill and learning, his gentleness and decision, his refinement and humanity, his elevated honor, and his devotion to the great cause of civil and religious liberty."

Congress decreed that General Mercer's youngest son should be educated at the expense of the Republic. This was done, and he attained the rank of colonel, dying at Fredericksburg at an advanced age.

In 1897 a monument, erected by the Mercer Engine Company of Princeton on the spot where the general fell, was unveiled by a great-great-grandson of the Revolutionary hero. Today throughout the land he helped to free, many counties, towns and villages bear his name.

He was one of our most distinguished Masonic Soldiers of Fortune.

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MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

Surely, Marie Paul Joseph Rock Yves Gilbert Mottiers de Lafayette was name enough for any one; but he who bore it succeeded in bringing honor upon all its component parts.

The distinguished French marquis, who did so much for the cause of human liberty, was born on the 6th of September, 1757, and while yet a mere lad of seventeen married the Countess Anastasie de Noailles, daughter of a duke, possessed of marvellous beauty and an immense fortune. It should therefore be easily imagined that young Lafayette would consider himself fortunate and be content to follow his profession of arms without permitting himself to grow excited over the agony of a people struggling for liberty in a raw, crude land far across the sea.

But the Marquis de Lafayette was a man of ardent nature, sympathetic heart and romantic temperament. While yet a subaltern in the French army located at Metz, he learned of the American Declaration of Independence and the heroic fight that the colonists were waging against their oppressors. At once he decided to cast his lot with the Americans. He made known his aspirations to Mr. Deane and Benjamin Franklin, the American commissioners at Paris, but was informed that, owing to the perilous state of Continental credit, he could not even be furnished with transportation, to say nothing of a commission in the Continental army.

Thereupon Lafayette purchased and stocked a ship of his own, and, together with several other foreign officers,

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set out for America. The French government, as yet at peace with England, tried to prevent his departure. However, Lafayette risked the displeasure of his king and after a long voyage landed near Charleston, South Carolina, in April, 1777.

Proceeding by land to Philadelphia, he petitioned Congress for an assignment in the army. That body, however, having become tired of the importunities of soldiers of fortune, returned a cold answer. Lafayette then stated that he desired to serve without pay as a volunteer. He did not seek a salary, having sufficient wealth of his own. His only desire was to aid the Americans in their heroic struggle. Thereupon, Congress, after recovering from their amazement, thought better of their first attitude and commissioned the boyish nobleman a major-general. It was the intention of Congress to consider the appointment merely an honorary one. Lafayette thought otherwise.

However, up to the time of the battle of Brandywine, he had been given no command. In that heavy battle he fought as a volunteer and was severely wounded as he strove in vain to rally the fugitives, who poured in a veritable tide from the stricken field. He was shot through the leg, and was for some time incapacitated for active service.

A Masonic historian, who wrote over sixty years ago (W. P. Strickland, D.D.), has stated that Lafayette was a member of the Masonic fraternity when he came to America. If so, he must have been raised before he was twenty-one, for he had not yet attained that age when he landed in South Carolina. The same authority claims that the youthful marquis was carried from the field of Brandywine by a brother Mason, a private soldier by the name of Andrew Wallace.

Brother Strickland continues:

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"We have seen the portrait of Bro. Wallace, published in 1835. He was then one hundred and five years of age, and was wearing a P. Master's jewel. The record of his achievement in saving Lafayette on the occasion referred to is printed beneath the portrait. Such was Masonry on the battle-fields of the American Revolution."

This may all be true, but most Masonic historians have believed that Lafayette was made a Mason later in the war in a military Lodge. As for the young officer's escape from the battlefield, Lossing and others have stated that he was placed on a horse by his aide, Gimat, and thus was enabled to make his way to the rear.

It is true that Findel, in his *"History of Freemasonry,"* observes that the Marquis de Lafayette was present at a Masonic meeting held December 25, 1775, for the purpose of consecrating a Lodge in France, known as De La Candeur. He expressly states that "among the *Brethren* who attended" was Lafayette.

It does not become the writer of this paper to question Findel's statement, but certain it is that if Lafayette was a Mason in 1775, he must have been raised at the age of eighteen, if not before—truly, a rather unusual proceeding, to say the least. And if we are to accept that, rather than the opinions of those who believe he was raised in an American army Lodge, we still are in doubt as to *when* and *where* he was admitted to Light.

One thing seems certain: Lafayette was a Mason.

After his recovery, Lafayette, at the earnest request of Washington, who had become the firm friend of the ardent young patriot, was given the command of the division of General Adam Stephen, who had been removed from the service for drunkenness at the battle of Germantown.

Lafayette's first chance to prove his ability as a leader took place in May, 1778. He had been sent by Washing-

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ton with two thousand men to scout toward the British position at Philadelphia, and was almost surrounded by five thousand of the enemy before he was aware of their approach. Then, in spite of his extreme youth, he gave proof of his genius as a commander. Concentrating his men and taking advantage of the woods, he made a successful feint at one of the divisions of the enemy before it could unite with the rest of the English army. By advancing several heads of columns through the woods, he convinced the British commander that the Americans were about to attack in force; whereas all but the small details were rapidly retreating under cover. While the British were arranging their line of battle, Lafayette was enabled to draw off his men through a gap in the lines and align them in a position too strong to be forced. From thence he marched back to Valley Forge without serious loss.

At the battle of Monmouth during the summer of this year Lafayette rendered good service. He then returned to France for a time and purchased with his own funds many supplies for the American Army. From first to last he expended a considerable fortune in the service of the American people.

He was presented by Congress with a sword. In 1780 he returned to America, and was soon ordered to Virginia to act against the traitor Arnold, who had invaded that State and was ravaging with fire and sword. He succeeded in checking Arnold, and later aided considerably in shutting Cornwallis up in Yorktown. Here the wily British leader was at last taken by the combined French and American armies under Washington.

Following the surrender of Cornwallis, Lafayette again returned to France and busied himself with raising an army of allies to act in America. His efforts were brought to a close when news of peace came.

He visited America in 1784 and was received with joy-

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ful acclaim by a grateful people. He presented to Washington a Masonic apron, beautifully embroidered by Madame Lafayette.

During the days of the French Revolution Lafayette exerted all his influence, great as it was, in vain on the side of law, order and moderation. He was arrested and confined by the Austrians for three years in a dungeon at Olmutz. Brighter days came at last and, following the abdication of Napoleon, he rose to power. In 1830 he was offered the crown of France, but he refused to accept it.

Before this time, in 1824, he accepted an invitation to again visit the United States. A noble ship of war, named the *Brandywine*, was sent to bring him to our shores. Everywhere he was received with the most extravagant delight, bells rang, cannon roared, banquets, receptions, excursions, speeches, were the order of the day—every day.

The members of the Masonic fraternity were not behind their fellow citizens in showering honors upon one of their number who had come to be known as the *Friend of Washington.*

Lafayette never forgot the obligations that he had taken at the altar of Masonry. The story of Colonel Barton of Rhode Island is a case in point. It will be remembered that Colonel William Barton was the officer who in a hazardous midnight raid captured the British General Prescott in 1777. Hayden, in his work, "Washington and His Masonic Compeers," summarizes the matter in the following words:

"Colonel Barton was rewarded for his gallant services in capturing General Prescott, by a vote of thanks from Congress, accompanied by an elegant sword; and also by a grant of land in Vermont. He was promoted to the rank and pay of colonel in the Continental army. He

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did not, however, long remain in active service; for in an action at Butt's Hill, near Bristol Ferry, in August of 1778, he was so badly wounded as to be disabled for the remainder of the war.

"In 1779, Colonel Barton was made a Mason in St. John's Lodge in Providence, Rhode Island. Of his subsequent Masonic history we have no record.

"The lands Congress gave him in Vermont, proved in after-years an unfortunate gift; for in some transaction growing out of the sale of them, he became entangled in the meshes of the law, and under the code of that State, he was imprisoned in his old age for many years in the debtor's cell.

"When General Lafayette visited this country in 1825, hearing of the imprisonment of the revolutionary veteran and its cause, he paid the claim and restored his venerable fellow-soldier and Masonic brother to liberty."

At Elizabethtown, New Jersey, General Lafayette was publicly received by the Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction. The Grand Master, J. B. Munn, convened the Grand Lodge to meet the distinguished veteran, made the welcoming speech and later reported to Grand Lodge the proceedings; his report beginning:

"On the 23rd day of September last, pursuant to an invitation from Washington Lodge No. 41, at Elizabethtown, I repaired to that place, in order, with them and the brethren invited, to meet our *Illustrious Brother Lafayette*," etc., etc.

It is probable that the brethren of that day knew where Lafayette had been raised; but we of the present do not.

On September 12, just eleven days before his reception at Elizabethtown, General Lafayette was made a Royal Arch Mason in Jerusalem Chapter No. 8, of New York City. Doubtless, the Brethren of Jerusalem Chapter were conversant with the general's Masonic history.

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In the West also the Brethren received the distinguished visitor fraternally. At Cincinnati he visited old N. C. Harmony Lodge, the second oldest in the State. On May 4, 1825, he was present at a called communication of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee and was introduced by Brother Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory."

All over the broad land, not then, it is true, as broad as at present, Lafayette was received by the Masons of that day as a Brother. It was recalled by many that he was reported to have said that Washington never would place an officer in a position of grave responsibility unless he were a Mason.

And so the one-time boyish major-general, now grown old and full of days, completed his rounds in the land he had done so much to save, then turned his face toward the East and came no more among us.

America has never forgotten.

Almost a century after the old marquis left our shores, to die a few years later in his own land, an American general, the leader of a mighty host, stood beside the tomb of the hero in a time of great peril to France, came to "salute" and said:

"Lafayette, we are here!"

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THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO

It is, perhaps, hazardous to claim as a Mason one whose membership in the Order cannot be definitely proved. However, as Kosciusko was apparently considered a Mason by those with whom he associated in the days of our Revolution, we shall here assume that he was a worthy Brother, although unable to furnish such proof as certain critics require.

Gould quotes another authority as saying that all American generals of the Revolution, with one exception, were Freemasons. This statement would settle the Masonic status of Kosciusko (for he was made brigadier-general near the close of the struggle), were it not for the fact that Gould is certainly in error. The exception he mentions—Arnold—was really a Mason, and it is quite certain that at least two or three of Washington's general officers were not of the Craft.

The fact that Kosciusko was one of the three foreign officers to be admitted to membership in the Order of the Cincinnati, would argue more in his favor; for nearly all, if not quite all, of the orginal members of that patriotic organization were Masons—including the two other foreigners, Lafayette and Steuben.

Brother Sidney Morse, in his study of "Freemasonry in the American Revolution," on page 125, lists the name of Kosciusko with several others, and says of them "all Brother Masons." Brother Madison C. Peters, in his "Masons as Makers of America," on pages 54 and 55, refers to Kosciusko and Pulaski as "Polish patriots who were Masons."

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In Dr. Ernest Friedrichs' "History of Freemasonry in Poland," Kosciusko's name is mentioned, but not as a member of any given Masonic body. The author also states that Kosciusko was educated at the expense of Prince Adam Czartoryski, who was the founder of the first Masonic Lodge in Warsaw. This is more of a hint than positive evidence. And as negative evidence, neither the German Encyclopedia nor the several volumes of Wolfstieg, including Beyer's supplement, mention Kosciusko's name. (Letter from Robert I. Clegg, 33°, President of the Masonic History Company, Chicago.)

It is possible that Kosciusko was a Mason when he first came to America. But it is not at all unlikely that he was raised in one of the ten military Lodges of the American Army, the records of all but one having been lost.

The name Kosciusko is here spelled as is customary in American and English works. The patriot himself spelled it Kosciuszko.

Thaddeus Kosciusko was descended from an old family of limited means, residing in the province of Lithuania, and was born in 1746. While at the cadet school in Warsaw, where he had been sent by Prince Czartoryski, he showed such aptitude for military studies, especialy those bearing on artillery, that he was later sent to Paris to complete his studies. Upon his return to his native land he was given a commission as captain of artillery.

Aspiring to the hand of a nobleman's daughter, he was disappointed in love, hence decided to leave his country. Going first to Paris, he finally embarked for America, where he arrived during the summer of 1776. Speedily then he sought out Washington and asked for a position in the American Army.

"What can you do?" demanded Washington.

"Try me," quietly returned Kosciusko.

Washington was pleased at the modest answer and re-

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quested Congress to commission the young Pole a colonel of engineers. On October 18, 1776, this was done.

Even before his commission was signed, Kosciusko was busily engaged in fortifying Philadelphia, then threatened by the British. This service was so well rendered that the Pennsylvania Council of Safety presented Colonel Kosciusko with fifty pounds sterling in token of appreciation.

At Philadelphia Kosciusko remained until the spring of 1777, when he was dispatched to join the army of the North, then facing General Burgoyne. As chief engineer in the army of General Gates, Kosciusko planned entrenchments at Bemis's Heights, behind which the American troops rested securely until such time as they were enabled to wage successful battle in the open and compel the surrender of Burgoyne.

The next year Colonel Kosciusko was ordered to plan the fortifications at West Point; that post having been recently selected for the citadel of the Hudson River defense.

At that time West Point bore scarcely a resemblance to the West Point of the present. Now the visitor stands under the trees that border a marvelous parade ground, flanked by massive and elaborate buildings of gray granite, and watches the columns of cadets, clad in the historic uniform first made famous by Scott on the Canadian border in 1814, march with matchless precision and take their places, standing like rows of statues while the evening gun flashes; and amid its echoes, magnified by the rocks of Storm King Mountain, the flag comes down and the band plays the national anthem.

In 1778 West Point was a solitude of rugged cliff and tangled forest, almost inaccessible except from the river. Kosciusko went to work. Before May he had completed a large fort of earth and logs on the bluff east of the

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present location of the old hotel. This work was called Fort Clinton. It had quarters for six hundred men. Its massive walls crowned the cliff nearly two hundred feet above the river and completely dominated the passage of the stream. To guard against an attack from the rear, a wild, rocky elevation called Mount Independence was selected as the site for a fort. Here the Massachusetts regiment of Colonel Rufus Putnam constructed a strong place of arms and named it Fort Putnam. In 1794 this work was enlarged and strengthened, and in 1909 it was completely restored. From its granite parapets one can now obtain a marvelous view of the river, the post, and the dense forest to the west, through which an enemy would have had to advance to the attack.

On hills to the south of Fort Putnam, other batteries, notably Forts Webb and Wyllys, were erected, overlooking the secluded little hollow now occupied by Lusk Reservoir and the athletic stadium.

In addition to these strong forts, there were water batteries and redoubts. A massive chain was stretched across the river. By the close of 1779 West Point was the strongest post in America. Here many supplies were collected, and the whole place was garrisoned by thousands of Continental regulars. Its fame reached the British, and they were so impressed with its strength that they did not even attempt to capture it. For the rest of the war the Highlands were safe.

While located at West Point, Kosciusko spent some of his spare time in making a quiet little retreat on a narrow plateau overlooking the Hudson, just east of the present location of Cullum Hall. To this day the delightful nook is called Kosciusko's Garden. In 1828 the Corps of Cadets erected a monument to the memory of Kosciusko, and this yet stands, after the lapse of almost a century, among the mounds that mark the site of old Fort Clinton.

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In 1913 a statue of Kosciusko was presented to the Academy by the Polish clergy and laity of the United States.

Since the day that its fortification was begun by Kosciusko, West Point has never been without a garrison, even during the time when we had scarcely a regular force to our name. Since 1802 it has been the home of the most famous military school in the world.

In 1780 Colonel Kosciusko was appointed chief engineer of General Greene's army in the South, and with this force he remained until the end of the struggle. In all Greene's operations, the effect of which was to win back the Carolinas to the Cause, Kosciusko rendered valuable service, especially at the siege of Fort Ninety-Six.

At the close of the war he was breveted a brigadier-general, and voted a tract of land in Ohio, located on the present site of Columbus.

In 1786 Kosciusko returned to his native land, and there he remained in the retirement of private life until 1789 when he was appointed major-general in Poland's reorganized army. Two years later war with Russia broke out. In this struggle Kosciusko distinguished himself, notably at Dubienka, where with a force of four thousand he held in check a Russian army of twenty thousand men. Kosciusko's valor, however, could not checkmate the cowardly conduct of King Stanislaus, who in March, 1792, agreed to a humiliating peace that presaged the breaking up of Poland.

The dismemberment of Poland continuing, an insurrection broke out in 1794, and Kosciusko was chosen by the patriots as general-in-chief and military dictator. At this time he could collect an army of only five thousand men, but with this paltry force he marched toward a vastly superior invading army of Russians, which was advancing against Cracow, and defeated it. The people of Warsaw now rose against their Russian over-lords and

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put seven thousand to death. Instituting a new government, Kosciusko marched against the retiring enemy and, but for the interference of Prussia, would have freed his country.

In the terrible war that followed, beset by myriad enemies, Kosciusko exhibited generalship that should have made him renowned.

He was overpowered at last, and carried a prisoner to St. Petersburg, where he remained for two years. Upon the accession of Paul I, Kosciusko was set at liberty. He went to England and then to America, where Washington, his former commander, condoled with him over the fate of his native land. He returned to France in 1798 and resided at Fontainebleau. Here two years later, at the request of Mr. Davie, United States Minister to France, Kosciusko prepared a work entitled "Maneuvers of Horse Artillery." This book was eventually translated and adapted for use in the United States army, being the text book in vogue at the time of the War of 1812.

In 1806 Napoleon tried to use Kosciusko as his catspaw for inciting the people of Poland to revolt against Russia. But Kosciusko would not aid the plans of Bonaparte, whom he rightly judged an ambitious schemer. In 1815 Kosciusko removed to Switzerland and engaged in farming. Two years later, October 17, 1817, he was thrown from his horse and killed. Had he lived one day longer he would have been able to celebrate the forty-first anniversary of his appointment as colonel of engineers in the army of Washington.

While in the United States in 1797 Kosciusko drew up a document in which he authorized Thomas Jefferson to dispose of his property in the United States (the Ohio grant), and employ the proceeds in freeing negro slaves and educating them to be good citizens.

However, the Supreme Court, in view of the fact that

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Kosciusko later made another will, subsequently declared the Jefferson paper null and void.

After the death of Kosciusko, his grateful countrymen placed near Cracow, at the scene of one of his greatest triumphs, a huge mound of earth, to which every town and village in Poland contributed its share. Over the mound was unfurled a banner bearing the simple statement:

"Kosciuszko, the Friend of Washington."

Let Americans not forget that this (1927) year marks the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Kosciusko's arrival in America to help us in our time of dire need.

In a matter-of-fact book of reference we find the following excellent summary of the character of the Polish patriot:

"If as a statesman Kosciusko was more ardent than sagacious, he manifested a skill and daring as a soldier which, but for the overwhelming nature of his task, would have gained him a place among the most renowned generals of his time, while his noble and chivalrous patriotism, untainted by any desire after self-glorification, has secured him the world's universal admiration and esteem."

Said General Greene, when reviewing the services of the Polish engineer in the Southern campaign:

"In the execution of my orders in all departments of the service he has always been willing, competent—in a word, inaccessible to any temptation of pleasure, not fatigued by any labor, intrepid in any danger. He is incomparably modest and absolutely unconscious of the fact that he has accomplished anything unusual."

In 1924 was organized the Polish-American Scholarship Committee, and in the fall of 1925 the work of this committee was taken over by the Kosciusko Founda-

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tion. The work of this organization consists in bringing to this country worthy Polish youths and placing them in American colleges "for work and instruction," in order that they may more efficiently further the task of reorganizing the modern republic of Poland that has risen, from the ashes of the country Kosciusko tried in vain to save.

"In this manner," say the Kosciusko Foundation people, "it is believed by this group of Americans, the memory of Thaddeus Kosciusko can best be commemorated. The scholarships will be a living memorial to a man who helped Americans win their freedom, used for the benefit of Polish students who have promised to go back to their own country after the period of their training in America is ended, to return with their talents for the benefit of their own countrymen."

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CASIMIR PULASKI

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Among the distinguished foreigners, Masons as well as soldiers, who aided mightily in the American Revolution, not the least was Count Casimir Pulaski, a native of the province of Lithuania in Poland.

Count Pulaski was educated for the law, but fate ordained that he should be a soldier. The internal troubles of Poland led, in 1769, to a rebellion against King Stanislaus, and in this insurrection both Count Casimir and his father, the old count, were concerned. Eventually Casimir's father was captured and executed. The next year Count Pulaski was elected commander-in-chief of the rebel army, but was unable to gather a sufficient force to make headway with his cause.

He now conceived a desperate undertaking. It was no less than a plan to seize the king, place him at the head of the troops by force and thus, with royalty as a figurehead, rally a sufficient number of fighters to beat back the army that Catherine of Russia had dispatched to invade Poland. In conformity with this hazardous plan, forty young men, of whom Count Pulaski was one, entered Warsaw disguised as peasants. For a time fortune favored the adventurers. Meeting the equipage of the king in the street, they stopped it, took hence His Majesty and conveyed him in safety without the walls of the city. But here the hue and cry became too hot for them; they were forced to abandon their royal prey and make their escape.

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Very soon after this abortive attempt Pulaski's force was defeated, his estates were confiscated, himself outlawed. Thereupon he entered the service of the Turks. Eventually he went to Paris and, the war of American Independence now being on, had an interview with Benjamin Franklin. Through the influence of Poor Richard, Count Pulaski was induced to come to America and cast in his fortune with the struggling patriots. This was in 1777.

Whether Masonry had anything to do with Pulaski's meeting Dr. Franklin and the ensuing result is not now known, at least to the writer. It is, however, a rather remarkable fact that a majority of the foreign soldiers whom Franklin influenced to take up our cause were of the Ancient Craft. Franklin's Masonic status is too well known to need exposition. To Washington and Congress Franklin recommended Count Pulaski "as an officer famous throughout Europe for his bravery and conduct in defense of the liberties of his country against Russia, Austria and Prussia."

For a time, however, there was no command offered this distinguished officer, as Congress, to use an apt phrase, was "getting rather fed up" on foreign soldiers of fortune. Hence for the present he was content to serve as a gentleman volunteer with the light horse. In this capacity he fought in the bloody Battle of Brandywine and distinguished himself for his bravery, approaching foolhardiness. More than once he rode up to pistol shot distance of the enemy's line to reconnoiter.

The Battle of Brandywine was remarkable, if for no other reason than that Washington, with a poorly equipped and largely untrained army of eleven thousand troops, fought, without being annihilated, an enemy, perfectly appointed and drilled, numbering over eighteen thousand men. And although Washington was outflanked and had

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part of his army crushed, the result was little less than a drawn battle for the patriots, owing to the resolute stand and splendid fighting of the division commanded by Brother Nathaniel Greene.

Washington now recommended to Congress that Count Pulaski be commissioned a brigadier-general and placed in command of the cavalry. "This gentleman," said Washington, "has been, like us, engaged in defending the liberty and independence of his country, and has sacrificed his fortune to his zeal for those objects. He derived from hence a title to our respect that ought to operate in his favor as far as the good of the service will permit."

Congress was not slow in adopting the suggestion of the Commander-in-Chief. At the onfall of Germantown, where the American Army, confused by a heavy fog, retreated in the very moment of victory, the count again won honors by his steady conduct in covering with his cavalry the retreat of two divisions of infantry.

A few months after the Battle of Germantown, Count Pulaski resigned his command, and asked of Congress authority to raise an independent corps, to consist of a troop of horse, sixty-eight in number, together with two hundred foot. This authority was granted and "Pulaski's Legion," as it was presently called, was raised in 1778, chiefly among the better families of Baltimore. Many of the officers, though, were foreigners.

Numerous stories have been told concerning the horsemanship of the count. Says Lossing: "It is related that, among other feats, the daring horseman would sometimes, while his steed was under full gallop, discharge his pistol, throw it in the air, catch it by the barrel, and then hurl it in front as if at an enemy. Without checking the speed of his horse, he would take one foot from the stirrup and, bending over toward the ground, recover his pistol and

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wheel into line with as much precision as if he had been engaged in nothing but the management of the animal." Anyone who has witnessed the justly famous "monkey drill" of the regular cavalry in the American Army of the present can not help but speculate as to whether this mode of rough riding did not originate in the days of Pulaski.

General Lafayette had been wounded in the Battle of Brandywine, and for a time was under the care of the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. While in the hospital at this place he was visited by Count Pulaski. Learning of the presence of the distinguished foreigner, the nuns of the Moravian order prepared for him a beautiful banner of crimson silk, richly embroidered with intricate needlework. It was twenty inches square, and intended to be attached to a lance when borne in battle.

In view of the fact that the banner had a Masonic design, it would seem likely that Pulaski was a Mason at this time. However, the *Master Mason*, of Washington, D. C., recently printed an item to the effect that Count Pulaski "was made a Mason in a military Lodge in Georgia shortly before his death at sea in 1779 at the age of thirty-one. . . . . The Grand Lodge of Georgia laid the cornerstone of a monument to his memory in Savannah, March 21, 1824, General Lafayette presiding at the ceremonies."

If this is true (and the *Master Mason* rarely prints anything not based on the best authority), Pulaski was *not* a Mason at the time the banner was presented. This indeed seems strange, for on one side of the little flag was a representation of the All-Seeing Eye enclosed by a triangle. One thing appears to be certain: Pulaski was a Mason.

Longfellow has written a poem concerning Pulaski's banner, the last two verses of which read:

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" 'Take thy banner. But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him—by our holy vow;
By our prayers and many tears;
By the mercy that endears;
Spare him—he our love hath shared;
Spare him—as thou would'st be spared.

" 'Take thy banner; and, if e'er
Thou should'st press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then the crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.'
And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud."

In the spring of 1778 the British launched an expedition against Little Egg Harbor on the Jersey coast, a rendezvous for American privateers. The invading force comprised three hundred regulars and a large number of Loyalist volunteers; the whole being under the command of Patrick Ferguson, a talented officer who was to meet his death at the Battle of King's Mountain later in the war. As the expedition was long en route, many of the privateers received warning and put out to sea, others fled up the river to a place called Chestnut Neck, whither they were presently followed by Ferguson. The town and shipping were completely wrecked by the British.

Among the troops sent against the marauders at this time was Pulaski's Legion, accompanied by a gun of Proctor's artillery. Unhappily, a deserter from the Legion carried word to Ferguson that the Americans were encamped but twelve miles up the river; the infantry being quartered in three houses by themselves, while Pulaski with the cavalry was located at some distance.

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This intelligence was enough for Ferguson, enterprising soldier as he was. Taking two hundred and fifty men, he proceeded up the river in boats and at four o'clock the next morning approached the spot occupied by the Legion. The oarlocks had been muffled; it was very dark. A few smouldering brands indicated where the campfires of the previous night had been. There was no light in the houses that loomed ghostlike and gray through the haze of early morning as the boats neared the shore.

They grated on the beach, and yet there came no hoarse challenge of sentry. Perhaps the guards were asleep. It is possible that none had been posted; although that would be hard to believe concerning an officer of Pulaski's stripe.

Silently Ferguson marshalled his men and led them to surround the three houses. A sudden gruff command, and the blaze and roar of a volley of musketry were the first intimations that the sleeping Americans had concerning the presence of the foe. Then ensued a scene of confusion worse confounded. Some of the suddenly aroused men of the Legion thrust their muskets out of the shattered windows and fired at random into the gloom. Others rushed from the houses, only to be spitted like partridges on the bayonets of the British regulars. Hoarse shouts, cheers, screams and groans, blended with the constant banging of muskets to produce a pandemonium of horror.

And so the bloody work went on unchecked. In the official report which Captain Ferguson later made to his superior, he says: "It being a night attack, little quarter, of course, could be given, so there were only *five prisoners.*" At this moment Ferguson was tasting the sweets of victory; but in time he was to behold men of his command being shot down like rabbits by the infuriated mountaineers of Tennessee.

The tumult of the conflict now roused the cavalry camp at which Count Pulaski was personally located. Through

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the foggy dawn came the wailing of a bugle, followed soon by the pounding of hoofs and the cries of charging dragoons. Hastily collecting his men, Ferguson embarked and succeeded in getting well out into the stream before the cavalry arrived. There was much random firing, but the British were safe. All that remained for the horsemen to do was to bury fifty men of the infantry who had been butchered. Among the dead were two officers of foreign birth.

During the winter of 1778-79 Count Pulaski with his Legion was stationed at Minisink. This was one of the oldest settlements in Orange County, New York; dating back as far as 1669. It was located between the sites of the present towns of Goshen and Port Jervis, among the Shawangunk Mountains. In February, 1779, Pulaski was ordered to join General Lincoln's army in the South, and this left the Minisink region without protection of regular troops.

Thayendanegea, the famous Mohawk chief, commonly known as Joseph Brant, was not long in seizing the opportunity thus presented. At the head of a considerable force he invaded the country round about Port Jervis, plundered and burned, then, upon the approach of a body of militia, retreated up the Delaware Valley. He was overtaken near the location of the present village of Lackawaxen and a severe battle ensued. Owing to the lack of ammunition the Americans were finally defeated and a large number slain. Brant, who was a Freemason, saved the life of Major Wood of Goshen when the latter inadvertently gave a Masonic sign; not at the time being of the Order. Having been apprized of the reason for his life being spared, the major hastened to affiliate himself with the Craft. This was not by any means the only time during the war that Brant recognized and honored the Sign. (See chapter with caption, "Joseph Brant.")

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In October, 1779, General Lincoln, in conjunction with the French Count D'Estaing, laid siege to Savannah, Georgia, then occupied by General Prevost with a British force of two thousand, eight hundred and fifty. The combined French and American army numbered about five thousand, of which rather more than half were French. A fierce bombardment failing to reduce the place at once, D'Estaing urged an assault. Fearing the effect of the autumnal storms along the coast, he wished to take his fleet away as soon as possible. Accordingly the morning of the ninth of October was seelcted as the time to launch the attack.

Unfortunately, a sergeant of one of the Charleston militia companies deserted during the night of the eighth, and divulged to Prevost the complete plan of attack. The British general at once took measures to profit by this information. Just before dawn on October ninth the French and American armies pressed forward through a heavy fog to the attack, under cover of a tremendous burst of artillery.

The British were waiting. They opened with such a devostating fire that the French column was crushed almost at once, D'Estaing himself being wounded and borne from the field. The Americans pressed forward and forced an entrance to a strong position known as the Spring Hill Redoubt. Across the ditch and up the glacis they swarmed, planted the flag on the parapet and strove valiantly to hold what they had gained.

Against this forlorn hope the British commander massed his best troops. A contest grim and great followed. Here fell many of the bravest. Sergeant Jasper, the hero of Fort Moultrie, perished while carrying the flag. The line was swept away.

In the meantime Count Pulaski, at the head of two hundred horse, was endeavoring to force his way into the

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town in another quarter. Galloping in advance of his troops, carrying the banner that had been presented to him by the Moravian nuns, he had crossed the ditch and abatis when he was struck by a grapeshot and fell from his horse. His first lieutenant seized the banner, rallied the troops and continued the charge. But the constant blazing of guns in front, the whining grapeshot and musket balls annihilated the heads of the columns and drove the men back in confusion. By ten o'clock the French had given up the contest and the Continentals were retreating. The combined army lost over eleven hundred men in the terrible assault.

Some of Pulaski's men found him in a great pile of dead and wounded. They bore him from the field, still alive but mortally hurt. He was taken to an American man-of-war and there he died. Under a large tree on St. Helen's Island, fifty miles from Savannah, they buried him. Congress voted to erect a monument to his memory.

The famous banner was given by the first lieutenant, Charles Litomiski, to Captain Bentalon, who took the flag to Baltimore when he retired from the army. Lossing records: "It was used in the procession that welcomed Lafayette to that city in 1824, and was then desposited in Peale's Museum. On that occasion it was ceremoniously received by several young ladies. Mr. Edmund Peale presented it to the Maryland Historical Society in 1844, where it is now carefully preserved in a glass case. But little of its former beauty remains. It is composed of double crimson silk, now faded to a dull brownish red. The designs on each side are embroidered with yellow silk, the letters shaded with green. A deep green bullion fringe ornaments the edges." (Lossing wrote in 1852.)

And so that courageous nobleman who lost father, es-

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tates and title in defense of his own land, gave his life for the land of his adoption. Never did he forfeit honor. Pulaski is a name of which both America and Masonry are proud.

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AARON BURR

The descendants of Jonathan Edwards have constituted a family that has long been considered a marvel by exponents of the science of eugenics. Of the fourteen hundred descendants of the famous divine, who have been classified by students, almost all have been found to be of the highest type, both mentally and morally. They have been useful servants of the nation, state and the community. Three hundred have been college graduates; twelve, presidents of universities or colleges; sixty, college professors; sixty, physicians; a hundred, lawyers; thirty, judges; eighty, public officials; and approximately a hundred, army or navy officers.

One of the most brilliant of this remarkable family was Aaron Burr, grandson of Jonathan Edwards. Possessing the brain power for which the family has been distinguished, Burr yet lacked the mental and moral poise that has carried a great majority of his kinfolk to the heights. Soldier, lawyer, statesman, writer, plotter—he ran the chromatic scale of experience in a lengthy, checkered and lurid life.

Aaron Burr was fortunate in the matter of ancestry on both sides of the house. His mother was, perhaps, the most accomplished of all the daughters of the great Edwards, while his father, Aaron Burr, Sr., was an eminent preacher, a great orator, and the first president of Princeton College. Overwork killed this useful man while he was yet middle-aged. His wife soon followed him to the Other Side, and young Burr was left an orphan. He was taken in charge by an uncle who did the best he

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could to educate him. Apparently the job was well done, for at the age of eleven Aaron was ready to enter Princeton College. He was refused admission on account of his age. Two years later, however, he was admitted to the sophomore class, and in 1772, when he was but sixteen years of age, he was graduated with distinction. For several years thereafter he did nothing of a regular nature. He had decided to take up law, but for a time he did little except hunt, ride, read and flirt, the fair sex already beginning to have a wonderful fascination for him.

Then came Lexington.

Of course Burr repaired to the lines at Boston. When Arnold organized his little army for the desperate march through the forests of Maine, Burr accompanied the expedition as a volunteer. As the skeleton of the hardy force approached Quebec, Burr was sent on a mission of danger; it being no less than that of carrying a verbal message from Arnold to General Montgomery, who was at Montreal. For one hundred and twenty miles, through the country of the enemy, Little Burr, as he was now called on account of his youth and diminutive size, carried the message in safety.

He was at Montgomery's right hand on the wintry morning when the youthful major-general fell at the storming of the blockhouse that barred the way to the citadel. It has been claimed that Burr carried the body of Montgomery from the field, but this is certainly an error. He had been a captain on the staff of Montgomery, but with Arnold, who succeeded to the command of the army, Burr could not agree. He therefore left the army before Quebec and returned to Albany. In May, 1776, he reported to Washington at New York, and for a time resided in the military family of that great leader. He did not like Washington, so succeeded in getting himself transferred to the staff of General Putnam, where he

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amused himself in making love to Miss Moncrieffe, the daughter of a British officer.

After the disastrous defeat of the American army on Long Island, Burr was instrumental in saving one division of the army. This corps was located on lower Manhattan, and became almost surrounded by the enemy who had landed on the East River side, above the position of the Americans. Burr, who knew the country well, led the American division by little-known roads through the woods to safety.

In July, 1777, Burr was promoted to the grade of lieutenant-colonel and assigned to Colonel Malcolm's regiment. The colonel knew nothing of military affairs and soon left the regiment, poorly equipped and absolutely undisciplined, to the care of Burr. That energetic young officer proceeded to whip the regiment into such shape that it was soon enabled to meet in fair fight the best troops of England. When he was not making love to women, he was engaged in launching raids against the enemy's outposts; raids that were generally successful, and earned for Burr the reputation of an efficient and bold partisan leader.

In the battle of Monmouth he was active, but was denied the privilege of distinguishing himself. By nature he was a born intriguer, and thus early in his career he began to show his real disposition by siding with General Charles Lee in his dispute with Washington, engendered by Lee's disgraceful conduct at the battle of Monmouth.

It was in the month of January, 1779, that Burr was appointed to the command of the Westchester Lines, the disputed country alternately in the possession of each belligerent. In this difficult assignment Burr as usual distinguished himself. He preserved the most absolute order in his bailiwick, and made the region so unhealthy for the enemy that he was soon enabled to secure time to cross

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the Hudson and make a love call on a certain Mrs. Prevost, a widow whom he subsequently married. But, his health failing, Burr was now constrained to leave the army and take up the study of law.

After reading law for six months he, with his usual egotism, thought himself competent to practice. Furthermore, he convinced the examining board of his ability. He was admitted to the bar in time to take advantage of a situation caused by the disqualifying of all Tory lawyers who were then practicing in the State.

Burr soon had plenty of clients. He made money, and married the widow Prevost, a lady in poor health and ten years his senior.

Eventually Burr removed to New York, and speedily achieved a reputation as a great lawyer. This was partly undeserved, for he was not great, and with his defects of character could not become so. His biographer, Parton, eminently fair and just as he is, has this to say of Burr's ability as a lawyer:

"To a place among the greatest lawyers, Aaron Burr has no title. He had not weight of metal enough for that. He was a light person; tough, elastic, polished, penetrating, a perfect rapier, not a broadsword; successful while he did rapier's work, failing when a heavier blade was needed in his place. As a lawyer of the second grade, as a mere practitioner at the bar, I presume his equal never lived. In his hands, the law was a whole armory of weapons, in the use of which, as weapons, his daring was only equalled by his skill."

Not satisfied with the practice of law alone, in which he was growing wealthy, he decided to enter politics. His rise was rapid, for he had a way that appealed to the young men of the country. In droves they followed wherever he would lead, and usually he led them to vic-

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tory. Had the women at that time possessed the ballot, Burr would have been President. Nay, he would have been dictator. His influence over women was almost hypnotic.

But, the conditions being as they were, he rose to notoriety, if not to fame, with wondrous speed. Member of the Legislature, United States Senator, *almost* President, Vice-President. In electoral votes he tied with Jefferson, the human paradox, but lost when the election was thrown into the House.

Burr's entry into politics inevitably threw him into conflict with a man, yet more versatile and powerful than himself; a man who might also with justice be termed a soldier of fortune—a Masonic soldier of fortune at that, Alexander Hamilton. Born on a little island in the West Indies, an island whose only bid for fame is the fact that it furnished the United States its greatest Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton never *knew* who his father was. Apparently he did not care. He felt within himself the call to high endeavor, and, while yet a lad of thirteen, talked of carving his way in the world by his sword. This love of the military was an obsession that never left him. Even in the days of his greatest triumphs of statesmanship, he dreamed of the camp, the assault, the plaudits of the assembled populace, the envy of the conquered.

He was but a boy when he entered King's College; he was but a boy when, as captain of a battery of artillery, he held his position at the battle of White Plains with the fiery, if calculating, energy that always characterized him. Secretary to His Excellency, it is probable that he was raised to Masonic Light in a military Lodge, for it is stated in the records of Union Lodge that he visited at its shrine. He distinguished himself at the capture of a

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redoubt at Yorktown and, upon the close of the Revolution, like Burr, he entered the law and politics.

He aligned himself with the aristocratic party, for he aspired to rule. He feared, despised, and underrated the common people, whom he considered incapable of self-government. He advocated the adoption of the Federal Constitution only because he thought it the best form of government that could at the time be obtained. He had little faith that it would endure. He desired a king and a titled nobility.

Hamilton the American!

Burr was a leader of the common people; the rabble, according to Hamilton's estimate. Accordingly, Hamilton considered Burr a dangerous man *and said so*. Meeting in their regular practice and at social affairs, they apparently remained friends personally, though political enemies. But Hamilton talked against Burr, he wrote against him. When cornered he refused to apologize or explain. There could be but one alternative: according to the code at that time generally held by gentlemen, he must fight.

The meeting took place at Weehawken, in the shadow of the Palisades, early in the morning of July 11th, 1804. Hamilton fell mortally wounded at the report of Burr's pistol, while the ball from his own weapon cut the branches of a tree above Burr's head.

It was the last duel of any consequence in the North.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that Alexander Hamilton had been *murdered* by Aaron Burr. The late Vice-President of the United States was indicted for murder. He fled to the South, where he remained until the hue and cry died down. At the instance of friends he then decided to go West, settle in some spot that suited his fancy, and run for Congress.

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His reception in the West was highly flattering to this man who was wont to place no small estimate on his own abilities. He was everywhere received with bands, receptions, speeches, dinners. Again his ambition began to soar. He dreamed a dream of invasion, conquest, splendor; an empire in which he should be the exalted ruler, and his little grandchild, the son of his daughter Theodosia and the Governor of South Carolina, her husband, should be heir-apparent.

He returned to the East and talked much. He met in secret conclave General Eaton, lately returned from his romantic campaign in Tripoli, and foaming with disgust because the government would not pay his bills. Burr talked to Commodore Truxton; he had previously talked to General Wilkinson, the Commander of the United States Army. He now talked to Wilkinson some more. Also he wrote him code letters. Wilkinson had become governor of the newly acquired Louisiana Territory, and he expected a war with Spain. At the head of an army of six hundred regulars, he spent much of his time at the passes along the border.

The two years following his duel with Hamilton were busy years for Aaron Burr. Financially ruined, socially frowned upon by many of our best people, feared and distrusted, earning the enmity of the Administration at Washington, Burr went on his way, plotting, plotting, plotting. He went everywhere.

On one of his trips to the West he landed on an island below Marietta, and inspected an odd mansion, a bizarre mansion, erected by an educated Irishman, Blennerhassett by name, who had fled to the western wilderness in order to be at peace, write poetry, collect bugs, dissipate a fortune in constructing freak buildings, and enjoy the society of his attractive wife, the daughter of the British General Agnew, who had fallen at the battle of Germantown.

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When Burr arrived Blennerhassett was nearly at the end of his financial rope. Burr proceeded to fascinate both Harman Blennerhassett and his wife, especially his wife. To these visionary, but comparatively harmless people, Burr unfolded his plan of conquest. Mexico was the goal. That should be conquered, a mighty kingdom established, and all things added unto those who had "borne the burden in the heat of the day" for Aaron The First. The queer Irishman and his ambitious wife were captivated. Their island was to be the headquarters of the expedition, or, at least, one of the headquarters. Men, supplies, money, would be sent from the East, where thousands of young men were ready to take up arms for the great adventure. It soon began to be whispered that Burr intended more than he had told some of his friends. It was supposed that there was an inner circle and that in this inner circle General "Jimmie" Wilkinson held no mean position. Rumors got about that Burr would seize New Orleans, establish his capital there and invite, or coerce, the Mississippi Valley States and Territories to join his mighty empire, ostensibly to be established on the ruins of the Spanish power in Mexico.

Wilkinson was to precipitate war with Spain, a war that the Western people sincerely desired, then Burr might launch his invasion under the guise of patriotism.

Burr hurried back East. During the first half of 1806 he made his headquarters in Philadelphia, but he traveled constantly. He was first here, then there. He must have spent some time in Connecticut, for among his relatives and friends in that State he raised considerable money for his expedition. It would also appear that he joined the Masonic Order at this time. Not a Mason at the time he killed Hamilton, he was not a Mason when he began his intrigues with Eaton, Wilkinson, and Blennerhassett.

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It has been claimed that Blennerhassett was a Mason; it is certain that Eaton and Wilkinson were of the Craft.

The writer of this book, while reading M. W. Brother Denslow's valuable work, *"Territorial Masonry,"* came across the following paragraph:

"Aaron Burr, seeking to establish a new Republic west of the Mississippi, visited the lodge (Western Star Lodge No. 107, of Kaskaskia, Indiana) April 4, 1812, and found five brethren in attendance; he registered as a member of Union Lodge No. 40, Connecticut."

This paragraph was surprising, if slightly inaccurate. In 1812 Aaron Burr was not engaged in his plot—that was then history; but he had just returned from his long exile in Europe, and, it is easy to believe, might have made a visit to the Lodge at Kaskaskia. A letter to the Secretary of Union Lodge No. 40, of Danbury, Connecticut, brought out the fact that Aaron Burr (some Aaron Burr) was a member of that Lodge in 1806. According to the Lodge records:

Aaron Burr was, at the meeting of May 5, A. L. 5806, proposed for membership by Brother Zalmon Knap. He was elected June 5, initiated June 13, passed July 3, raised September 13.

So far so good. *But*, Burr's biographer, Parton, generally accurate, if a bit partial at times, says that Burr left for the West, to launch his expedition, on August 4, 1806. If this is true, it is obvious that he could not have taken his Third Degree in the Danbury Lodge on September 13. If Parton is correct, then it is certain that the Aaron Burr who was raised in Union Lodge No. 40, was not Burr the conspirator, but some humble relative unknown to fame.

That Burr was a Mason seems fairly certain. Most Masonic historians claim him as a member of the Order.

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The following statement is taken from the pamphlet history of Lexington Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M. of Lexington, Kentucky, the book having been published on the occasion of the 125th anniversary of that Lodge:

"John Jordan . . . Deputy Grand Master 1801-2, and Grand Master, 1803, again Deputy, 1805-6 . . . . . entertained Aaron Burr and Blennerhassett, both Masons, when they came to Lexington in 1805, and this afterward caused him to be suspected in connection with the Burr 'conspiracy.'"

Arriving again at Blennerhassett Island, Burr left his daughter, Mrs. Alston, at that place, and himself set about his work in earnest. He signed contracts for the construction of fifteen large batteaux, to convey five hundred men down the river; he purchased food and powder in large quantities; his agents enlisted men. On the Cumberland River, also, six boats were contracted for. Here and at Blennerhassett Island the work was rushed. While there was much mystery connected with the proposed expedition, this very element appealed to the younger and more adventurous portion of the population of the Western States. Recruits from the East began to rendezvous at the Island.

Then, in early November, United States Attorney Daviess, of Kentucky, moved to have Burr haled into court to answer to the charge of conspiracy against the United States. He was accordingly haled, examined and acquitted at Frankfort. He now went to Nashville, where he was received as a hero. The people considered him an innocent victim of Federal persecution.

Daviess, with a clearer vision than that of the mob, was a distinguished man and Mason. A Past Master of Lexington Lodge, he later became Grand Master of

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Masons in Kentucky, and in 1811 was killed at the battle of Tippecanoe while leading a charge on the savage foe.

Burr was now almost ready to launch his expedition; in fact, after sending a code letter to Wilkinson, he did order the detachment at Blennerhassett Island to start.

Wilkinson was at the head of his army on the Sabine, momentarily expecting battle with the Spanish troops, when a messenger from Burr arrived. Wilkinson decoded the letter and, according to his later statement, was appalled to learn Burr's real plans, which, the General *said*, included the conquest of New Orleans. He claimed that up to this time he had not known that Burr meditated treason. At any rate, whatever his motives, Wilkinson decided to "get out from under."

He sent a message post-haste to President Jefferson, exposing the whole scheme, patched up a truce with the Spanish commander, led his own army back to the Creole City, began its instant fortification and, in short, commenced to rule with a high hand.

It was the beginning of the end for Aaron Burr. As the news spread the country seethed with excitement. Burr fled to the wilderness, but was overtaken by a patrol of dragoons, arrested and conveyed to Richmond for trial on the charge of treason against the United States.

What followed constitutes perhaps the most famous trial in American history. Chief Justice Marshall sprang into fame; Wirt, the eloquent, with his speech, wherein he described the earthly paradise known as Blennerhassett's Island, also sprang into fame; but the star of Aaron Burr went down for all time. Although the testimony of Generals Eaton and Wilkinson was damaging, little evidence could be adduced to show that Burr had actually committed an overt act, without which, according to Marshall's ruling, treason did not and could not exist. He

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was acquitted; or rather the jury brought in a "Scotch verdict." But he was a broken man.

His daughter, Theodosia, whom he had trained so well in childhood that she had become the best educated woman in America, loyally supported her father. Her husband, Governor Alston of South Carolina, stood in the breach with purse and influence. It was of no use. Aaron Burr, practically penniless, despised and persecuted, roamed about his native land, then secretly took ship for England under an assumed name.

In England he was not long permitted to live in peace. On account of the representations of both the American and the Spanish governments, it is supposed, he was ordered to leave the tight little island. He went to Sweden, then to Germany, finally to France. Here this talented soldier of fortune tried to secure a military berth under the great Napoleon. He failed.

The man who had battled valiantly for his country, who had swayed the mob by his eloquence, who had engrossed the undivided attention of the versatile Jefferson and the entire Federal Government, was reduced almost to the necessity of begging bread. His expedients to secure the wherewithal to live were pitiful.

And when he gave up the struggle and would return to his own country, governmental fiat held him a prisoner in France. In vain he stormed the high officials for leave to depart. Weeks and months of misery ensued. Finally he was permitted to shake the dust of France from his feet.

He came back to America just before the outbreak of the war of 1812, and once more hung out his attorney's shingle. He was feared and loathed by the people, save for a few close friends such as no man is too poor to be without. Poverty stalked ever at his side, but when he did have money none was so generous as he.

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Then came the final blow. His daughter left Charleston by packet-boat to visit her father. A few hours after the ship sailed a terrible storm arose. Neither the passengers nor ship were ever seen again. Burr's little grandson, on whom he doted, had died shortly before this, and now—.

He had prided himself on his stoicism. He endeavored to live up to his creed, but day after day he would walk to the Battery and stand for hours looking down the bay toward the Narrows, waiting, waiting.

Why speak of the remaining days of this poor man's life? They were destined to be many, but they were days of misery. It was not then determined that Burr had meditated treason against the nation; it is not definitely known to this day. But then most people believed so, and that opinion still holds.

Says Parton:

"I never saw Aaron Burr, though in my early childhood I have played marbles before his door, and looked with curiosity upon the old-fashioned dull brass-knocker that bore his name; having vaguely heard that some terrible old man, whom nobody would speak to, lived there all alone."

His wife had died years before; his grandson and his daughter had passed over; the way was dark.

True, he married again, at the age of seventy-eight; but the alliance was an unfortunate one, and did not last. It is characteristic of both the man and his fortunes, however, that it was a woman who took him into her house, nursed him in his final illness, and closed his eyes when he died. This woman was the daughter of a British officer whom Burr had befriended in his early days of service in our army in Canada.

Aaron Burr was a man who might have been great,

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had time and chance but stacked the cards differently. He had potential qualities that should have carried him as far toward the heights as other qualities finally carried him into the depths. In his day his name was on every-one's tongue, but he achieved notoriety rather than fame. He was worse than some, but better than many.

Let him rest in peace.

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CHARLES WILLIAMSON

When General John Sullivan, in 1779, led his army of trained regulars against the people of the Long House, he plunged into wilderness more remote, relatively, than the northern provinces of Canada are today. Had he met defeat in that little battle on the Chemung, not one of his men, in all probability, would have made his way back to civilization. But he triumphed; his success largely removed from the struggle the famed and dreaded Iroquois Confederacy and, better still, the young men of his valiant force were enabled to behold and become enamored of a fairer land than they had ever dreamed lay in that distant clime called "The Genesee Country." This experience was destined to bear fruit after the close of the war.

Many of the Revolutionary veterans were broken in health when the bigoted George finally signed the treaty of peace; nearly all were broken in fortune. So it came to pass that many of the young men who had followed the New Hampshire general into the "West" were minded to journey there and erect their cabins by the side of a stream that meandered through a pleasant valley, lush with grass and black of soil. Had they not in the country of the Senecas beheld corn, potatoes, pumpkins, peaches and apples of wondrous quality and incredible size? And could not the land be had for a song? Land that, once cleared of its growth of forest giants, was of unexampled fertility.

So from New Jersey, from the beautiful Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania, from the Eastern States, the

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canoes of hardy adventurers began to ascend the Susquehanna, turn into the Chemung and from thence into smaller feeders of the main stream, along whose banks the foot of white man had never trod, and where nought but the myriad voices of forest creatures greeted the fog that rose with the dawn. As early as 1787, or possibly earlier, a settlement was made at Painted Post, within the present limits of Steuben County, New York; and two years later some of Sullivan's men took up homes on the natural prairie that distinguished the site of the ancient savage stronghold of Kanestio Castle. The cheery ringing of woodsmen's axes, the hoarse calls of boatmen and the homey prattle of children began to fill the forest with the presage of a new era.

In 1791 the State treasury was impoverished. Money must be had from some source. In this extremity it was discovered that the State owned wild and waste lands to the amount of 7,000,000 acres. Hence, for the dual purpose of replenishing the treasury and encouraging settlers to take up homes in those solitudes, the Legislature authorized the Commissioners of the Land Office to

"Dispose of any of the waste and unappropriated lands in the State, in such parcels, on such terms, and in such manner, as they shall judge most conducive to the interests of the State."

The Commissioners were: the Governor, the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General, the Treasurer, the Auditor.

At this time the Attorney-General was no less than Aaron Burr, who had been appointed to that position by Governor Clinton in 1789. By virtue of his dual office, Burr became active in the sale of the State lands thus authorized.

The land was sold at an average price of eighteen cents

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per acre and in enormous tracts; this in order that the purchasers would be unable to keep the land, but rather be compelled to resell it in small parcels to poor settlers. It is said that "the number of purchasers did not exceed the number of millions of acres."

The plan worked and the State profited in more ways than one.

At this time the eyes of European capitalists were turned toward America where, it would seem, fortunes in land could be easily made by proper exploitation. There was, however, a difficulty. Under the laws of the State of New York at that time, no alien could obtain title to land within its borders. But where there's a will, as some originator of a trite phrase has said, there's a way.

Before New York began to sell her wild lands in "The West" she had ceded to Massachusetts a vast tract, located largely in that section formerly overrun by Sullivan's army. This cession was for the purpose of satisfying Massachusetts's ancient claim. The Old Bay State now sold this tract to two of her citizens, Phelps and Gorham, and they set about to develop and resell the land. The territory, larger than some of the ancient principalities of Europe, was bounded roughly by the meridian of Washington (as it is now called) on the east, by Lake Ontario on the north, a line ten miles west of the Genesee River on the west, and by the northern boundary of Pennsylvania on the south. The eastern line bisected Seneca Lake.

Phelps and Gorham were unable to extinguish the Indian title to a considerable portion of their purchase, and were therefore constrained to let it go back to the government of Massachusetts. That commonwealth thereupon sold it to Robert Morris, the patriot financier of the Revolution. Morris in turn sold the property to Captain Charles Williamson, who, as we shall see, was

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acting as the secret agent of an association of British subjects, composed of Sir William Pulteney, Patrick Colquhoun, and a Mr. Hornby.

As Charles Williamson was the real founder of one of the largest and most prosperous counties in New York State, and withal a worthy Brother Mason, it behooves us to note just how he came to be the trusted agent for this British association of capitalists.

Charles Williamson was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, July 12, 1757. His father, Alexander Williamson, was a landed proprietor of some standing and of influence sufficient to secure for his son a commission in the British Army at about the time of the breaking out of the American Revolution. Charles, at this time eighteen years of age, eventually rose to the grade of captain in the British service, but his first military experience was not conducive to glory. Being ordered to America, the ship on which he had embarked was captured by a French privateer, and Williamson was carried a prisoner to Boston. While a prisoner in Boston he boarded in the family of a Mr. Newell of Roxbury. During the time he was domiciled in this family Williamson was taken sick. It was his kind fate to be nursed back to health by Miss Abigail Newell, the daughter of his host, so attractive a young woman that the officer married her in 1781.

The war was practically concluded at this time, and Williamson took up his residence in America, becoming thoroughly conversant with the manners, customs and aspirations of the people. In 1790 he returned to Scotland, and there his familarity with things American brought him under the notice of Pulteney, who was so impressed with the young man's information that he offered him a position as agent of the land association. Williamson accepted this trust. It was understood that he was to repair to America, become an American citizen, and as such be

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enabled to conduct the affairs of the Association in spite of the law against aliens.

Accordingly, Captain Williamson with his family set sail for Philadelphia in the autumn of 1791, and on the ninth of the following January took the oath of allegiance to the United States and declared his intention of becoming an American citizen. The preliminary negotiations with Morris had already been made, but the deed conveying the tract of land to Williamson had not yet been drawn.

Desiring to obtain a view of the land, he went to Albany, ascended the Mohawk River, and so entered the Western wilderness he was expected to throw open to civilization. Judge Near, in his "History of Steuben County," gives a description of Williamson's journey in the captain's own words, presumably taken from his diary:

"The road as far as Whitestown had been made passable for wagons, but from there to the Genesee was little better than an Indian path, sufficiently opened to allow a sledge to pass, and some impassable streams bridged. At Whitestown I was obliged to change my carriage, the Albany driver getting alarmed for himself and horses when he found (that) for the next hundred miles we were not only obliged to take provisions for ourselves, but for our horses, and blankets for our beds. On leaving Whitestown we found only a few straggling huts scattered along the path, from ten to twenty miles from each other, and they afforded nothing but the convenience of fires and a kind of shelter from the snow."

Penetrating to the Genesee Valley after many difficulties, Williamson selected a spot, near the junction of Canaseraga Creek with the river, where he decided to build a town to be called Williamsburg. This village, located not far from the present site of Mount Morris,

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never thrived, but languished for thirty years and then ceased to exist.

Williamson returned to Philadelphia and completed the deal with Robert Morris, paying seventy-five thousand pounds sterling for the entire tract. He decided to build a road into his bailiwick, starting from Northumberland on the Susquehanna and proceeding in a northwesterly direction. With a party he left Northumberland at the beginning of summer, and made his way through the dense forests to the Cowanesque Valley and from thence, probably by way of the Canisteo Valley and the site of Dansville of the present to his projected town of Williamsburg.

However, after considering the fact that the land in the beautiful valley of the Genesee would sell more rapidly than that in the southern part of his domain—the part now included within the hilly limits of Steuben County—he decided to run his road by way of the Conhocton Valley and to build a town somewhere along the route.

The place he chose for his settlement was where the Conhocton Valley widened and a break in the hills to the north provided an easy grade to the shore of Crooked Lake, six miles away. This body of water, now known as Keuka, one of the most noted of the Finger Lakes, was then almost unheard of, and its steep banks were entirely covered by primitive forests.

Williamson decided to call this town Bath; some associations on the other side of the Atlantic doubtless suggesting the name. Save at Painted Post and at Canisteo, there was no settlement within the limits of the present county. Steuben had not yet been set off from that vast tract known as Ontario County. In every direction spread dense and gloomy forests where the bear, the wolf and the deer held undisputed sway. One might travel for half a day in any direction without seeing the smoke from a

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settler's cabin. Trout streams gurgled in numerous little valleys where none but the foot of the Red Man had trod; rattlesnakes sunned themselves on the bank of the river, or in the tall grass sounded their never-to-be-forgotten signals at the approach of mink, 'coon or wildcat. Hunting parties of Senecas in single file occasionally passed along their ancient trails; but over all the rich, beautiful and heavily timbered land hung the silence, the loneliness, the solitude of the unknown.

Williamson, young, full of energy and love of the out-of-doors, spent his time alternately in the woods and at Northumberland, where he had located his family. He hired gangs of men, Germans from Pennsylvania for the most part, to hew out and grade his road; he encouraged in every possible way settlers to come in; he began building on his own account.

Soon the nucleus of the future capital of Steuben County appeared among the blackened stumps of pines and the rank grass of the bottom-lands. Presently the road was completed up the valley of the Conhocton; a good, broad highway along which came scores of horse-drawn vehicles.

Most of the settlers were rough, hardy men, intent only on carving out of the wilderness homes for themselves. But among them was a sprinkling of those known in colonial days as gentry. Some had considerable wealth and a few kept slaves.

It is obvious that Captain Williamson (later colonel, as we shall see) was a Mason when he began his settlement; for he did not permit many years to pass without initiating a movement to establish a Lodge in his remote village. According to Grand Lodge records, Bath Lodge No. 57 was chartered March 22, 1797. The first officers were: Charles Williamson, Master; John Coudry, Senior Warden; William Dunn, Junior Warden.

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In that isolated place, separated by miles of forest from what they termed civilization, it is probable that the brethren of the newly instituted Lodge considered their meeting place a limited forum for the enjoyment of fellowship and mutual understanding, such as we can now with difficulty understand.

Upon the Grand Lodge records, opposite the name of Bath Lodge No. 57, is written, "Warrant lost 1816."

Lodge No. 57 was succeeded by Enos Lodge No. 323, chartered May 29, 1819. This worked for twenty-one years, but in 1840 the charter was declared forfeited. This was during the time of Masonic eclipse, following the days of the Morgan excitement.

The present Lodge at Bath, the lineal descendant of the one instituted by Charles Williamson, is in a very prosperous condition; numbers among its Past Masters the most prominent men in Bath, a beautiful village of five thousand people; and is domiciled in a well-equipped temple, recently dedicated.

In July, 1793, Williamson brought his wife and two children to Bath, but for a season he had little time for the enjoyment of home life. Roads, bridges, boundaries, were matters that called him from one part of his domain to another almost constantly. Then, too, he had trouble with his German road builders. They went on a strike, rioted and otherwise demeaned themselves and caused the captain much worry.

Also, war threatened. The Indians of the Ohio country had triumphed over Generals Harmar and St. Clair, and the savage unrest had extended to the Iroquois of New York State. Governor Simcoe, of Canada, not only encouraged the Indians in their discontent, but he held military possession of Niagara, Oswego and Ogdensburg, and looked with the eye of suspicion upon the ac-

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tivities of Williamson, who had carried his development plans to Lake Ontario and was building a town at Sodus.

Simcoe went so far as to send a messenger to demand the surrender of the post at Sodus. But the captain's Scotch was up. He refused the demand in forceful language and prepared to defend his village. He knew full well that Simcoe was occupying his three forts on the soil of New York contrary to the stipulations of the treaty of peace. Word was sent to Governor Clinton, who promptly ordered out the militia and directed Williamson to fortify both Sodus and Bath. Not only did Williamson build blockhouses at both his towns, he organized a company of troops among the settlers.

Finally the war cloud blew over, for in the West General Wayne defeated the Indians, and Simcoe was compelled by his government to apologize for his conduct.

Near, in his "*History of Steuben County,*" says it was in June, 1795, that Captain Williamson entertained in his home the Duke de la Rochefoucault de Liancourt, a noble refugee from the terrors of the French Revolution. Near quotes the Duke's written impressions of Captain Williamson, as derived from studying him in his own home:

"It is but doing him common justice to say that in him are united all the civility, good nature and cheerfulness which a liberal education, united with a proper knowledge of the world, can impart. We spent a number of days at his house, from an early hour until late at night, without our feeling ourselves otherwise than at home. Perhaps it is the fairest eulogium we can pass on his free and easy urbanity to say that during all of the time of our stay he seemed as much at his ease as if we had not been present. He transacted all his business in our presence and was actively employed all day long. We were present at his receiving persons of different ranks and descriptions, with

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whom the apartments he allots to visitors is generally crowded. He received them all with the same civility, attention, cheerfulness and good nature. They come to him prepossessed with a certain confidence in him, and they never leave him dissastified. He is at all times ready to converse with any who have business to transact with him. He will break off a conversation with his friends, or even get up from dinner, for the sake of dispatching those who wish to speak to him. From this constant readiness of receiving all who have business with him, should any conclude that he is influenced by a thirst for gain this surmise should be contradicted by the unanimous testimony of all who have dealings with him; those not excepted who have bought land of him, which many have sold again with some considerable advantage to themselves. But were it even undeniable that money is his leading or sole object, it is desirable that all who are swayed by the same passion should gratify it in the same just, honorable and useful manner. His way of living is simple, neat and good. Every day we had a joint of fresh meat, vegetables and wine. We met with no circumstances of pomp or luxury, but found ease, good humor and plenty. His wife is yet a young woman of fair complexion, civil, though of few words, and mother of two lovely children, one of whom, a girl of three years, is the finest and handsomest I ever saw."

Is it possible to get a fairer picture of Williamson than is contained in the description given by the Duke? Here we have a concise characterization of a man well born, sure of himself and of his position, who invariably, every day of his life, to the high-born and low alike, was a simple gentleman.

Williamson was a great entertainer. Guests came to him from distant points, from New York, Philadelphia, even from Virginia. He received them all cordially and made them feel that they were welcome. Honors also

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came to him. In 1796, the year that Steuben County was organized, he was elected to the Legislature, representing that county and Ontario. The next year he was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of militia in Steuben County—hence his title, "Colonel."

He faithfully conducted the affairs of the Pulteney Association he represented, and found time and opportunity to make money for himself. On the shore of what is now known as Lake Salubria, almost in the outskirts of Bath village, he built himself a fine mansion, and here he entertained.

He constructed a race track, and for a long time the races at Bath constituted an important event every year.

To the men, poor for the most part, who purchased land of him, he was very considerate and obliging, making their yearly payments as easy as was consistent with the interest of his employers.

Referring again to Near:

"Williamson improved the navigation of the Chemung, Conhocton and Canisteo rivers. He built bridges, roads, hotels, jails, court houses, churches, mills, schoolhouses and theatres, and was a large contributor to the building of the great road from Whitestown to Geneva and the road from Geneva to Niagara. He was a large stockholder in the great bridge across the foot of Cayuga Lake."

The enterprise of Colonel Williamson, causing as it did the rapid settlement of the county, was not entirely satisfactory to his principals. They thought he was spending too much money, and, as a new law had been enacted whereby aliens could now acquire title to land in the State, the members of the association decided to take matters into their own hands. Hence, in 1801, Colonel Williamson conveyed the Estate to Sir William Pulteney, together

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with cash and paper in a sum which raised the value of the whole property to four million dollars. He had been a good and faithful servant, and his principals should have congratulated themselves that they had been so well represented. It is not on record that they at any time congratulated Colonel Williamson.

In 1806 Williamson sailed for Europe. It would seem that he was somewhat concerned in the plans of Aaron Burr. Says Parton, in his *"Life of Burr,"* Vol. II, page 61:

"Mr. Davis says that Burr had repeated conferences with Mr. Merry, the British minister at Washington, who communicated the project to his government, and that Colonel Charles Williamson, a well-connected Scotchman, went to England to promote the business. 'From the encouragement which he received,' adds Mr. Davis, 'it was hoped and believed that a British naval squadron would have been furnished in aid of the expedition.'"

"Squadron would have been furnished in aid of the expedition," undoubtedly refers to Burr's projected attack on the Spanish power in Mexico. Whether Burr ever visited Colonel Williamson at his home in Bath we do not know, but it is apparent that Williamson was concerned in the plot, at least in so far as it was effected by British aid. As we have noted in the previous chapter, the plans of Aaron Burr were blown high when General James Wilkinson finally decided to betray the plotter to the Federal Government.

After the finale of the Burr Conspiracy, Williamson went to Egypt in the interest of certain English plans, and did his work so well that he was presented with a sword by the Khedive of Egypt. Later he embarked on a mission for the British Government which took him to Cuba. While on his return voyage, in 1808, he fell sick

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of the yellow fever and died at sea, being but fifty years of age. His wife survived him sixteen years, dying at Geneva, New York, in 1824. Some of his descendants now reside in Scotland.

His mansion on the shore of Lake Salubria, upon the Colonel's death, passed into other hands. To quote Near once more and for the last time:

"The purchaser failed, it fell to his creditors, soon the famous and well-appointed mansion, with its gardens, walks, parks and orchards, showed signs of neglect and decay, becoming a picture of ruin and desolation, the abode of the owl and the bat and other uncanny and mysterious things. Nearly fifty years ago it was razed to the ground. . . ."

But Bath, the beautiful county seat of Old Steuben, still survives. It is a monument to the industry, faith and work of Colonel Charles Williamson.

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WILLIAM EATON

From the Halls of Montezuma,
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles
On the land as on the sea.
—"The Marine's Hymn."

When, on the beautiful spring morning of April 15, 1801, the usurping Pasha of Tripoli, Yusuf Caramalli by name, cut down the American flagstaff as a preamble to declaring war against the Republic of the United States, he started something that time would prove him unable to finish in a manner satisfactory to himself.

The motive behind the startling action taken by Yusuf Caramalli was the desire for more tribute; the United States Government was not paying him enough to satisfy his cupidity. America was not alone in the matter of paying tribute to the sea robbers who abode in the Barbary States along the northern coast of Africa; all the maritime nations were at that time doing it as the easiest way of safeguarding their commerce in the Mediterranean. But the United States was the first nation to stop paying.

When the news at last came to America that the Pasha had declared war, a fleet was straightway sent against him. There followed severe fighting and many actions that reflected credit on our young navy. The port of Tripoli was repeatedly bombarded, and it was so strictly blockaded that the Pasha, to use a modern phrase, was soon out of luck.

However, the United States frigate, *Philadelphia*, pur-

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suing too carelessly a Tripolitan ship among some sand bars near the harbor, grounded and was captured. Lieutenant Decatur, subsequently known to fame in another war, led a force into the harbor, recaptured the ship and burned her under the guns of the Pasha's castle. The British Lord Nelson, than whom there was no better judge, characterized this act as the boldest of the age.

And now there forged into the limelight a man with an idea. The idea was fine, but the man had such an uncanny ability of making enemies that only with difficulty could he get anyone to listen to his plan.

First we shall consider the plan; then the man who should have been famous.

We have already noted that Yusuf Caramalli, the reigning Pasha of Tripoli, was a usurper. He became a usurper from the very simple reason that he had kicked out his brother, Hamet Caramalli, the rightful ruler but one who seems on the whole to have been a weak brother. Nothing could have been more simple; out went Hamet, in came Yusuf, who, a believer in the doctrine that might makes right, proceeded to do many strenuous things, not the least being the act of pulling the tail feathers of the American eagle.

But we must get back to the plan. The man with the idea thought it would be good strategy for the United States to make an alliance with the deposed Hamet Caramalli and co-operate with him to the end that he might regain his apology for a throne, and the United States automatically fall heir to the good graces of the reinstated monarch. The United States should furnish the navy and perhaps a landing force; the deposed Hamet an army of Arabs; all of which, acting in conjunction, should advance by sea and land to the humbling of the turbulent Yusuf. But when the man who should have been famous divulged his idea to the officers of the American fleet in

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the Mediterranean they laughed him to scorn. They did not like him. Thereupon the man came back to America and sought audience with President Jefferson.

The man was William Eaton, usually called General Eaton, almost inexplicably ignored by historians. The silence which has denied to him enduring fame can only be understood by touching upon the character of the man himself.

William Eaton, the son of a farmer, was born in Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1764. He disliked farm work, however, and did as little of it as possible. At the age of sixteen he ran away, joined the American army and served until the conclusion of peace in 1783. Then he developed an ambition for an education. By means of various and sundry odd jobs, including peddling, he accumulated enough money to send himself through Dartmouth College, from which he was graduated in 1790.

In 1792 he rejoined the army as a captain and served through the campaign waged by General Wayne against the Indians of the Northwest, being present at the battle of Fallen Timbers. Later, he served against the Seminoles in Georgia. In 1797 he was appointed United States Consul at Tunis.

Here he was to experience such indignities as to inflame his somewhat choleric nature against all the Moors. Under date of August 11, 1799, he wrote in his diary:

"Some good friend had informed the Bey that I had an elegant Grecian mirror in my house. To-day he sent a request for it, pretending that he wanted it for the cabin of his pleasure boat, now about to be launched. So it is; if the consuls have a good piece of furniture or any good thing which strikes the Bey's fancy, he never hesitates to ask for it; and they have no alternative but to give it. They have suffered this to become a nuisance."

"12th. Sent the Bey the mirror."

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But in 1803, when, as we have already seen, General Eaton proposed his plan to Captain Bainbridge and Commodore Barron, they failed to fall in with it. Eaton had offended them as he had many others. In Washington he managed to arouse what one writer styles "a moderate amount of interest in his project." The upshot of the matter was that in 1804 he was back in the Mediterranean as Navy Agent, but under the orders of Commodore Barron. His status was a trifle uncertain.

President Jefferson, in his message to Congress, January 13, 1806, explains the matter without throwing much light upon it.

"Mr. Eaton," says Jefferson "(our late consul), on his return from the Mediterranean, possessing personal knowledge of the scene and having confidence in the effect of a joint operation, we authorized Commodore Barron, then proceeding with his squadron, to enter into an understanding with Hamet if he should deem it useful; and as it was represented that he would need some aids of arms and ammunition, and even of money, he was authorized to furnish them to a moderate extent, according to the prospect of utility to be expected from it. In order to avail him of the advantages of Mr. Eaton's knowledge of circumstances, an occasional employment was provided for the latter as an agent for the navy in that sea."

General William Eaton was a Master Mason. He received his degrees in 1792, in North Star Lodge, of Manchester, Vermont. This Lodge was at that time working under a charter from the Massachusetts Grand Lodge, of which Joseph Webb was Grand Master. North Star Lodge was chartered January 19, 1785; the Grand Lodge of Vermont not being organized until 1794.

Learning that the exiled Hamet Caramalli was somewhere in Egypt, General Eaton sailed in the United States brig *Argus* for Alexandria, where he arrived on the

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twenty-fifth of November, 1804. At this place he ascertained that Hamet had joined the Mamelukes in Upper Egypt, against whom a Turkish army was then operating. The next day, therefore, Eaton sailed for Rosetta, and, continuing up the Nile, he arrived at Cairo on the seventh of December.

The general now sought an audience with the viceroy and after several conferences, strange as it may seem, prevailed upon that high official to grant a letter of amnesty, with permission to pass the Turkish army of investment. Just what line of reasoning Eaton used on the viceroy will probably never be known, although we might hazard a guess. At any rate it worked, and Eaton proceeded in his search for Hamet. At last he found him. What agreement Eaton made with Hamet has also never been definitely established. With all his faults, Eaton was an honorable man, and assuredly would not have been guilty of a falsehood. At this time he was but forty years of age, enthusiastic by temperament, full of the desire for accomplishment; and it may be that Hamet inferred more than Eaton meant to convey. At any rate Eaton's arguments and the glitter of his gold prevailed; Hamet agreed to join forces with him. Together they proceeded to Alexandria and started the difficult feat of raising an army out of nothing.

During his spare time Eaton had been looking about and had discovered some promising material. He had met, among others, a certain Mr. Farquhar, a young Englishman, who, it is probable, had traveled in more directions than one. At any rate Eaton interested him in his project and he joined the expedition. For adjutant, Eaton secured the services of one Herr Leitensdorfer—nationality, obvious. Then there were thirty-eight Greeks, twenty-five gunners of assorted nationalities, several officers of unknown origin, whose history perhaps would

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not bear inspection. Hamet did his share and brought into camp hordes of dirty, bewhiskered Arabs, actuated by no higher motive than to secure a strangle-hold on Eaton's money-bags.

The general was sanguine of success. Under date of February 13, 1805, he wrote to the Secretary of the Navy:

"Those provinces in our possession will cut off from the enemy and turn into our own channel a source of provisions, and will open a free intercourse with the interior of the country. I have requested of the commodore for this purpose an hundred stands of arms, with cartridges and two field-pieces with trains and ammunition; and also a detachment of one hundred marines, if necessary, to lead a *coup de main.*"

Instead of one hundred marines, the commodore sent him Lieutenant O'Bannon, a sergeant, and six privates. With these Eaton had to be content. He set Lieutenant O'Bannon and his men to work drilling and disciplining the contingent of about a hundred Christians who were to constitute the backbone of the little army. The Arabs would not submit to discipline.

In the camp outside Alexandria there ensued a perfect turmoil of preparation. The white portion of the army was rapidly whipped into shape, for the men had mostly been wanderers on the face of the earth; they were already inured to danger and hardship. One more desperate enterprise meant little to them. As a means to an end they submitted to the rigid discipline of the marine corps and were on hand every time Eaton announced a pay-day.

At last, on March 3, the little army, now numbering about four hundred men, turned its face toward the Libyan desert and marched away toward Derne, the second city of importance in the Regency of Tripoli.

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Beside Eaton, Lieutenant O'Bannon and his men, there seems to have been but one other American in the army, a Mr. Peck. Surely it was the strangest force that ever marched forth to battle under the American flag!

The caravan consisted of one hundred and seven camels and a few asses. The Arab contingent was mounted on fine mettlesome horses; the bearded warriors with flowing robes and flashing scimiters went careering over the desert looking for anything but work. No dull routine of guard duty for these haughty fighters! Allah forbid! However, they generally returned in time for their meals.

Day after day there was little to break the monotony of the march. Nothing to please the eye; merely sand under foot and a blazing sky over head. Not a single spring or stream of water was found for over two hundred miles. The provisions began to run short, and Eaton felt compelled to reduce them to hard bread and rice.

And now forty-seven tents of Arabs with their families joined the army, adding to the force one hundred and fifty foot warriors. Eaton had no great love for the Arabs. Of them he wrote:

"From Alexandria to this place we have experienced continual altercations, contentions and delays among the Arabs. They have no sense of patriotism, truth or honor; and no attachment where they have no prospect of gain, except to their religion, to which they are enthusiasts. Poverty makes them thieves, and practice makes them adroit in stealing."

When penning the above, General Eaton evidently used unwonted repression, for his actual words give but a faint idea of the difficulties with which he had to contend. First, the camel drivers struck for more wages; and, as he could not dispense with these men, Eaton was forced

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to yield to their demands. Observing that the camel men had been successful, several of the Arab sheiks now demanded additional pay. With more force than elegance, Eaton promptly consigned the bearded warriors to the place where the whangdoodle mourneth. Instead of going to that place, the sheiks gathered their clans about them and with shrill yells and the shaking of many brass bound matchlocks, vanished in the desert amid a cloud of dust. But the next day, having apparently decided that the prospect of plunder was good, they returned to their task of loafing, eating, and capering about on their mettlesome steeds.

And now Hamet Caramalli approached the general in fear and trembling. His never very strong spirit had wilted under the privations that the army was being forced to endure, with the prospect of a severe fight at the end of the journey. With many invocations to Allah to bear him witness, Hamet declared his intention of giving up the enterprise and retiring into the desert. But Eaton knew his man. He proceeded to make him a speech in which he pictured the strong probability of Hamet regaining his forfeited job, and the glory of his triumphal entry to Tripoli. It is very probable that Eaton actually believed all he said, for his was a sanguine nature. Hamet decided to stick.

The food, which for some time had been scant, now gave out entirely and the army had to subsist for several days on rice gathered by the men while on the march. Just where in the desert they secured this rice does not appear.

A few days more and the water gave out; all the reserve supply carried in skins and casks slung over the backs of the camels had been exhausted. This was the most serious difficulty yet. However, a relief of a sort was in sight. On April 9th the army advanced ten miles and

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toward night came to a kind of oasis where there was a good spring. But in the spring were two dead men, murdered probably by some wandering band of robber Arabs. There was no alternative; in the terse words of Eaton, the soldiers were "obliged to drink the water, however."

On the next day a courier arrived from Derne with the information that an army of the usurping Pasha was marching to reinforce it. This news was far from comforting to Eaton, for he was aware that the force already at Derne far outnumbered his own.

And now Mr. Farquhar, with whom Eaton had grown on the friendliest terms, warned his commander that there were some indications that the Arab sheiks were plotting to massacre the Christian contingent of the army, which numbered less than one-fifth of the whole force. To guard against this Eaton could only keep his eyes open, guard his ammunition and trust to the bravery and skill of his white men.

This young Englishman, Mr. Farquhar, seems to have been a very efficient, conscientious officer. After the capture of Derne, Eaton, in making his report to the Government, requested that Farquhar be granted a commission as lieutenant in the Marine Corps.

With every morning's sun the Arabs fell on their knees facing Mecca and prayed with an unction exceeded only by the energy with which they attacked their food when food could be had. They paid no attention to the picket lines or the requirements of an armed camp, but went and came at their own pleasure, neglecting no opportunity to pick up any valuables that an officer might have incautiously placed at one side. And day after day the rays of a withering sun beat from a cloudless sky upon a sea of sand.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of April 14th the army

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came to the port of Bonda, expecting to find here some relief. What was their astonishment to find "not the foot-trace of a human being, nor a drop of water." But the next morning a sail appeared, answered Eaton's signals, and approached the port. It proved to be the Uunited States brig *Argus*. Supplies in abundance were landed from the warship, and now the Arab sheiks were satisfied and full of enthusiasm. Ferociously they caracoled their horses and flourished their weapons. Two days later the sloop-of-war *Hornet* arrived with more provisions. The next day the march was resumed.

They were now but fifty miles from Derne, the objective. On the twenty-fourth they marched over broken, mountainous ground that led up to the plateau of Barca. Here for a time they found luxuriant herbage and strolled through groves of beautiful red cedar trees, the first they had seen on all their long march of six hundred miles. Two days later the hybrid army advanced to a ridge of hills and gazed down on the city of Derne, shimmering white in the fierce heat, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean just beyond.

For much of the time while on the march Hamet Caramalli's spirits had fluctuated between fear and envy. The energetic way in which Eaton had proceeded to run the whole show had made Hamet feel that he was but playing the second fiddle, and that his ambition to regain his throne had been put into the discard by the American's desire for military success. But now all was changed. Messengers came out of the city with the information that of the three factions in town one was in the interest of Hamet, and was well armed and intrenched.

General Eaton lost no time in summoning the city to surrender to the United States. And promptly enough the answer came back from the Bey who ruled the town in the interest of Yusuf Caramalli: "My head or yours!"

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This reply, while perhaps stimulating to the imagination, left little in doubt as to the reception Eaton might expect.

The United States ships *Hornet, Argus* and *Nautilus* were in the offing. During the night of the twenty-sixth Eaton secured a conference with the commanders of the warships and arranged for their co-operation. Also a field-piece was landed from the *Argus*. Eaton's plans were soon made. The ships were to stand in close to the shore and engage the battery of eight nine-pounders which bore upon the sea. Hamet with his Arab cavalry was to attack on one side of the town, while Eaton with his one field-piece, his little squad of marines, and the Christian contingent of the army was to make the main attack upon a battery which frowned across the road that led to the heart of the city. The bellicose Bey was known to have at least eight hundred men; in all Eaton had less than six hundred.

The sun had risen but a little way over the hills on the morning of the 27th of April, 1805, when puffs of smoke rose from the Moorish battery facing the sea, and spouts of water sprang up between it and the three American ships whose white wings were bearing them toward the shore. And now the broadsides of the ships became obscured with clouds of powder smoke, through which darted jets of flame, while the roar of the heavy guns echoed among the hills.

Along the parapet of the battery rose spouts of dust and débris; shells burst in the battery, over the battery, outside the battery; grapeshot sang everywhere. It speedily grew to be a very hot place for the Moorish gunners.

And now as a perfect pandemonium of musketry and yells broke out in a far section of the town where Hamet was making his attack, General Eaton opened with his

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single field-piece upon the heavy battery which opposed him, and which, it was thought, was manned by over three hundred Tripolitan fighters. The action here soon grew brisk.

But one of Eaton's gunners carelessly left the rammer of the piece in the muzzle just as it was being discharged. Along with the shell, the rammer was hurled into the lines of the enemy, and Eaton's artillery was automatically put out of action. Things now looked black indeed. The enemy redoubled their exertions and gave vent to yells of derision.

But Eaton was not a man to be balked by such trifles. He gazed about him for a moment. In his immediate vicinity were sixty men, but included with these were the marines, Lieutenant O'Bannon, Mr. Farquhar, the Greeks, the nameless adventurers from all over the seven seas.

"Men," announced Eaton crisply, "we'll charge that battery!"

He was answered by a cheer.

At the signal all sprang forward and rushed like a tornado through the smoke and the spouts of dust kicked up by the flying shots. A brief rush it was. Eaton himself was soon wounded, but Lieutenant O'Bannon led on the men. Over the parapet they surged, and then followed a brisk moment's work while bayonet crossed with scimiter. It was over almost in an instant; the enemy fled. Over the captured battery Lieutenant O'Bannon raised the Stars and Stripes; the first time in history that the American flag had been hoisted in battle over a fortress of the Old World!

And now into the streets of the town raced the little band. The houses along the way were loopholed for musketry, and through these holes the enemy fired with more energy than aim. The noise was deafening, for over the nearby hubbub roared the heavy tones of the

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navy guns. The ships had silenced the battery and were now sweeping with grape and canister many of the streets. Eaton's men, taking advantage of the houses, walls, and court-yards, pressed steadily toward the Bey's palace. A final rush and they attained it. And now the enemy everywhere fled, pursued by Hamet's cavalry, which up to this time had made a lot of noise but had done very little real fighting. The little band of Christians had captured the city almost unaided, except by the ships. Without the ships they could not have taken the place. Eaton's loss was two killed and twelve wounded.

But now that the enemy were on the run, Hamet's men sprang into the fray and chased the henchmen of Yusuf long and far. The Bey fled to the sanctuary of a mosque, and eventually made his way to the camp of the army of one thousand men, which was on the march to the relief of Derne and was but fourteen miles distant when the battle was fought.

General Eaton now found himself in control of the second city of importance in the Regency of Tripoli; but he was not to be left in peace. The army of Yusuf advanced, encamped within plain sight of the town, and proceeded to invest the place.

The sloop *Hornet* now sailed away, but the *Argus* and the *Nautilus* remained on the station. And well that they did so, for after a few preliminary skirmishes the enemy made a serious attack on the 13th of May. Hamet's men held the outposts, but the followers of Yusuf made so savage an assault that the lines were carried. Mixed in an inextricable rout, pursuers and pursued raced into the city.

Up the street leading to the Bey's palace came the mob, wild yells blending with the heavy reports of matchlocks, scimiters flashing in the sun. The ships began firing, slowly and methodically, the balls striking on the pave-

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e corners and rebounding everywhere. But
advanced. Then Eaton opened fire from
he had planted near the palace. Some of
the rest lost their courage and fled.
n they had entered the town, they now
ever at their heels rode Hamet's
iffet dog who sees his enemy un-
im. This day the enemy lost

l waiting. Some of
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he could purchase the services of 20,000 Arabs. Then let 1,000 men be landed from the fleet, with a goodly contingent of steady marines to leaven the whole lump, and the matter could be accomplished. With a little money and small help from the fleet he had already done much. Why not?

But now came news that dashed his ambitions to the earth, and conversely caused his anger to mount skyward. The news was no less than that Tobias Lear, United States Consul at Algiers, and Commodore Rodgers, commanding the United States fleet blockading Tripoli, had concluded a peace with the usurping Pasha, Yusuf Caramalli! General Eaton was ordered to evacuate Derne at once. Provisions were made for taking off Hamet Caramalli—but how now about the hopes of that poor, weak brother?

The treaty was fairly satisfactory to the United States, although had Eaton been consulted it would have been more so. As it was, it provided that the prisoners held at the time by the Pasha were to be ransomed for enough to pay their board while in captivity. The Pasha was to relinquish all claims for further tribute; he was to allow his brother to return to Tripoli. That was about all. Hamet did return to Tripoli, was appointed Bey at Derne; then came another family quarrel and he fled into Egypt. The United States gave him a small allowance to reimburse him for his services, but he was discontented and asked for more.

Also, Congress asked for information as to the whole status of the Eaton-Caramalli affair. When the general returned to America in the fall of 1805, he not only failed to have a laurel wreath placed upon his head, he failed to get a medal. His last years were spent in Brimfield, Massachusetts, which for one term he represented in the

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legislature. Massachusetts gave him a tract of ten thousand acres of land in Maine.

His last years were the years of a disappointed, querulous man, old before his time. Peevish to his family, his faculty for making enemies apparently unimpaired, he died before he was forty-eight years of age; and the silence with which his truly great service to the Republic has been treated has deprived his memory of the honor and glory to which he was clearly entitled. For to William Eaton more than to any other man is due the credit of bringing to a satisfactory close the war with Tripoli.

Never in all our history, either before or since that time, has there been a more romantic, imagination stirring expedition than that procession of marines, Greeks, Arabs and masterless men which General Eaton led across the wastes of the Libyan desert to Derne, six hundred miles away! And never in all our history has a man been so cheated of the fame that he truly and honorably won!

At Brimfield, Massachusetts, in 1811, died the man who should have been famous.

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JOHN ANTHONY QUITMAN

Not infrequently has it happened that a boy dedicated to the service of the Gentle Nazarene has elected instead to become a disciple of Mars. Such was the case of John A. Quitman.

The son of a Prussian clergyman who had emigrated to this country, John A. Quitman was born on the 1st of September, 1799, at Rhinebeck, New York, where at the time his father was the pastor of the local Dutch Reformed Church. By the time young John was old enough to enter school his father had removed to Cooperstown, N. Y., and here the lad received his first education. After he had made sufficient progress in his studies he was sent to a college at Mount Airy, near Philadelphia. Here he made reasonable advancement in the course that his parents thought would fit him for the ministry. However, the boy had no liking for such a life, and eventually elected law instead.

After being admitted to the bar in 1821, he decided to go West and grow up with the country. He settled at Chillicothe, Ohio, and for a time served as a clerk in the land office. Then he hung out his shingle and for a few months practiced his profession. At the end of that time he removed to Natchez, Mississippi.

Quitman had grown to be a fine figure of a man. He was over six feet in stature, rather heavily built, had dark curly hair, gray eyes, and a high, intellectual forehead. Frank, kind and agreeable, he yet was strong-willed and sometimes stern. His voice was deep and powerful. Altogether he was one to command attention on the street.

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It is not to be wondered at that he soon married the daughter of a wealthy planter, and was enabled to forge to the front, both politically and socially.

Quite early in his career he had been admitted to the ancient fraternity of Freemasons, and now he made rapid progress in that Order. In 1826 he was chosen as the Grand Master of Masons in Mississippi, and this position he ably filled until 1837. In the same capacity he again served in 1840 and in 1846, in all fourteen years.

In 1827 Quitman was elected to the State Legislature, and while serving in that body he indicated his interest in military affairs by introducing a bill to provide for a new militia system. From 1826 to 1834 he served as Chancellor of the State, but resigned this office only to be elected to the State Senate. He soon became President of this august body, and during the illness of the executive he became acting Governor of the State.

While yet in Ohio Quitman had been chosen as a lieutenant of a rifle company, largely because he was an expert shot. Upon removing to Natchez he was elected captain of the Natchez Fencibles, one of the oldest military companies of the State. In 1836, while he was acting Governor, his sympathies were aroused in behalf of the American settlers in Texas, who had revolted against the Mexican government.

He decided to cast in his fortunes under the Lone-Star flag. Hence he looked about for kindred spirits, succeeded in raising a volunteer company, and at the head of this corps marched for the relief of the Texans. He arrived in camp just three days after General Sam Houston, that doughty soldier and loyal Mason, had decisively defeated Santa Anna at the battle of San Jacinto. The war was over, and there was nothing for the young soldier of fortune to do.

Quitman returned to his home and was promptly elected

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Major-General of the Second Division of Mississippi Militia. This office he retained until the outbreak of the war with Mexico, when, on July 1, 1846, he was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers in the national service and ordered to report to General Taylor, who had invaded Mexico.

He arrived in time for the battle of Monterey, and was placed in command of the Second Brigade, consisting of volunteer regiments from Ohio, Tennessee, Mississippi and the city of Baltimore. In the assault on the city Taylor gave Quitman discretionary powers, and these he used to such good purpose that his brigade assisted materially in reducing the place. For his services here he was given a sword by Congress.

The next year Quitman was ordered to join the army of General Winfield Scott, who was to land at Vera Cruz and march to the Valley of Mexico.

In the siege of Vera Cruz Quitman rendered good service and was complimented by the commander-in-chief. He was not present at Cerro Gordo, but on the fourteenth of April, 1847, was promoted to the rank of major-general of volunteers.

At the heavy battle of Churubusco Quitman was ordered with his brigade to guard the depot of supplies in the rear, and this chagrined him very much. He made a secret resolve to improve to the uttermost such opportunities as he might have in the future. He was not to be long cheated out of his chance for glory. The desperate assault on the castle of Chepultepec was ordered on the thirteenth of September. Quitman, in the vernacular of this day, was on the job with both feet. Says Scott in his official report of the battle:

"Quitman had to approach the north-east of the works over a causeway, with cuts and batteries, and defended

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by an army strongly posted outside, to the east of the works. These formidable obstacles he had to face, with but little shelter for his troops, or space for maneuvering. Deep ditches, flanking the causeway, made it difficult to cross on either side into the adjoining meadows, and these again were intersected by other ditches."

Nevertheless, Quitman and his brigade were on hand when the Mexican garrison flag fluttered to the ground.

As soon as the castle had fallen Scott dispatched Quitman with his division to advance along the road that led from the foot of the hill to the Belen gate of the City of Mexico. It was Scott's plan that Quitman's attack should be merely a feint, while General Worth, by way of the San Cosmo road, should make the real assault.

The fiery leader from Mississippi, still chagrined because he had been left out of the fight at Churubusco, determined to attack in earnest. It was a hazardous resolution, for, should he fail, a court-martial awaited him. But, if he should win! Ah! he fully intended to win.

So in solid column he led his veterans straight at the garita of Belen. A terrible fire, both flank and direct, tore through the line. The crashing of the Mexican artillery was as incessant as the united thunders of a dozen summer storms. Grapeshot and musket-balls plunged through the blue-coated mass, glanced from the arches of a stone aqueduct that paralleled the road, and whined like a chorus of evil spirits in Hades. To the left, right, and in front billowing clouds of smoke rose to the sky and blotted out the sun.

Through the murk rushed Quitman's men, panting under the combined effect of the heat and their exertions, stumbling over fallen comrades, filling the gaps in their lines. Quitman rode at their head, his powerful voice uttering words of encouragement, heard above the tumult.

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By his side raced a color-sergeant, his uplifted banner grimy with smoke and rent by flying lead.

Through the smoke the soldiers now saw a two-gun battery just ahead. A burst of fierce yells, a sudden rush, and the men were among the guns. The enemy fled back to the gate.

Now from the gate, from the walls of the city, from myriad secret places, jets and gushes of flame concentrated on the lacerated column that was still forging ahead. The fire became so hot that in the open no mortal men could live. The troops sprang to the cover of the acqueduct arches. Here they paused to catch their breath and gather resolution for a renewed assault. Dust and fragments of stone flew incessantly from the corners of the arches that protected them, and the roaring of the guns was so great that one could scarcely make his nearest comrade hear a shouted question. The sickening odor of burned gunpowder and mangled flesh filled the air. Men glared at each other from bloodshot eyes. The dead lying in grotesque heaps in the road were struck again and again by plunging, hissing shot, and no one strove to retrieve the bodies. The wounded, too, were largely neglected, for the attention of those who yet lived was centered on the flaming gate of Belen just ahead.

The troops now began to advance from arch to arch, making their transition from one place of security to the next as rapid as possible. But each exposed blue coat drew a volley, and the list of the dead rapidly lengthened.

Then the artillery was brought up, the hoofs of the plunging horses striking sparks from the stones of the pavement. A few thunderous discharges followed, and the gate fell in with a crash. Over the wreckage that cluttered the passage the men sprang with poised bayonets, only to be greeted by a deluge of balls as they passed within the limits of the city.

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About three hundred yards ahead was a stone fort known as the citadel. The ramparts of this fort were fairly blazing. From buildings on the right, from hidden batteries, from *everywhere* came a decimating fire. Again the men sought sanctuary behind the arches of the acqueduct, which entered the city at the gate. The ammunition for the heavy battering guns had been exhausted, and no one could be spared to go for more. But a captured eight-pounder was opened on the foe with good effect.

Now the Mexicans, observing the comparatively small number of assailants, poured from the surrounding buildings at the call of a trumpet and made a headlong charge.

The Yankees chuckled as they at last saw the enemy in the open. Firing steadily, and between volleys cheering lustily, they broke up the charge before it had gained momentum.

General Quitman, strangely enough untouched by the flying lead, drove his horse from one group of his men to another, encouraging them by voice and gesture. But these veterans needed no encouragement. Little by little they advanced, making good their position by sand-bag barricades. By the time darkness settled over the smoky city and the firing died out, Quitman's division was so strongly posted that all Santa Anna's army would have been unable to drive it hence.

During the night the Mexican general led his forces in retreat from the city, and to Quitman's division fell the honor of raising the American flag over the palace of the Montezumas.

"Nothing succeeds like success." Scott, far from disciplining Quitman for making a real attack when he was supposed to deliver a feint, now appointed him military governor of the conquered city.

But if his bloody attack had failed——!

Two months after the fall of Mexico Quitman ob-

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tained leave of absence and returned to his home in Mississippi. He well knew that the war was practically ended, and he was already longing for the excitement of political life. He had achieved a great reputation in an army whose exploits had truly been remarkable.

Scott, after recapitulating the accomplishments of his force since arriving in the basin of Mexico, admitting a loss of 2,703 men, including 383 officers, said:

"On the other hand, this small force has beaten on the same occasions, in view of their capital, the whole Mexican army, which, at the beginning, numbered thirty-odd thousand men. This army was posted, always in chosen positions, behind entrenchments, or more formidable defences of nature and art. We killed or wounded of that number more than seven thousand officers and men; took three thousand seven hundred and thirty prisoners, one-seventh officers, including thirteen generals, of whom three had been Presidents of the Republic; and captured more than twenty colors and standards, seventy-five pieces of ordnance, besides fifty-seven wall pieces, twenty thousand small-arms, an immense quantity of shots, shells, powder, etc. . . . ."

General Quitman could well go home to his people in a complacent frame of mind, after having earned distinction in *such* an army.

He was received with plaudits, and in 1849 was elected Governor of Mississippi.

But Quitman could not forget his life in the army; he was better fitted for the saddle than an executive's chair. Again he began to yearn for a military enterprise of some sort. Then it was that he initiated and carried on for some time negotiations with General Lopez relative to a proposed filibustering expedition to capture the island of Cuba.

News of this intrigue leaked out and caused a great

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stir. Although Spain was not then in much better odor in this country than she was just before war broke out in 1898, yet she was nominally a friendly power, and it did not look well for the Governor of one of our States to be plotting against her. Charges were therefore made against Governor Quitman, he was indicted, resigned his office, and was tried.

It came out that Quitman, no matter how deeply he was involved in the Lopez plot, had himself refused to lead the raid on Cuba. The jury could not agree, and the case against him was dropped. The expedition came to nothing, for the members of the party were captured, carried to Spain and there pardoned by the Spanish queen.

Quitman could not divorce his mind from military plans. In 1854 he again became interested in an expedition against Cuba, was arrested but never brought to trial.

These things discouraged him not. In 1855 he was elected to Congress and continued to serve until 1858, during which time he served as chairman of the important Military Committee. In the latter year he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine.

To what heights he would have climbed in a military capacity, had he lived until the days of the Civil War, we do not know.

He was a natural leader of men.

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LOUIS KOSSUTH

This is the story of one who lived almost a century's span, for much of the time occupying the attention of the world, became a great leader of his people, achieved fame as an orator, became a Master Mason in two days, set the style in American hats, and returned to Europe finally, only to live in exile the remainder of his days, his life work unaccomplished.

Louis Kossuth, a descendant of a Slavic family of noble rank, was born April 27, 1802, at Monok, County of Zemplin, Hungary. Like his father had done, he studied law, was eventually admitted to the bar, and in 1831 established himself in Pest. However, the next year he began his political life as a member of the Upper House of the Diet of the Empire, and on the side edited a newspaper that was laboriously copied by hand and surreptitiously circulated. Needless to state, a free press was at that time unknown in Austria-Hungary. That was one of the things Kossuth intended to work for.

From the editorship of a written newspaper Kossuth progressed to the management of a printed one, but in May, 1837, managed to get himself imprisoned; not a very difficult feat, by the way. He remained in jail for three years, but upon his liberation became the editor of yet another paper. In this sheet Kossuth advanced ideas that shocked the entrenched interests of the Empire and pleased the lower classes mightily. He advocated no less than the freedom of the press, the emancipation of the peasantry, the abolition of the special privileges of the nobility, the better recognition of the average citizen. In

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spite of the horror of the nobles and the Emperor, Kossuth was now sent as a deputy to the Lower House of the Diet.

This was in November, 1847. He speedily achieved such a reputation as an orator that four months after his election as Deputy he became Minister of Finance in the cabinet of Count Batthyanyi.

When the movement for detaching Hungary from the Empire broke out in 1848, Kossuth was placed at the head of the Committee of National Defense, with all the powers of a dictator. With tremendous energy he organized and carried out effective plans for the conduct of the campaign.

At first the Hungarian army was successful and succeeded in marching almost to Vienna. Then the tide turned. Kossuth's army was defeated; the Austrians invaded Hungary and captured Pest in January, 1849. At this time Kossuth's eight-year-old son, Francis, was captured and imprisoned in the fortress of Pressburg.

But Kossuth's energy did not abate. He organized additional forces and sent them against the enemy. Victories followed. On April 14, 1849, largely through the efforts of Kossuth, the Diet at Debreczin announced the independence of Hungary.

A Republic was now established, and Kossuth was chosen Governor. He had hoped that England and France would recognize the independence of Hungary, but in this he was disappointed. Furthermore, Russia, always the champion of despotism, now invaded Hungary in the interest of the Hapsburgs. The Hungarian army was defeated at the battle of Temesvar on August 9, 1849, and two days later Kossuth resigned his dictatorship in favor of Gorgey, who promptly surrendered the army to the Russians.

Kossuth fled for sanctuary to Turkey and settled in

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Kutahia, Asia Minor, where he was joined by his young son, recently released from prison.

Both Austria and Russia now demanded of the Porte that Kossuth be surrendered. Backed by England and France, the Turk refused. In September, 1851, the United States sent the steam frigate *Mississippi* to release Kossuth from exile; for in America there was much sympathy for the Hungarians in their fruitless struggle for liberty. One of Kossuth's compatriots, Martin Koszta, who fled from Austria to Turkey at about the time his chief did, later became an American citizen and eventually nearly precipitated war. But of that more later.

After the *Mississippi* had received Kossuth, some of his faithful generals, and his son, on board, an effort was made to land the party at Marseilles, but this was forbidden by Emperor Napoleon of France. Whereupon Kossuth took refuge at Gibraltar. From this fortress he went to England, and was received with sympathy and respect.

Conceiving it possible that he could induce the United States to take up his quarrel with Austria, Kossuth now decided to sail for America. In December, 1851, he landed on the shore of the Western Republic, and was everywhere received with acclaim. His progress was one continuous ovation. He was welcomed by the President and by Congress. His natural oratory, and the recital of the wrongs that his native land was enduring, won his cause almost universal support from the people. He traveled extensively and so came at last to Cincinnati, Ohio. Here, on February 18, 1852, he petitioned Cincinnati Lodge No. 133, then but seven years old, for the degrees of Masonry.

To Brother Robert I. Clegg, 33°, of the Masonic History Company of Chicago, the writer is indebted for the

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following copy of Kossuth's petition, which has considerable interest because it is unique. Brother Clegg prepared some notes on Kossuth's Masonic membership for the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and these were printed in the Proceedings for 1921. The petition, regular in form and signed in the regular manner, had the following extra wording on the back:

"To the Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Brethren of Cincinnati Lodge No. 133, of Free and Accepted Masons:

"The petition of the subscriber respectfully showeth that having long entertained a favorable opinion of your Ancient Institution, he is desirous of being admitted a member thereof, if found worthy.

"Being an exile for liberty's sake, he has no place of fixed residence, is now staying at Cincinnati; his age is 49½ years; his occupation is to restore his native land, Hungary, to its national independence, and to achieve by community of action with other nations civil and religious liberty in Europe."

"Louis Kossuth.

Cincinnati, Ohio, February 18, 1852."

To Brother Henry J. Sachs, historian of Cincinnati Lodge No. 133, the writer is indebted for much of the following data touching on the circumstances of Kossuth's initiation; also for the newspaper clipping, which is appended.

From the minutes of Lodge No. 133, it appears that Kossuth petitioned on February 18, 1852, as already noted; received his E. A. degree on February 19, was passed to the degree of F. C. and raised to the Sublime degree of Master Mason on the same day, February 20, 1852. His suite, consisting of Count Gregory Bethlen,

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Peter A. Nagy, Paul Hajuik and Dr. Julius Otosy, were initiated along with him.

Says Brother Sachs in a letter to the writer:

"You might wonder how he received so much Masonry in such a short time. We could never find how this was worked; but it was done. . . . . They say we were severely reprimanded by the Grand Lodge and that they threatened to take away our charter; but there is no record of the same in our minutes and no record in the Proceedings of 1852-3-4-5 on this subject. . . . . I am enclosing a clipping from one of our papers a few years ago. . . ."

A copy of the clipping, evidently an excerpt from a resume of certain events in Cincinnati's annals, follows:

"During several decades following the brilliant reception of General Lafayette here in 1825, Cincinnatians were very prompt, through their wealthier citizens and with the co-operation of the Council, to give eclat to the coming of several distinguished persons. Among these was considered Louis Kossuth, because of sympathy for Hungary and of the admiration for this patriot Hungarian. Some of the oldest readers of these lines can go back in memory to the fad for 'Kossuth Hats' prevailing in this country and invading this city that year of 1852.

"Extravagance in protracted entertainment of this gentleman on the part of our city officials resulted in the following hotel bill, dated February 23, 1852:

" 'City Council of Cincinnati to A. B. Coleman, Burnet House, Dr.: To board, General Kossuth's suite, $514; Parlors Nos. 43 and 44, $100; fires in rooms, $84.50; washing, $67.28; medicines, $27.50; extra meals and meals in rooms, $94; champagne and sherry wines, $51; baths, $14.25; cigars, $51.65; postage and stamps, $36.85; sundries at bar, $67.95; ale and porter, $46.15; stationery, $13.50; barber's bill, $14.10; light company—gas, $15; No. 15, private parlor, $25; No. 97, as office, $28. Total. $1,348.23.'

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"Evidently the gentleman from Hungary had no hesitation in pressing the limit on Cincinnati's hospitality. There was much discussion over this bill in Council. Many protests against it were filed and so were various petitions for its payment. After several months of discussion of this really disagreeable topic, the bill was finally paid. But Cincinnati gained for this the style of the 'Kossuth hat.' "

It is, indeed, quite evident that Kossuth and his party made the most of their freedom of the city. Also it is apparent that the hotel management decided to spoil the Egyptians while the spoiling was good; the Egyptians in this case being the City Council. But, possibly, in those days hotels charged extra for heat, light and stationery.

Fortunately Kossuth did not stay long. He received his Third Degree on February 20, and the hotel bill was rendered on February 23rd.

In the back of an old copy of the by-laws for Cincinnati Lodge No. 133, is the following:

"At a regular Communication of Cincinnati Lodge No. 133, held on the evening of February 26, 1852, it was unanimously agreed, that

Brother Louis Kossuth

be made an Honorary Member of this Lodge."

As time went on the ardor of the people seemed to cool a trifle toward Kossuth. Perhaps it was because of the expensive taste of his followers; perhaps it was because many people saw plainly that the heroic exile wished to draw this country into war with Austria. At any rate, in July, 1852, he returned to England, where for the next ten years he continued to live.

In 1862 Kossuth removed to Turin and there he lived the remainder of his life. At various times he endeavored to take advantage of temporary disturbances and incite

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the Hungarians to revolt and endeavor to regain their liberty. His efforts were without avail.

In 1859, however, and again in 1866, he organized a legion of Hungarians and attached it to the cause of Garibaldi and his red-shirted army. In 1867, following the reconciliation of Austria and Hungary, he was elected to the Diet. Vowing eternal hostility to the Hapsburgs, he refused to serve. He died March 20, 1894, at Turin, and was buried at Budapest, the funeral being witnessed by an immense concourse of sorrowing people.

We shall now recur to the case of Kossuth's compatriot, Martin Koszta, to whom reference has been made.

After staying but a little time in Turkey, whither he had fled upon the collapse of the Hungarian Nationalist movement, Koszta came to the United States and promptly made declaration of his intention of becoming an American citizen. Before his citizenship could possibly be consummated, he had to return to Smyrna, Turkey, on private business of an urgent, if temporary, nature. In the harbor of Smyrna lay an Austrian man-of-war, the *Huszar*; but Koszta, feeling that he was now an American, relied on the American consul to protect him.

Before a ship was due to sail for the United States a party of marines landed from the *Huszar*, marched to the boarding place of Martin Koszta, arrested him and, despite the protests of the American consul, haled the captive aboard the Austrian warship and put him in irons.

Then, on the second day of July, 1853, the United States sloop-of-war *St. Louis* commanded by Captain Ingraham, forged into the harbor of Smyrna and dropped her anchors.

Upon being advised of the Koszta affair, Captain Ingraham took the matter up with the commander of the *Huszar*, but received in reply only a churlish and indifferent answer.

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Now the Eagle began to scream.

It is possible that Captain Ingraham had listened to some of the fervid speeches of Kossuth while that exile was traveling in the United States. At least, it is certain that he had read in the papers the reported versions of those speeches, wherein the wrongs of an oppressed people and the tyranny of Austria had been set forth in burning words. Taking these things into consideration, we shall not be far wrong if we consider that Captain Ingraham of the United States ship *St. Louis* had at this time, July 2, 1853, an anti-Austrian complex.

At any rate, he ordered the battle flags aloft, the long roll beaten, the guns run out and charged. Then, while yet the drum was snarling its thrilling call and the men were rushing to their places to clear ship for action, Ingraham dispatched a boat to the *Huszar* with a terse message to the effect that if Martin Koszta were not surrendered by four o'clock the *St. Louis* would open fire.

This was language that even an Austrian could understand.

The commander of the *Huszar* looked across the span of water that separated his own ship from the Yankee sloop-of-war. He saw a row of grinning muzzles and realized that behind the cannon stood the best gunners the world had ever known. He glanced about his own ship. Surely, it was newer and more powerful than the *St. Louis.*

Yes, it was. But—. Ah! those gunners on the *St. Louis.* They were the same men who had on the high seas humbled the pride of England.

For a space the Austrian considered. But not for long. It was nearly four o'clock. On the *St. Louis* the brilliant flag of stripes and stars was blowing straight out. At intervals came the ominous rolling of a drum. Hastily the commander of the *Huszar* made up his mind.

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He sent in his turn a message to Captain Ingraham, proposing that Koszta should be surrendered to the French consul until such time as an agreement could be reached. He, the Austrian, did not want to be hurried in his deliberations. That row of broadside guns *did* leer disconcertingly.

Ingraham agreed to this. The parties concerned decided to turn Koszta over to the Americans. He was soon at liberty and no blood had been shed.

Then it came to pass that the Austrian Emperor and his government became very wroth. Baron Hulsemann, the Austrian minister at Washington, was instructed to demand that the United States disavow the conduct of its agents (meaning Ingraham) and apologize. The captain's attitude had really been very rude. As for the commander of the *Huszar*, his nerves had been temporarily shattered because of the delicate position in which he had been placed.

So a disavowal and an apology were asked of Secretary of State Marcy.

Marcy failed to apologize. Rather he replied in this manner:

"Koszta, when seized and imprisoned was invested with the nationality of the United States, and they had therefore the right, if they chose to exercise it, to extend their protection to him; that from International Law—the only law that can be rightly appealed to for rules in this case—Austria could derive no authority to obstruct or interfere with the United States in the exercise of this right, in effecting the liberation of Koszta; and that Captain Ingraham's interposition for his release was, under the extraordinary circumstances of the case, right and proper."

President Pierce, in his message to Congress, December 5, 1853, covered the Koszta matter quite fully and closed his account in the following words:

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"After a careful consideration of the case I came to the conclusion that Koszta was seized without legal authority at Smyrna; that he was wrongfully detained on board the Austrian brig of war; that at the time of his seizure he was clothed with the nationality of the United States, and that the acts of our officers, under the circumstances of the case, were justifiable, and their conduct has been fully approved by me, and a compliance with the several demands of the Emperor of Austria has been declined."

So, in colloquial language of the present, that was *that!*

The Koszta affair was the nearest approach to war with the Austrian Empire that we ever had, until, in 1917, actual war was declared against that tyrannical and decayed nation.

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JOHN HUNT MORGAN

On July 9, 1863, a man working in his cornfield not far from the Ohio River heard tumult and shouting at a point on the river's bank separated from his view by a screen of trees. Dropping his hoe, he sped to a place of vantage and peered through the bushes. He gasped as he beheld the sight before him.

Two steamers, the *Alice Dean* and the *J. T. McCoombs*, were warped to the bank, and from their decks torrents of cavalry were streaming down gangways and lining up along the shore. A very few moments were sufficient for the farmer to become aware of the real menace that was before him. It was no less than:

"Morgan, Morgan, the raider,
And Morgan's terrible men."

The frightened man, realizing that his native Indiana lay helpless before the invader, stole along fences and hedges until he came to his barn. Hurriedly mounting a horse, he rode down the country roads, like a modern Paul Revere, shouting:

"Morgan is across the Ohio! Morgan's men are coming. They're right at my heels. Must be ten thousand of them. Call out the militia. Morgan's coming!"

At this point let us pause to consider the character of this terrible leader of terrible men.

John Hunt Morgan was born in Huntsville, Alabama, in 1825. He was but five years of age when his father moved to a farm near Lexington, Kentucky. John was twenty-one when the Mexican War broke out, and he de-

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cided at once to enter the army. He obtained a commission as first lieutenant in Colonel Marshall's regiment of Kentucky cavalry, but saw little active service, much to his disappointment. Just before starting out for the seat of hostilities he was made a Master Mason in Lexington Lodge No. 1.

This Lodge, the oldest in the State, had been chartered by the Virginia Grand Lodge on November 17, 1788, as Number 25. It is really the Mother Lodge of Masonry in Kentucky, and bears on its yellow rolls the names of some of the most distinguished men of "The Dark and Bloody Ground." In 1913 this ancient Lodge published a concise history in commemoration of its 125th anniversary. On page 36 of this book, recording the events of the year 1846, we find the following:

"The War with Mexico took toll of the Craft in Lexington where two companies were raised, officered by Masons. Captain Cassius Clay, of No. 22, commanded one, and Captain Oliver Hazard Perry the other. The Grand Lodge patriotically permitted the degrees to be conferred on a number of candidates in less than the regulation time, so that they could form an Army Lodge, else they might never have been able to receive them. . . . . Among those taking the degrees by special dispensation were. . . . Captain John H. Morgan, afterward the famous Confederate cavalry leader. The picture here shown of Morgan has never been published before, and is one about the date he was made a Mason."

The picture referred to shows the face of a young man with mild, pleasant eyes and the look of a dreamer or a poet, rather than that of a heartless marauder, such as Morgan has been characterized.

After the Mexican War, Brother John H. Morgan entered business in Lexington, became prosperous and was elected captain of a local militia company. At the out-

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break of the Civil War, sympathizing with the South, he abandoned both his business and the old flag, and escaped to the Confederate lines, taking with him nearly all his company with its arms.

In the Confederate service his initiative and daring as a leader of cavalry caused him to be rapidly promoted through the grades until, just before his famous "Christmas Raid," he was made brigadier-general. This raid, his most successful expedition, was directed against the line of supply of Rosecrans, and earned for Morgan the thanks of the Confederate Congress. He wrecked the Louisville and Nashville Railroad for a distance of sixty miles, captured nineteen hundred prisoners, destroyed an immense quantity of Federal property—and did it all with a total loss of but ninety men. No wonder he was considered "terrible" by the Federals, soldiers and civilians alike.

The Christmas Raid took place in the winter of 1862-63, and he remained active until after his most hazardous, if unsuccessful expedition into the heart of the North.

The tremendous burst of energy by the Confederacy that ushered in Lee's campaign in Pennsylvania carried enthusiasm to such leaders in the West as Morgan the cavalryman, as yet but thirty-eight years of age, tall, broad-shouldered, energetic and dashing. He decided to move straight for the Ohio River, cross it, and with a force of 4,000 men, cavalry and artillery, strike through Indiana and Ohio, and eventually make his way to Virginia by way of some fords in the upper Ohio River.

In the latter part of June, 1863, therefore, Morgan broke camp on the bank of the Cumberland, and with his entire brigade, constantly being augmented, marched straight for the North. The Federal General Hobson, with a brigade of four regiments of Kentucky cavalry, immediately took up the pursuit, but approached the Ohio

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just in time to see the *Alice Dean* burning on the farther shore and Morgan's rear guard disappearing in the distance, his bugles sounding taunting calls.

Morgan had landed on Indiana soil at a point one hundred and sevently miles below Cincinnati. Turning now in a northeasterly direction, he marched across country at the rate of fifty miles per day, for the time leaving his pursuer, Hobson, checkmated by the river and the lack of transportation. However, Hobson crossed the next day, and instantly set out on a vigorous pursuit.

As for Morgan's 4,000 hard-bitten veterans, they were having the time of their lives. True, news of Lee's repulse at Gettysburg had reached them, but they were full of the desire to make their brethren of the North realize to the full the horrors of war.

The alarm had quickly spread. As Morgan approached Brandenburg, the Leavenworth home-guards blocked his passage. Then the bugles blared, the ground fairly shook under the pounding of sixteen thousand hoofs, there followed the popping of pistols, the screams of men ridden down—and it was all over. Forty-five militia men were taken captive. Morgan entered the town and plundered it. Then, with his men cumbered with goods they could not use, he again ordered the advance along the dusty roads that led away through the cornfields and rich meadows of the Hoosier State.

But the country was rising. Like their ancestors had done in the days of the Lexington alarm, the farmers rushed to arms, and the militia, officered in many cases by disabled veterans home on leave, posted themselves at stragetic points. Far ahead on the line of march sounded ringing beels, the crashing of signal guns, the distant calls of men. And ever in the rear, somewhere in the rear, Hobson and his eager Kentuckians pressed forward in the wake of the foe's ruthless march.

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Plundering, stealing horses, firing at belligerent farmers, or knots of militia, Morgan's terrible men rode on their way, the clouds of dust kicked up by the hoofs of their mounts rising to the blue of the July sky.

At Corydon the militia made a short but heroic stand, only to be submerged by the rushing, roaring tide of vengeful horsemen. Here fifteen of the home-guards died, and two hundred were captured. Morgan could not afford to be encumbered with captives; he paroled them.

Levying contributions on banks and business firms, the Confederate leader marched through Paris and came to Vernon, where 1,200 militia were assembled. Morgan demanded the surrender of this place.

"Come and take it," replied the doughty colonel of the home-guards.

Morgan decided not to delay at this point. He swept around the town and moved on to Versailles, where he relieved the county treasurer of his funds. He sacked this town and, further along, in a German settlement, his men captured a wagon load of beer. Entering Ohio at Harrison, he rode to the north of Cincinnati, but within sight of its smoke. Although Cincinnati was the home of a famous old Lodge, Brother Morgan had no time to make a fraternal visit. He was engaged in the ruthless game of war. Furthermore, he had learned that General Judah was leading a force up the bank of the Ohio to intercept him, while behind him he knew Hobson and his veteran troopers were forcing their jaded mounts to the uttermost.

Across the counties of Hamilton, Clermont and Brown, Morgan's men swept, coming at last to Winchester in Adams County. Here, on the afternoon of the fifteenth, he robbed the United States mail and confiscated property to the estimated amount of thirty-five thousand dollars,

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while the troopers tore up all the National flags they could find and tied them to the tails of their steeds. Then, laughing and firing, they rode out of town.

Next, Morgan marched to Jackson. A short distance from this place a militia barricade delayed him two hours. Here, learning that 3,000 militia had collected at the town of Berlin, Morgan sent a detachment with some artillery to disperse them. A single well-aimed shell did the work, then Morgan reunited his force and marched as rapidly as possible for Buffington Ford, where he hoped to be able to cross the river into Virginia. This ford was about twenty miles below Blennerhassett Island, where in 1806 Aaron Burr had launched his ill-fated expedition.

Morgan had learned that General Judah had already left Portsmouth, Ohio, and was striving to cut him off from the river. On the seventeenth of the month Morgan reached Pomeroy, Ohio, and the next night encamped almost opposite Buffington Ford. The following morning he intended to take his army by way of the shoals to the further side. However, recent rains had swollen the river, and it was now too late in the day to attempt the crossing. Furthermore, there was a heavy fog, and objects were shrouded by a blanket of mist. Morgan caused his men to bivouac in a cornfield. As usual he posted his sentries, but the soldiers were not permitted to light fires to prepare their supper.

Near the point where Morgan had encamped, a road leading down from the hills entered at right angles the river road. It was along the river road that the force of General Judah would naturally advance. As for Hobson and his cavalry, Morgan did not know where they were. He hoped he had outdistanced them in his long and rapid march. He was now one hundred and seventy miles above Cincinnati, having come three hundred and forty miles since landing on the Indiana shore.

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It was nearly morning on the nineteenth when one of Morgan's sentries, hearing a suspicious noise on the river road, fired his rifle and shouted "Sergeant of the guard!"

Instantly tumult reigned. In the fog and the gloom of early morning rifles flashed, and a sudden braying of cavalry trumpets told the Confederates that Judah's column had arrived. Morgan, though surprised, was not at a loss. He had, the night before, planted some artillery to sweep the road along which the Federals were now advancing. This artillery he opened upon Judah's men, who were almost as surprised as the Confederates. So sudden and fierce was the attack of Morgan that the head of the Federal column recoiled. Sounding the call for his troopers to mount, Morgan was about to make a fierce charge, when to his dismay firing broke out in the direction of the road that led down from the hills to the north. Hobson and his veteran Kentucky troopers had arrived with artillery. The guns were speedily planted in a strategic position, and the terrible raider found himself between two hot fires.

Thinking to retreat by the shoals of the river, Morgan had hardly given the necessary order when, accompanied by the hissing of steam and the clanging of her bell, the gunboat *Moose* forged up the river and opened with grapeshot on the trapped rebels.

"Up the river!" shouted Morgan in desperation. "Mount—trot—gallop!" Abandoning their artillery, the Confederate cavalrymen mounted their horses and raced up the bank of the stream. But the recent rains had raised the river high enough to make navigation of the river entirely safe for the gunboat. With her paddlewheels forcing her to the utmost speed, the *Moose* kept abreast of the Southern troopers, and literally sprayed the shore with shell and canister.

All was now confusion. The clouds of powder smoke,

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the fog, the roaring of the heavy guns on the steamer, the constant rattling of carbine fire, the charges of horsemen, the yells of men, united to turn the erstwhile quiet bank of the Ohio into a veritable hell. Like the dried leaves which fall from the trees in autumn, caught by the blast, Morgan's men were tossed this way and that, striving only for escape. Retribution grim and great had overtaken them.

Morgan divided his force into two columns, and led one of them straight for the river, hoping to escape to the further bank. As the troopers drove their frenzied mounts into the stream, the bow of the ubiquitous gunboat came thrusting through the fog, and into the struggling mass of men and horses she poured her destructive fire. Between the discharges of the cannon the men could hear the hissing of the steam in her boilers and the creaking of her rigging, so close she came. A few succeeded in gaining the further bank and safety. Many slid from their horses to rise no more; the balance, including Morgan, regained the bank from which they had just come and dashed at a weakened portion of the Union line, temporarily effecting their escape.

In the meantime, the other column, under the immediate command of Basil Duke, was beset on all sides by lunging, striking horsemen. To resist further against the overwhelming odds would but insure total destruction. Throwing his sword on the ground, Duke surrendered, together with about 800 of his men. The rest broke through the lines and fled pell-mell up the bank of the river, closely pursued by the mounted men of Hobson and Judah. Opposite Belleville, Virginia, many of the Confederates again took to the river and attempted to attain sanctuary on the further side. But again the *Moose* came nosing through the fog, her guns belching destruction. Perhaps twenty men did make their escape here, but the

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finally enabled to make a surprise attack on General Hobson, one of his old opponents at Buffington Ford. He captured Hobson's force entire—a body of men 1,600 strong.

It was now Morgan's turn to be surprised; for the career of a raider, though full of excitement, is apt to be short and sweet. On the twelfth of June, 1864, Burbridge fell upon Morgan like a thunderbolt and drove him into headlong rout, with a loss of six hundred. Most of Hobson's horses and one hundred of his men were also recaptured. Morgan's force was again dissolved into its original elements and scattered over the face of the land. For some time after this Morgan was restrained from further activity, more from inability than lack of desire.

However, by indefatigable exertion he, by the first of September, had collected a force which Federal historians have characterized as "a band of guerrillas." With this force he occupied Greenville in East Tennessee on the third day of the month. He chose the residence of a Mrs. Williams as his headquarters and with a portion of his staff prepared to spend the night there.

After the officers had retired, an inmate of the house stole out and managed to convey a message to the Federal General Gillem, who lay with his force at Bull Gap, not far away.

During the heavy hours of early morning there came the thunder of charging cavalry. The roar of the pounding hoofs drew nearer, nearer. Now a troop clattered up to the residence of Mrs. Williams and surrounded the house. General Morgan heard the alarm at the outer door. He sprang from his bed, rushed to the window and endeavored to make his escape among the trees and shrubbery. Carbines flamed in the gloom.

The partisan chief flinched, twisted on his heel, sank into the moist grass.

Morgan the raider was no more.

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LEONARD WOOD

It may be considered inappropriate to include in this series of "Masonic Soldiers of Fortune" one who never fought save under the flag of his own land. But, when we review the truly remarkable fortune of the man—and Brother—which raised him in eighteen years from a boyish contract surgeon in the army to be major-general of regulars by the time he was forty-three, and then, while he was far from being aged, behold him as governor-general of our richest possessions beyond the seas, the distinction seems relevant.

The story of his life so closely parallels the history of this country for the last twenty-five years that we cannot refrain from giving the worthy Brother a place in this work. During the recent quarter-century our rather modest and retiring republic has advanced to the position of a colonizing and empire-building nation. Romance and adventure have been the portions of our young men who during that time have carried the flag from Santiago to Manila, from Peking to Sedan, from Coblenz to Archangel.

Leonard Wood was born in 1860 at Winchester, New Hampshire, of Puritan New England stock. He was graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1884, and the next year, feeling the lure of adventure, he joined the regular army as contract surgeon with the rank of captain. Active service of the most strenuous kind awaited him.

In the Southwest the deadly Apache Indians had long

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held the land in a grip of terror. The Apache may have had a code of honor, but he was devoid of compassion. His prisoners he killed by the most ingenious and exquisite tortures. He was a psychologist without knowing it, and based his tortures upon the effect that he aimed to produce on his victim's mind.

Sometimes he would stake out his captive near a rattlesnake, which was restrained from inflicting his fatal stroke by a leathern thong cut a fraction of an inch too short to permit the reptile to bite his victim. A shower, whose approach the Apache had noted, caused the leather to stretch under the constant strivings of the snake, and then the rattler was enabled to accomplish his purpose. The agony of the prisoner, flat on his back, staring straight up into the sky, can possibly be imagined!

Another favorite diversion of the Apache was to bury alive in an upright position his captive, leaving merely the head exposed above the ground. This was always done near an ant hill. After properly stirring up the insects with a stick the bold warrior would ride away. One does not need to be told what happened to the face of the victim.

The Apache boasted of his hardihood in murdering the man who had given him food and drink, saying that anybody could kill an enemy, but it took a real warrior to kill a friend. He slew ruthlessly, sparing neither women nor babes. His methods were stealth, treachery and deceit. Pigmy in stature, emaciated of frame, he required little for sustenance, and, after a bloody raid, could speedily make his escape from the soldiers. It was popularly supposed that he could not be successfully pursued. He believed this himself, hence he raided frequently and terribly in Arizona, New Mexico and the northern provinces of old Mexico.

It was to this terror-stricken land that our greatest In-

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dian fighter, General Nelson A. Miles, was ordered at about the time that Wood secured his berth as army surgeon. In his "Memoirs," Miles speaks of Wood appreciatively:

"I also found at Fort Huachuca another splendid type of American manhood, Captain Leonard Wood, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Army. He was a young officer, aged twenty-four, a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard, a fair-haired, blue-eyed young man of great intelligence, sterling, manly qualities, and resolute spirit. He was also perhaps as fine a specimen of physical strength and endurance as could easily be found. He had a perfect knowledge of anatomy, and had utilized this knowledge of physiology in training himself and bringing every part of his physique to its highest perfection, and seemed to have the will power and energy to keep his own physical mechanism in perfect condition and activity."

When Miles was ordered to the Department of the Southwest things for the moment were unwontedly quiet, but he knew that this state of affairs would not last. Hence he prepared to meet the expected situation. One of the first things he did was to order a quantity of heliographs, an instrument that up to this time had not been much in vogue. In the sunny land of Arizona and New Mexico Miles anticipated that this arrangement for sending messages by the reflection of the sun's rays on mirrors would prove to be of great value. Time was to settle the justice of this belief. He established heliograph stations all over both territories; in New Mexico there were thirteen, in Arizona fourteen. He records that in the division of Arizona the total number of messages sent from May 1, 1886, to September 30 of the same year was 2,264.

Also Miles decided to use psychology on the hostiles; they were not to be permitted to have a corner in that kind of business. Heretofore they had escaped because they

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could distance the soldiers in the mountains. This they could probably do again. But Miles believed he could convince Cochise, Natchez, Victorio and Geronimo, the greatest of the Apache chieftains, that no matter where the Indians went, or how long it took, the troops would *never* give up the chase until their quarry was captured. It might take years and the trail might lead to the ends of the continent, but steadily, methodically, indefatigably, the troops would always be just behind the foemen, giving them no rest, no relaxation, no time to gloat over successful raids. They would be kept on the go eternally; for as the troops died or fell by the wayside fresh contingents would take their places. Miles well knew that the Apache desires rest after a campaign. Well, *he* would give the Apache no rest. It was possible that he could not quite catch up with the chase, but he would always be merely a short distance behind. A new treaty had been negotiated with Mexico, whereby American soldiers were to be permitted to carry the pursuit into the Southern Republic. This was a great gain, for now the border provided no city of refuge to the workers of iniquity.

Then came a raid.

Gathering in the mountains of Northern Mexico, the hostiles swept into Arizona, killing, burning, ravaging.

The heliographs began to flash on the mountains. Dot-dash-dot-dash blazed the signals on the heights. The troops—hardy regular cavalrymen—gathered in the valleys, the routes by which the Apaches advanced and retreated. Here they patrolled, while the infantrymen, plains-dried veterans who could walk a horse to death, scaled the steeps of the mountains and routed the little brown men from their secret places.

To Geronimo and the rest the campaign speedily began to take on a dubious air. It was different from the others. No matter where they turned, their presence was known,

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for the white man had called the sun to his aid. If they camped for a few hours at a water hole, there ensued the pounding of hoofs, and a yelling, shooting mass of blue-coated men was riding over them. If they took to the hills, the lean infantry climbed sturdily after them.

The Apaches turned back toward old Mexico. They were pursued. One band was cut off and surrounded. This surrendered, while another, under Geronimo himself, entered the mountains of the Aztec republic.

Miles now collected a choice company, placed it under the command of Captains Lawton and Leonard Wood, and ordered it to follow Geronimo to the end of time if necessary. And so the chase began.

The trail led into the Yaqui River country, a land absolutely unknown to the white man. Tradition said that in this vicinity were lost mines of the Spanish conquerors, unworked for over two hundred years, now the homes of the terrible Apache and the deadly rattlesnake. Here the mountains, of volcanic origin, precluded the use of horses. On foot the men again took up the pursuit. For food the column had to depend on game that it could shoot—mostly mountain deer. The heat was intense. The feet of the men, pressing on the torrid rocks, were blistered and the rifle-barrels grew so hot that the hand could not touch them. Overhead a killing sun blazed in a sky devoid of clouds, while under foot cactus, rattlesnakes and jagged rocks made the way of the pursuer hard. At times there was no water to be had, and on one occasion the men opened the veins of their arms and moistened their parched lips with their own blood.

But no one ever dreamed of giving up the pursuit. Often they were near the Apaches without seeing them. One day while Wood and Lawton were out hunting deer they were forced to climb a steep bank. They were about half way up when from somewhere two rifle shots rang

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out on the hot air and bullets from unseen rifles threw up the dust in their very faces.

On the 13th of July the column managed to surprise the camp of Geronimo and capture all the enemy's supplies. But the warriors escaped.

The task was resumed. Choking with thirst; at times, when game was scarce, starving; their clothing torn to rags; their shoes gone; the men pushed doggedly on through the torrid heat and sudden tropical storms. Often they could catch glimpses of the Indians, and never were they more than a few hours behind.

It was too much for Geronimo. He quit cold, led his band into camp and surrendered. It was the end of the Apache War, and peace reigned in the territories of the great Southwest.

Miles, Lawton and Wood received well-deserved commendation. Lawton and Wood were the only officers in the column who lasted until the end.

Wood was voted the Medal of Honor, although it was nearly ten years later when it was actually bestowed upon him.

Neither Miles nor Wood was a Mason at this time. General Miles was raised in Los Angeles in 1888. Leonard Wood was initiated in Anglo-Saxon Lodge, No. 137, Brooklyn, in 1916. He soon became known as a "bright" Mason, for he had thoroughly learned the work. Later he became a member of the Englewood Commandery, Knights Templar, and of the Medina Temple, Chicago. Shortly before his death, he had been elected to receive the Thirty-third Degree, Northern Masonic Jurisdiction, but the Grim Reaper intervened to prevent this final honor.

Just prior to the outbreak of the Spanish War, Wood was stationed in Washington, D. C. Here he met a very energetic middle-aged man, Theodore Roosevelt by name,

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then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The two men, unlike in temperament but singularly alike in ideals, became warm friends and eventually Masonic Brethren. They took many long walks over the Virginia hills and along the Potomac. Both foresaw the likelihood of war with Spain and both were determined to be in it, if it came.

The *Maine* was blown up and hostilities followed. Wood and Roosevelt raised the First Regiment, U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, and offered it to the Government. It was accepted, and Wood was named colonel, with Roosevelt as lieutenant-colonel. Composed of Eastern athletes and Western cowboys, the regiment was presently distinguished as *The Rough Riders,* and as such it will be always known to fame.

With characteristic energy the commanding officers managed to have the regiment armed with the regular army Krag carbine, and to secure its detail with the army of invasion under General Shafter, which was ordered to the conquest of Santiago, Cuba.

The Rough Riders' luck took them into the first fight of the campaign at Las Guasimas. Here an American brigade under General Young, nine hundred strong, ran squarely into a force of Spanish, twelve hundred in number, hidden in the jungle that flanked the road to Santiago. In the hot fight that followed, the new regiment stood up to the work like veterans and helped materially in winning the fight, suffering a loss of forty-two, killed and wounded. They had left their horses in Florida, and so served dismounted throughout the campaign.

When the firing began some of the men in their excitement began to curse. Colonel Wood came striding along the path, leading his horse. "Don't swear—shoot!" he growled. Then everyone laughed and became cool again. (Roosevelt—"*The Rough Riders*"—page 106.)

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Shortly after this skirmish Wood was placed in command of a brigade in Wheeler's division, and Roosevelt took command of the regiment.

On July first was fought the battle of San Juan Hill, a most bloody affair, considering the number of men engaged, and one that will always remain among the proud traditions of the American Army. Here it was that infantry, with little artillery support, made a frontal attack on an enemy almost equal in number, located on a fortified ridge and protected by barbed wire fences, machine guns and artillery. In the charge the Americans had sixty-six hundred men engaged, and they suffered a loss of one thousand seventy-one. The Rough Riders went into battle with four hundred and ninety men, and sustained a loss of eighty-nine, the heaviest suffered by any regiment in the cavalry division.

On the eighth day of July, 1898, before the surrender of Santiago, Wood was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers, and the following December was promoted major-general. Upon the surrender of Santiago, Wood was placed in command, and in October following was given charge of the entire province of Santiago. The next year he was appointed Governor-General of the Island of Cuba, a position he continued to fill very ably until the United States withdrew its forces from the island.

In 1901, he was commissioned brigadier-general in the regular army, and two years later was promoted major-general and placed in command of a division in the Philippines. He was commander of the Department of the East in 1908-9, and in 1914, having in 1910 been sent on a special mission to the Argentine Republic. He was Chief of Staff of the army in 1910-14, and as such was a leading advocate of preparedness at a time when the nation had as yet failed to realize the German menace across the sea.

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To General Wood we owe the so-called "Plattsburg Idea"; that is, the scheme of officers' training camps; the first one having been established by him at Plattsburg, N. Y. This plan was used largely during the World War, and many thousands of young college men were thereby hastily given the rudiments of military education, commissioned lieutenants, captains and majors and dispatched to Europe. Though they were facetiously termed "Ninety-Day Wonders," they rendered good service in the huge army that we had sent to the aid of France.

The Plattsburg Idea is still used, and probably always will be. Every year thousands of young men receive for one month intensive training that, after four successive years, is calculated to fit them for commissions in the Officers Reserve Corps of the United States Army.

In 1915, General Wood published a book entitled *"The Military Obligation of Citizenship,"* in which he advocated ideas that, two years later, were incorporated in the Selective Service Act by Congress, whereby several million young men were drafted for service in the War for Democracy. In 1916 he published *"Our Military History."*

When America went into the great war in 1917, General Wood was placed in command of the 89th Division, composed of drafted men from Kansas and Missouri. He trained this division well and sympathetically, and before the crucial moment arrived in 1918 had it in excellent shape. Naturally he expected to lead it in France. The Administration at Washington ordained otherwise. Wood was relieved of command of his cherished 89th Division, and it was given to Major-General William M. Wright. At Saint Mihiel and in the Argonne the 89th fully met the expectations of its former commander and its present one.

It was a hard fate that deprived Wood of the honor of leading his division in France. The ostensible reason was that none but "West Pointers" were desired in high com-

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mand; but this reason did not seem to affect the 27th Division from New York, to cite a notable case. It must have been a bitter pill for Wood to swallow; but he, true patriot that he was, took his medicine like a man. Without a word of protest he accepted the command of a raw division and set about the task of whipping the recruits into shape. The end came, and Wood had been unable to demonstrate his ability on the fields of France and Flanders.

He had his reward later in the appointment as Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, a post that he filled with marked ability.

His work in the Philippines will probably stand as his greatest monument. His personality was such that he was enabled to harmonize the various discordant elements in the public life and secure from each the maximum of service. He had little of a military nature to contend with, for throughout his regime the Islands were peaceful. He, however, developed the Native Constabulary to a degree of efficiency that has resulted in practically all necessary patrol work being done by that body.

His policy of aiding the natives to achieve successful representative government was carried on to such a point that the Filipinos have under the present system a greater scope of liberty than would be feasible, or even possible, under absolute independence. The educational program, which had its inception soon after America took over the Islands, was carried on with increasing efficiency.

Perhaps his biggest single achievement was the establishment of the world's greatest leper colony at Culion. His medical knowledge enabled him to select the right people for this work, and during the last five years, it is said, more than a thousand of the milder cases of this supposedly hopeless disease have been cured.

Since the days of Christ the despairing cry of the leper

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has echoed down through the centuries. Now, because of the self-sacrificing efforts of a great soldier, the light of hope has been carried into the habitat of the unclean.

Recently an edict directed that Camp Meade, located between Baltimore and Washington, should be called Fort Leonard Wood. This is well; but it is not by the names of forts and places of arms that General Wood will be remembered. His work and his fame shall endure long after the concrete walls of fortresses have been again resolved into dust.

Early in 1927 the general visited America, to confer with the President, to improve his own health and to solicit help for his leper project. During the latter part of the summer he submitted to an operation in Boston. He failed to rally, and on August 6th, his spirit returned to God, Who gave it.

He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery, in a plot reserved for the Rough Riders—that band of immortals he had led in Cuba.

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EMILIO AGUINALDO

The career of expansion and colonization entered upon by the United States in 1898 was destined to bring into our national annals the records of many native leaders of races hitherto unknown to the average American. And of these native leaders, he who perhaps occupies more pages of our history than any other is Emilio Aguinaldo.

There is much mystery connected with the life of Aguinaldo. Various dates have been given regarding his birth, but the most reliable one would place it as March 22, 1869, and the spot where he first saw the light of day as Old Cavite, Luzon, Philippine Islands. Concerning his lineage there is yet more doubt. Some say his father was a Spanish general; others claim for a certain priest the paternity of the precocious child; yet others insist that he is of mixed Chinese and Tagolog (native Filipino) parentage. The last guess is probably the best.

At four years of age the future general of the Filipino army was a house boy in the home of a Jesuit priest in Cavite, and this fact probably explains the second guess in regard to Aguinaldo's paternity. In the home of this priest little Emilio was kindly treated. He was well dressed and sent to school. Little is now known concerning his early development, save the fact that he was so precocious that at the age of ten he was supposed to be the mental superior of most adults of the Tagol people. He was but fifteen when he entered the medical department of the Pontifical University of Manila. Here he remained for four years and was considered a bright student.

Shortly after leaving the University Aguinaldo joined

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the Masonic fraternity and thus incurred the enmity of both the secular and religious authorities of Manila. Governmental hostility may not have had its origin in Aguinaldo's fraternal affiliation; he had on various occasions expressed himself in strong terms on the subject of Spanish misrule in the Islands. At any rate he now thought it high time to be on his way. Accordingly, he sojourned for a time in Hong Kong. At this place he found a considerable colony of his own people. A new field of inspiration was also opened up to him at this time. The maneuvers of the British troops in garrison at Hong Kong excited his admiration and, boylike, he decided to become a soldier. Accordingly, he for a time haunted gunshops in his endeavor to become thoroughly familiar with firearms. Also, he read the lives of the great soldiers of history—Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, Lee. He took up the study of languages and became proficient in French, English and Chinese.

Deciding to learn the military profession from the ground up, he went to Kowloon and joined the Chinese army. It took him but a brief time to decide that he could learn little of the art of war here. He had sense enough to realize that modern battles are not won by false faces and stinkpots. He secured his discharge and then entered the Chinese navy, being assigned to a ship which was officered largely by Europeans and Americans. This was better, and he was enabled to absorb much useful knowledge. Eventually he left the Chinese service and returned to the Islands where he was chosen mayor of the town of Cavite Viejo. He was occupying this position when an insurrection against the authority of Spain broke out under the leadership of Dr. Jose Rizal, in 1896.

Rizal was a friend, and a Masonic brother, of Aguinaldo, a thorough patriot and an educated man. Hardly

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had he sown the seeds of war before he was arrested and executed.

Aguinaldo had been in the conspiracy. In spite of the fact that he was popular with the villagers, his position was growing insecure, members of the Dominican Order having filed information against him for being a Freemason. Hence, he decided to cross the Rubicon. Casting in his lot with the insurgents, he became almost at once their recognized leader and general.

The cause of Spain was at this time in a bad way. The native regiments did not wish to serve against their own kin, and the Spanish regulars were too few to make headway against the rebels. The wily Don decided to adopt strategy—and gold, as his weapons.

Spain accordingly made an offer to the effect that she would pay the expenses of the war, grant a general amnesty, and concede the reforms demanded by the insurgents. Aguinaldo asked for assurance that these terms would be complied with, one of his conditions being the payment of a million dollars.

The money, or at least a portion of it, was paid over, Aguinaldo and his immediate group getting $300,000. These patriots now went to live in Hong Kong and the war came to an end. But Spain did not grant the reforms she had promised. Back came Aguinaldo and his generals, and in 1897 started a new war. This was in full swing when hostilities broke out between the United States and Spain in April, 1898. The battle of Manila Bay and the occupation of the city by American troops followed.

Aguinaldo concluded to make the most of this great opportunity. Before the fall of the city he was of considerable use to the American leaders, and he neglected no opportunity to attempt to elicit from them a pledge of

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Philippine independence. This not being forthcoming, he decided to strike hard against the forces of America.

He now had an army of 20,000 troops, well armed with the Mauser rifles captured from the Spanish infantry. Within the city of Manila there were but thirteen thousand American soldiers, many of these being comparatively raw volunteer troops, never under fire.

The blow fell suddenly and without previous warning, according to the Oriental way, on the night of February 4th, 1899. Aguinaldo had expected that his troops would rush the Americans off their feet and capture the city with one fell swoop.

It did not turn out that way. The hours of darkness following the opening gun were hours of uncertainty, but with the dawn the Americans took the offensive. Soon the city and the surrounding region were girdled with flame and smoke. While the great guns in the fleet roared, the troops on land, horse, artillery and foot, drove fiercely at Aguinaldo's lines, charging with the bayonet, volley firing and yelling with gusto. Many of the natives were driven into the river and drowned; regiments were decimated by the field artillery of the Americans. It is estimated that this abortive attempt on Manila cost Aguinaldo's army 6,000 men. And the war had just begun.

It soon became evident that the Filipino soldier could not stand in the open before the American. All along the line Aguinaldo's men were forced back, his capital was captured, he was driven into the hills. And now reinforcements began to come in from America; for it was realized by the Administration at Washington that guerrilla warfare would probably ensue, and no man knew when it would terminate. Driving the enemy from the plains and fighting him in the mountains were not by any means the same thing.

Now enters a man destined to have a great effect, both

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on the conduct of the war and Aguinaldo's fortunes. Let us present Frederick Funston of Kansas.

Frederick Funston was the son of "Foghorn" Funston and was born in Ohio in 1866. The father moved to Kansas while Freddie was yet a small lad and settled at Iola. He was a politician and eventually became a Congressman, serving for several years in the national legislative body. In 1870 he petitioned Iola Lodge No. 38 for the degrees of Masonry and in due time received the first degree. But there he stopped; he never completed the work. Why this was so we do not know. Perhaps it may tend to explain why the son, Frederick, never petitioned for the degrees, in spite of the fact that he became a rover and undoubtedly had many experiences wherein Masonry would have proved of value to him.

The young child Fred grew to be a man five feet five inches tall and with a gross displacement of 115 pounds. But he had spirit!

He entered the Kansas State University but failed of graduation, for the reason, as phrased by one of his classmates, that "he had difficulty with some of the textbooks." Next he was city editor of the *Fort Smith Tribune,* but soon lost this job. Then he became a conductor on the Santa Fe Railroad, and for beating up a cowboy presently vacated this position. After that he went on an expedition to Dakota, then on one to Death Valley, and in 1892 embarked on a trip to collect botanical specimens in Alaska. In the Yukon River his canoe struck a snag and went to the bottom, but Fred was saved by a missionary who chanced along. The missionary took him to his tribe of domesticated Esquimaux, with whom he spent the winter.

He now returned to the States and decided to become a soldier of fortune. For a time no war appeared on the

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horizon. Eventually, though, he decided to go down to Cuba and help the insurgents whip Spain.

He arrived in New York City in the summer of 1896 and applied to the Cuban Junta for a job. He failed to impress the Cuban official; that party was looking for he-men, or, at least, for men who could handle artillery. Far from being dismayed, young Funston hunted up the men who were shipping guns to the Cuban army and set himself to work to learn how to manipulate the cannon. After thirty minutes of instruction he considered himself graduated. He then went back to the Junta and announced himself as an artilleryman. He was hired.

No sooner had he arrived in Cuba and made his way to the seat of war than he chanced upon a group of insurgents trying in vain to hit a Spanish blockhouse with a fieldpiece. Funston took over the management of the cannon and hit the blockhouse the first shot. Also, he kept right on hitting it.

The Cubans made him a colonel.

While in the artillery he was second in command of a detachment of which Osgood, a former Cornell football half-back, was chief. After Osgood was killed at Guimaro in October, 1896, Funston assumed command of the detachment and charged the Spanish works with a dynamite bomb in his hand. The Spanish surrendered. Later, because there was more work for cavalry, and because there were more horses than guns, Funston became a cavalry officer, was shot three times, but lived to handle some dynamite guns at Las Tunas. Here he was wounded again, and, for good measure, his horse was shot and fell upon him, injuring both his hips. At this place the Cubans took fifty prisoners and speedily executed them. Funston pleaded in vain for the lives of these soldiers, then, disgusted at the barbarity of the Cubans, he decided to quit. After having fought in twenty-two battles and

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skirmishes, he resigned his commission, made his way to the coast and surrendered to the Spaniards. Eventually he managed to come back to the United States in time to be offered the commission of colonel in the 20th Kansas regiment, America having declared war against Spain. He accepted this commission, but was soon detached and ordered to Tampa to act in the Bureau of Military Intelligence; it being thought that his knowledge of Cuba would render him useful.

Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., in the *Success* magazine, about twenty years ago, thus describes Funston's appearance at the time of the Spanish war:

"The next day, I observed a little man with a full beard sitting at one side of the foyer of the hotel. He was dressed in white duck trousers and a black jacket. A thin crop of hair on the top of his head showed a tendency to baldness.

"If an ordinary tramp had been washed and dressed in a cheap suit of store goods, and set down in the luxuriously appointed hotel, he could not have appeared more out of place than did that little man. Many of our army officers passed him, looking everywhere except in his direction. He not only seemed strangely out of place, but evidently felt that he was."

The Cuban authorities did not want him in Tampa, for he knew too much about them. They circulated the story that he had deserted from the Cuban army, and eventually had him relieved and sent back to his regiment, then located on the Pacific coast.

The history of the 20th Kansas Regiment is an interesting one. Recruited almost entirely from the sons of well-to-do farmers of Kansas, it was a thoroughly American corps. Of its twelve hundred and seventy-two men, but eighteen were of foreign birth. Few of the officers knew anything of military drill, and the equipment was

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so inadequate that the regiment was the laughing stock of the Pacific coast. But this state of affairs soon changed after Funston took charge. One of the officers was a West Pointer, another had served fifteen years in the National Guard. Stiff drills were inaugurated, new rifles were secured, uniforms were ordered. Not in time for the war with Spain was the regiment whipped into shape, but it arrived in Manila on December 1, 1898, in plenty of time for Aguinaldo's outbreak. Funston had weeded out one hundred and fifty of the undesirable element before sailing from San Francisco, and now his regiment was in excellent condition. Speedily both regiment and colonel won distinction.

The exploits of Funston and his men read like fiction. On the morning of February 5, 1899, the regiment joined in the general offensive that drove Aguinaldo's forces from their lines into headlong retreat. After fighting all day the regiment charged a barricade in the road and swept over it with the loss of but one killed and seven wounded. The Filipinos were getting rattled and their fire was wild. A week later, the drive still continuing, four companies of the Kansas regiment assaulted a detachment of the enemy hidden behind a rice dyke. The little brown men, not yet fully conversant with the American tactics, evidently thought that the Kansas boys would not be able to stand the fire long enough to reach the trench. Hence, the Filipinos remained where they were —too long! With fearful shouts the Yankees swarmed over the parapet and began plying the bayonet. It was soon over; twenty-six Filipinos were killed at this point and the balance routed.

After the capture of Caloocan the army entrenched and remained there for over a month. Then the campaign was resumed, for reinforcements had arrived from the States. The Kansas regiment was in the division of

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General MacArthur and the brigade of H. G. Otis. The advance from La Loma church began on the morning of March 25. Firing heavy volleys, the troops swept forward in a series of rushes and forced Aguinaldo's men back all along the line. Arriving at the Tullajan River, the Kansas regiment, despite a heavy fire from the enemy concealed on the opposite bank, plunged in and, wading through water up to their armpits, stormed the trenches. A few days later, at the Marilao River, a similar condition was found to exist, but in an aggravated form. Here the river was ten feet deep and obviously could not be forded. Moored to the opposite bank just below the stronghold of the enemy, Funston had observed a large raft. He called for volunteers to swim the river in the teeth of the Filipino fire and seize the raft. From the fifty who volunteered for the hazardous service Funston selected five. Then aligning the rest of his men on the bank, he endeavored to sweep the top of the trenches opposite and keep the native riflemen under cover. Plunging into the water, the dauntless five splashed across the stream, secured the raft and, under a heavy fire, returned with it. Following this one of the heroes swam back with a rope and tied it to a tree, as a sort of cable. Taking twenty-five men, Funston now boarded the raft and poled across the stream. The enemy, three hundred strong, did not await the onset, but fled.

At Malolos twelve men of the Kansas regiment rushed upon the bridge from which the farther span had been removed, jumped into the water, while bullets were whining and ricocheting from the iron work, and swam to the other side of the stream. The enemy fled.

Next came the Pampanga River, and here it was found that the large railroad bridge of three hundred and fifty feet span had been almost ruined. There was nothing for the troops to walk upon save a few pieces of steel barely

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four inches in width. Funston sought and obtained permission to carry this bridge by assault; General MacArthur stipulated that it should be attempted with men who would volunteer for the service.

Selecting Corporal Fergus to reconnoiter after darkness had fallen, Funston began to choose his men for the dangerous task ahead. In the meantime, Corporal Fergus, armed with merely his revolver, stole across the almost demolished structure and discovered that at the farther end there was nothing but one steel girder three inches wide. The enemy were entrenched but a few yards beyond the point to which the nervy non-com had penetrated. A rush across the bridge was clearly impossible, hence Funston cast about for other means.

There were several rafts at this point, but a rope must be carried across the stream in order to render the rafts effective. For the task Funston selected two soldiers named Trembley and White. These men so belied their names that they swam to the opposite side with a rope and actually tied it to one of the posts of the insurgents' trench, while all the time Funston's men literally smothered the fire of the enemy. Taking forty-five men across, Funston charged the entrenchments and drove the Filipinos out.

And so the regiment went on its way, the farmer boys from Kansas performing feats hitherto unheard of except in the lurid pages of dime novels. From the time they left Manila until May 15, during which period they had been constantly campaigning, their loss had been 3 officers and 28 enlisted men killed, and 9 officers and 112 enlisted men wounded. Among the wounded was the colonel of the regiment, known to his men as "Scrapping Freddie."

While on the way to the hospital to have his wound dressed, Funston was handed a telegram which announced

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his appointment as brigadier-general of volunteers. He was now thirty-three years of age.

But there was a fly in the ointment of Fred Funston's joy. His commission as brigadier-general in the volunteer force was due to expire on June 1, 1900.

Time sped along, as time is wont to do. The insurrection still continued, even after March, 1901, arrived. The war was more than two years old and none knew how long it would continue, for Aguinaldo had demonstrated his wonderful power over his own people. Although no longer able to meet the Americans in the field, he yet had his capital somewhere in the mountains and managed to rally men to his standard. The war had become very expensive to America—both in blood and treasure. Hundreds of engagements, big and little, had been fought, and it was necessary to keep a large army constantly in the field.

Funston, considering the matter, came to the conclusion that the war would end only with the capture or death of Aguinaldo. Could *he* not compass that? He thought he could. And *if* he could, not only would he be doing his country a great service, he would insure his own lasting rank in the army and—perhaps—immortality.

It happened during the latter part of 1900 that General Funston captured the camp of the insurgent General Lacuna, together with his official seal, papers containing his signature, and various official documents. This incident probably gave Funston his idea. Then, on February 28, 1901, the confidential agent of Aguinaldo was seized in Northern Luzon. Funston obtained the papers found on the person of the agent and studied them carefully. Among them were letters from Aguinaldo directing one of his generals to take command of the province of Cen-

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tral Luzon, and, of course, betraying the present location of the insurgent chief. Another paper directed that four hundred troops be sent to Aguinaldo as soon as possible, and stated that the bearer of the letters (the secret agent) would guide the party to Aguinaldo's headquarters.

"Scrapping Freddie" now had all the material he needed. Speedily two letters were fabricated, ostensibly from Lacuna to Aguinaldo, the signature being forged from the copy, and the seal affixed. These letters informed Aguinaldo of the progress of the war in Central Luzon and stated that, pursuant to orders, he (Lacuna) was sending his best company to his chief.

Funston now picked the personnel of his proposed expedition. First he selected 78 friendly Macabebes, all of whom spoke the Tagalog dialect. Twenty of these natives Funston garbed in Filipino uniforms, the balance wearing the clothing of laborers. This company of Macabebes was armed with Mausers, Remingtons and Krags, and was commanded by Captain R. T. Hazzard. The other American officers of the party, beside Funston himself, were Lieutenant P. M. Hazzard, Captain Harry Newton and Lieutenant Burton J. Mitchell. Among the Macabebes were four former officers of the insurgent army, one being a Spaniard, the others natives. Funston trusted the former officers and instructed the Macabebes to obey them. The American leaders were garbed as private soldiers of the United States army, wearing no insignia of rank whatever.

On the night of March 8, 1901, the whole party embarked on the gunboat *Vicksburg*. Six days later the gunboat, at 2 o'clock in the morning, put out her lights and ran close in to the shore twenty-five miles south of Casiguran, Province of Principe. Landing, the party proceeded to Casiguran, a town hitherto ungarrisoned by the Americans and now full of insurgent sympathizers. At

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this place the ex-insurgent officers began to talk for effect. They boastfully stated that they had surprised an American surveying party, killed a number and captured five. Their captives they exhibited in the persons of General Funston and the other disguised officers. They stated further that they were taking the prisoners to General Aguinaldo.

The local mayor believed the yarn and proceeded to render himself useful. He read the two decoy letters, apparently signed by Lacuna, and forwarded them to Aguinaldo at Palawan, Province of Isabella. While in Casiguran General Funston and his brother officers were apparently kept in close confinement, but they gave their orders under the cloak of darkness.

On the morning of March 17th the members of the party supplied themselves with a quantity of parched corn and then set out on the ninety-mile hike to Palawan. The country through which they now advanced was wild and rough to a degree. Mountains, covered with matted vegetation, rose on every side, and the jungles in the valleys were almost impenetrable. The heat was excessive and the rank, miasmatic odors that rose from the steaming mud banks by the side of the streams threatened the men with illness. Then too, the parched corn soon failed and the men were reduced to the necessity of living on small shell fish. For seven terrible days and nights the soldiers forced their way toward the goal, climbing precipitous mountains, hacking their way through jungles, almost fainting from the combined effect of the moist heat and near-starvation. The American officers, now secure from the enemy's observation, encouraged the men, and all persisted until, on March 22, they reached a point but eight miles from Palawan.

The entire party was so nearly exhausted that it was necessary to send to Aguinaldo for help before it could

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proceed. The plea was heeded and supplies were forthcoming. The insurgent chief directed that the American prisoners should be kindly treated, but under no circumstances be permitted to enter town. Although it was obvious that he had not mistrusted the plot, it appeared that he respected the prowess of the American soldiers too much to feel safe when they were near, even as prisoners.

On the next morning the march was resumed. Shortly a column appeared, composed of a detachment of Aguinaldo's bodyguard led by a staff officer. This detachment was ordered to take charge of the prisoners.

At this time the American party was straggling along the trail, Funston himself being a short distance behind with a squad of Macabebes. Funston was warned and he proceeded to avoid Aguinaldo's bodyguard for a time, only joining the column, unobserved, as it entered the town.

Aguinaldo's "household troops," fifty well-drilled men, uniformed in blue and white, lined up to welcome the arriving detachment. Funston's men, crossing a river which flowed through the town, landed from the boats, formed in column of fours and marched in review before the insurgent grenadiers, while the native officers of the Macabebes entered the house where Aguinaldo was staying, ostensibly to render their report.

Before Aguinaldo could make any demands upon the new arrivals, the Spanish officer observed the rebel chieftain's aide looking with an eye of suspicion upon the proceedings. It was evident that action must be had at once.

Springing to the window, the Spaniard waved his sword and shouted, "Now, Macabebes! Go for them!"

A splutter of rifleshots followed. The volley from the Macabebes had been poorly aimed and only three of Agui-

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naldo's guard fell. The rest now returned the fire and a hurly-burly resulted. The populace fled in dismay, while General Funston sprang to the head of the Macabebes and directed their firing. The Household Troops stood but a few moments, then ran, many of them throwing their rifles on the ground. Funston led some of his men into the house where a mélée seemed to be in progress.

When the firing broke out Aguinaldo, thinking that his troops were saluting the newcomers, rushed to the window and shouted:

"Stop that foolishness! Quit wasting ammunition!"

Not yet did he suspect that anything was wrong.

But at this moment one of the Tagalog officers, who in former days had been wounded by the fire of the 20th Kansas regiment at the battle of Caloocan, but who now commanded the Macabebe detachment, sprang after Aguinaldo, threw his arms about his waist and exclaimed, "You are a prisoner of the Americans!"

Immediately several officers of Aguinaldo's staff attacked the Tagalog and the Spaniard. One of the insurgents was shot and another sprang from the window, ran to the river and plunged in just as Funston burst into the house. The other officers about Aguinaldo now surrendered at discretion.

The insurgent chief was very much excited, doubtless anticipating he was about to be shot. However, General Funston immediately assured him that he would not be harmed. He then regained his self-possession and sank into a chair.

"I should never have been taken," he panted as he mopped his face with his handkerchief, "except by strategem. I was completely deceived by Lacuna's forged signature."

Resting but one day in Palawan, Funston's expedition

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set out on the return march to the coast. At Palawan Bay Funston found the *Vicksburg,* and on this vessel the whole party, Aguinaldo included, returned to Manila.

Aguinaldo gave no trouble, but first feared that he would be sent an exile to Guam. Upon being assured that he would be permitted to remain in Manila, he expressed himself as being content. On April 19 he formally took the oath of allegiance to the United States. Although kept under surveillance for a time, he was allowed absolute liberty. Since taking the oath he has, so far as all evidence tends to show, been loyal to the United States. Now in his fifty-eighth year, he yet resides in Manila, in his secret moments doubtless yearning for the honors that might have been his had fate been more kind. He does not seem disposed to tell much concerning his former life; for a letter requesting information concerning details of his Masonic affiliation elicited no reply.

His capture practically ended the insurrection in Luzon. True, there were a few skirmishes and sporadic outbreaks later in the year; but most of the leaders soon came in and surrendered.

And how fared "Scrapping Freddie" Funston, the son of "Foghorn" Funston? The following dispatch indicates what his superior officer thought of the matter at the time:

"Manila, March 28.

"Adjutant-General, Washington:

"The transaction was brilliant in conception and faultless in execution. All credit must go to Funston, under whose supervision Gen. Wheaton organized and conducted the expedition from start to finish. His reward should be signal and immediate, with Gen. Wheaton, who recommends Funston's retention volunteers until he can be appointed Brigadier-General regulars. I hope speedy cessation of hostilities throughout archipelago as consequence

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of this stroke and as result of conferences now in probable progress. Aguinaldo will issue address advising general surrender, delivery arms, acceptance American supremacy.

"MacArthur."

In response to the above cablegram Funston was immediately appointed brigadier-general of regulars. Henceforth his place in life was secure. The young man who originally was a failure in everything he undertook had become famous and had earned a place in the military annals of his country. And as yet he was but thirty-five years of age.

His career did not end in the Philippines. He occupied Vera Cruz in 1914, during the Mexican Border War, at the head of a brigade. Two years later he was made major-general and shortly after this passed to the Great Beyond while he was, supposedly, in the prime of his vigor. Doubtless, his many wounds hastened his end.

Had Funston lived and been permitted to go with his division to France it is probable that he would have reaped fresh laurels. Certainly, he would have done something sensational; for that was the way of the man. The story of his career has a peculiar appeal. His exploits read like those found in the chronicles of the Middle Ages; he seemed foreordained to adventure. Small of stature, great of soul, born with a yearning to travel in foreign countries and joust with the champions of error, he left a record that will be perused by youthful Americans long after the histories of the wars in which he fought have crumbled into dust.

Shade of "Scrapping Freddie" of Kansas, we salute thee!

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OUR BRETHREN OF ANAHUAC

"Away over the dark, wild waves of the rolling Atlantic —away beyond the summer islands of the Western Ind— lies a lovely land. Its surface-aspect carries the hue of the emerald; its sky is sapphire; its sun is a globe of gold. It is the land of Anahuac."—*Captain Mayne Reid.*

Mexico, fitted by location, climate and internal wealth for an empire, has since the days of its Spanish conquerors been blighted by the incubus of misgovernment. Priest-ridden from the time of its original settlement until the first Masonic patriots rose and threw off the yoke of Spain, it has for the past century had its Clerical party and its Liberal party, each one alternately in power. At the present time, Calles, the Masonic President, is engaged in a bitter struggle with the Church to determine for all time who shall rule the land of the Montezumas. Recently there was given to the world a letter from the Pope in which he railed against the persecution of the faithful in the sunny land of perpetual revolution.

Meanwhile the bulk of the population—the lower class (for in Mexico there is no middle class), two-thirds of whom are of the lineage of the ancient Aztec race— lounges idly by and watches apathetically for the signal of another insurrection. That this will come, sooner or later, there can be no doubt. Romanism in Anahuac dies hard, and the Church has never been distinguished for pacifism.

According to that distinguished Masonic student, Dr. John Lewis McLeish, whose book, *"High Lights of the Mexican Revolution,"* is a perfect mine of information, the first authentic Masonic record in Mexico may be traced

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back to a little house numbered 4 in Calle de las Ratas. In this house, as early as 1806, a Lodge known as "Arquitectura Moral," held regular meetings and raised to Light many men who later became leaders in the revolt against Spain. At least one of these leaders, Don Miguel Hidalgo, curé of Dolores, came far to seek Masonic light at this time. The Brethren of the Lodge in No. 4 were spied upon and a persecution of them was inaugurated. Hidalgo and another, a soldier by the name of Allende, escaped before the raid and, though excommunicated, in September, 1810, raised the standard of revolt against the Spanish government and priesthood. After a few victories the patriots were defeated and their heads placed on pikes to dry in the wind at Chihuahua. But the end was not yet; the fight had just begun.

Masonry, introduced by Moral Architect Lodge, throve in Mexico amazingly. In 1813 the first Grand Lodge under the Scottish Rite was established under the leadership of Grand Master Aragon, and several subordinate lodges were chartered throughout the country. According to Dr. McLeish, it was during this period that Santa Anna —later known as the renegade Mason—Guadalupe Victoria and General Guerrero were brought to Light.

In 1816 and 1817 the Grand Lodge of Louisiana chartered two lodges in Mexico, one at Vera Cruz and one at Campeche. Seven years later the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania chartered a lodge in Alvarado.

Through the efforts of Joel Poinsett, American Minister to Mexico, the Grand Lodge of York Rite Masonry of New York chartered a Grand Lodge in Mexico and appointed General Vincente Guerrero the first Grand Master.

In 1825 a convention was held in Mexico City to which came delegates from both the York and Scottish Rites. The result of the deliberations of these brethren was the

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establishment of the National Rite of Mexico. In due time this Masonic body became virtually a political party, for it was forced into that position by the Clerical party. It was the party of progress. Bound together by the ties of an ancient fraternity, the brethren felt that they could trust one another and that the welfare of Mexico was the aim of all. Hence they promulgated their policy, which in effect was: Freedom of thought and of the press; the abolition of special privileges of the army and clergy; suppression of monopolies and Monastic institutions; the establishment of schools and libraries.

It was the party of Light.

Naturally it was unpopular with the Spanish over-lords and the clergy, who had battened on the country for centuries.

Now let us revert to the records of some of the brethren who gave much—some of them their all—to the welfare of Mexico.

Don Augustine de Iturbide was a native Mexican, born at Valladolid. He appears to have received a good education and his lot was cast with the aristocratic party. Eventually he obtained a commission in the Spanish army. Iturbide was ambitious. Also, he was no fool. Observing the signs of the times, he became convinced that the days of the corrupt Spanish government in Mexico were few. He aspired to rule. He had heard that most of the patriot leaders were Freemasons. Hence he applied for admission to the Lodge in Mexico City. He was raised to Light. Next he applied to the Viceroy for the command of an army destined to operate against the patriot General Guerrero, who, as we have seen, was the first Grand Master of the York Rite in Mexico. Iturbide's request was granted, for he had hitherto been very active against the insurgents. He led his forces into the defiles of the mountains of the north and sent a message to Guer-

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rero, requesting an interview. It was granted and the two leaders and Master Masons met in a remote glen. The upshot of the whole matter was that they joined forces. Iturbide was chosen leader of the patriot army—just as he had planned—and he now proceeded to march against the Spanish army. At the head of an overwhelming, if largely undisciplined force, he swept opposition from his path and on September 21, 1821, entered Mexico City a conqueror.

But now he ignored his old friends and proclaimed himself an emperor. Guerrero and Victoria were kicked aside. But another leader of the people arose; no less than General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna—a Scottish Rite Mason—who rallied to his standard, Victoria, Guerrero, Bravo, and other patriots, and drove Iturbide from the country. Returning presently, he was led out one fine morning just at sunrise and shot. General Guadalupe Victoria ruled in his stead, for a Republic had been proclaimed.

Now, as the history of Mexico for the next fifty years is so closely identified with the history of one man, let us consider the very remarkable life story of Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.

He was born in 1795 at Jalapa. While yet a mere lad of fifteen he entered the Spanish army and obtained a commission. When Iturbide began his career of victory Santa Anna joined forces with him and later, in 1822, became commandant of Vera Cruz. Incensed at the conduct of Iturbide, he led the insurrection that drove the would-be emperor from his tinsel throne. Once in the swing of it, Santa Anna's ambition began to soar. In 1828 he led an army into the field against President Pedraza, defeated him and placed in his stead General Guerrero. As a reward for his services Guerrero now made Santa Anna Secretary of War and commander-in-chief

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of the army. The next year Santa Anna led his forces against a Spanish army that was making one last attempt to recover possession of the country. He defeated the invaders and drove them from the land; receiving the plaudits of the people and a large accession of personal ambition.

So now he kicked up an insurrection against Guerrero and continued the fireworks until Guerrero had been succeeded by Bustamente. Forcing the latter to resign in 1832, Santa Anna placed in power his erstwhile enemy and present friend, Pedraza, whom he permitted to rule for some little time.

However, in the early part of 1833, Santa Anna decided to take hold of the rudder himself. Hence he announced his candidacy for President on the Federalist ticket and saw to it that he was elected. He left much of the hard work to the vice-president, Gomez Farias, but, nevertheless, kept his own eagle eye on affairs. And now, for reasons of his own, he decided to make up with the Clerical party. The priests were not long in rallying about the throne, looking ever for picking where the picking was good. From this time dates his earned title, "The Renegade Mason."

It was no wonder that the Clericals flocked about him, for his plan that he now put into execution embraced: Restoration of the special privileges of the Clergy and Military; re-establishment of the Roman Catholic faith as the State Church; censorship of the Press and public speech; the limiting of immigration to that from Catholic countries; the abolishment of the Masonic college at Oaxaca.

However, though Santa Anna made the above concessions to the Clerical party because he wished to use it in his plans, he had no real respect for the priesthood. In fact he frequently delighted to humiliate the clergy. One

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such instance, which occurred later in his career, is recorded by Dr. McLeish:

"At the battle of Vera Cruz, when Santa Anna was opposing the French, he lost a leg. Having achieved ultimate success, and wishing to humble the priests, whom at heart he hated, he sent orders to Mexico City that preparations be made forthwith for the reception of his limb with full church ceremonials, and solemn interment in the Catholic cemetery of St. Paul. Of course the Archbishop of Mexico was horrified; he protested: 'There is no precedent for religious service over a leg, your Serene Highness; it is not to be thought of.' 'Let us establish a precedent in that case, Your Reverence. Mine was a Christian leg; it deserves a Christian burial. So mote it be,' quoth the facetious Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna."

And so the leg was buried with all proper ceremonies of the Church. Masses were sung, prayers mumbled, a firing squad gave the traditional salute, and a monument was erected over the remains of the presidential leg.

Rome never forgot that little joke. Two years later, when the executive desired a loan of four million dollars he failed to get it. Also, the army mutinied.

Now there began to loom on the political horizon such men, later to become famous, as Diaz, Juarez, Perez.

A revolution broke out and was suppressed by Santa Anna with heartless cruelty. For while Santa Anna was a man of undoubted ability, a soldier frequently successful, a politician who had the knack of appealing to the rabble, he seems to have been without compassion.

In 1836 the American colonists of the province of Texas, disgusted with the rule of the Mexican kingmaker, decided to establish a government of their own. They therefore set about it and prepared to defend with force of arms what they had established.

At the head of a considerable army, Santa Anna in-

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vaded Texas and in February, 1836, attacked San Antonio. The Texan garrison, few in number, took refuge in the Alamo and there died to a man. For, after Santa Anna's troops had at last by mere force of numbers overcome the desperate resistance and stormed the walls, the few survivors, including the famous frontiersman Davie Crockett, were ruthlessly slaughtered, supposedly at Santa Anna's orders. Next came the massacre at Goliad, and the whole land seemed given over to flame and ravage. In panic the settlers fled, but a little army under one Sam Houston decided to see the matter through.

Santa Anna overtook Houston's force at San Jacinto on April 21. Not intending to fight until the next day, the Mexican leader went into camp. But old Sam Houston decided to fight then, even if his eight hundred frontiersmen were largely outnumbered. Telling his military band, composed of a fife and a drum, to strike up "Will You Come To The Bower?" Houston led his be-whiskered, tobacco-chewing riflemen straight at Santa Anna's camp.

The fight lasted but a few minutes and was one of the most unique combats in all history. Some hastily aimed volleys from the Mexican regulars, blood-curdling yells from the Texans, then the lines met. Followed a few terrible moments of close work with Bowie knife, bayonet, rifle butt, then the Mexican army passed away like a tale that is told. Santa Anna fled to a swamp, climbed a tree and shivered in doleful anticipation until he was discovered and made to descend—a prisoner.

Texas was speedily promised her freedom by Santa Anna. He was sent to the United States where he stayed until the following year, and then returned to Mexico. Old Sam Houston became the first constitutional President of Texas, relieving David Burnet, President pro tem.

Houston had had a romantic and stirring career and

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was a loyal Master Mason. His Masonic degrees were taken in Cumberland Lodge No. 8, at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1817. He was later Master of Nashville Lodge No. 37, and after removing to Texas he affiliated with Holland Lodge No. 1 originally chartered as Lodge No. 36 by the Grand Lodge of Louisiana) in 1837. He presided over the Convention that organized the Grand Lodge of Texas, December 20, 1837, at Houston, Texas. Before this time he had presented to Holland Lodge a sword to be used exclusively for the purposes of Masonry. He demitted from Holland Lodge July 13, 1842, and, so far as the records show, never thereafter affiliated with any lodge.

It was in November, 1838, the year after his return from the United States, that Santa Anna repulsed the attack of the French fleet at Vera Cruz and lost a leg—the Christian leg, before referred to. This won for him enormous popularity, and in 1841 he became Dictator. In 1844 he was elected constitutional President, but the next year an insurrection, led by General Paredes, broke out, and Santa Anna was captured and banished from the country. War with the United States now began to loom on the horizon. Santa Anna was recalled in July, 1846, and the following December was made provisional President. He soon took the field against General Taylor, who, with a small army of raw troops, was located near Buena Vista. Winfield Scott, already preparing for the conquest of Mexico by way of Vera Cruz, had taken nearly all of Taylor's veteran troops, and Santa Anna felt that the psychological moment was at hand in which to deal a crushing blow to the foemen from the North. At the head of an army of 21,000 men, according to his own statement, he approached Taylor's force of less than 5,000 troops and demanded its immediate and unconditional surrender.

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Receiving the insulting demand while seated on his old white horse, "Zach" bit a corner from a plug of tobacco, spat upon the ground and rumbled: "If he wants me tell him to come and take me—damn him!"

All day long Santa Anna tried to "take" Taylor and his small force. All day long the mountain passes reverberated with the crashing of artillery, the shouts of men, the screams of mangled horses and the rolling of musketry. Back and forth the tide of war surged and receded. The Indiana regiment fled in panic and it seemed that the center, overpowered by masses of Aztec infantry, must retire. Then it was that the field artillery saved the day. Before the gusts of grapeshot that poured in an almost unbroken stream from Captain Bragg's guns the Mexican veterans broke and fell back. Night came and Taylor held the field. It had been a fight most desperate and bloody, and one of which men yet speak when telling of the feats at arms of a bygone day.

Discomfited but not discouraged, Santa Anna now retreated, then marched to head off Scott, who had taken Vera Cruz and was advancing toward the City of Mexico.

The armies met at Cerro Gordo—a mountain stronghold. This battle holds an unique position in history as being one in which the written plan of attack reads almost exactly like the report of the battle as actually conducted. There was scarcely a slip anywhere. Santa Anna was defeated and forced to flee from the field on the back of a wheel-mule with such speed that he left his wooden leg behind him.

Captain Mayne Reid, in his novel, *"The Rifle Rangers,"* gives a peculiarly vivid description of this battle that we cannot forbear to quote. Even if it is a component part of a work of fiction, it is doubtless an accurate account of the battle as it appeared to a distant observer; for Reid was there and knew whereof he wrote.

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"On crossing an eminence a sight suddenly burst upon us that caused us to leap up in our saddles. Directly before us, and not a mile distant, rose a high round hill like a semi-globe, and from a small tower upon its top waved the standard of Mexico.

"Long lines of uniformed men girdled the tower, formed in rank. Horsemen in bright dresses galloped up and down the hill. We could see the glitter of brazen helmets, and the glancing of a thousand bayonets. The burnished howitzer flashed in the sunbeams, and we could discern the cannoniers standing by their posts. Bugles were braying and drums rolling. So near were they that we could distinguish the call. They were sounding the *'Long Roll'!"*

The Party, though within a mile of the Mexican camp, as the crow flies, was yet ten miles away by the road; for an almost impassable mountain gorge lay between. To resume the account:

"The troop at the word sprang into a gallop. El Plan, the bridge, the hamlet, the American camp with its thousand white pyramids, all burst upon us like a flash—below, far below, lying like a map. We are still opposite El Telegrafo!" (The hill whereon the Mexican army stood in position).

" 'By heavens!' cried Twing, 'our camp is empty!'

"A few figures only were visible, straggling among the tents; the teamster, the camp-guard, the invalid soldier.

" 'Look! Look!'

"I followed the direction indicated. Against the long ridge that rose over the camp a dark-blue line could be traced—a line of uniformed men, glistening as they moved with the sparkle of ten thousand bayonets. It wound along the hill like a bristling snake, and, heading towards El Telegrafo, disappeared for a moment behind the ridge.

"A gun from the globe-shaped hill—and then another! another! another!—a roll of musketry!—drums—bugles—shouts—cheering! . . . . . .

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"And now the roll of musketry became incessant, and we could hear the crack! crack! of the American rifles. And bombs hurtled and rockets hissed through the air.

"The round hill was shrouded in a cloud of sulphur, and through the smoke we could see small parties creeping up from rock to rock, from bush to bush, firing as they went. We could see some tumbling back under the leaden hail that was poured upon them from above.

"And then a strong band debouched from the woods below, and strained upward, daring all danger. Up, up!—and bayonets were crossed, and sabres glistened and grew red, and wild cries filled the air. And then came a cheer, long, loud and exulting, and under the thinning smoke thousands were seen rushing down the steep, and flinging themselves into the woods.

"We knew not as yet which party it was that were thus flying. We looked at the tower in breathless suspense. The cloud was around its base, where musketry was still rolling, sending its deadly missiles after the fugitives below.

" 'Look! look!' cried a voice; 'the Mexican flag—it is down! See! *The Star-Spangled Banner!*'

"The American standard was slowly unfolding itself over the blue smoke, and we could easily distinguish the stripes, and the dark square in the corner with its silvery stars; and as if with one voice, our troops broke into a wild 'Hurrah!'

"In less time than you have taken in reading this account of it the battle of Cerro Gordo was lost and won."

Scott now advanced to the valley of Mexico and here a series of most desperate conflicts took place. Santa Anna's army outnumbered Scott's at least three to one, but in spite of this the veterans from the North marched from one victory to another, Mexico fell, Santa Anna resigned the Presidency, made a rapid march on Pueblo in an attempt to sever Scott's line of communication, was repulsed, then left the country in disgust.

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Going first to Jamaica, he finally went on to Venezuela. But in 1853 he was again recalled by the Mexican people, over whose minds he seemed to have wonderful control, in spite of his reverses, and was made President for one year.

He now proceeded to *elect himself* President for life, with the hifalutin' title of Serene Highness. Result: Another revolution.

For a year and a half Santa Anna fought to keep his job, but all to no avail. He finally threw up the sponge and sailed from Vera Cruz to Cuba. At Havana, at St. Thomas and in Venezuela he lived until 1864 when, the French invasion with Maximilian at its head now being to the fore, Santa Anna returned to his native land and tried to render himself a factor in the struggle. He was unceremoniously kicked out by Marshal Bazaine. But after the French had been compelled to leave, because of the threat of American intervention, he came back to Vera Cruz in 1867. He was promptly clapped into prison, then released and banished.

He now decided to take up his residence in the United States, the home of those terrible soldiers with whom he had so frequently contested. For a time he resided on Staten Island, and here he spent his time in cock-fighting, card playing and throwing dice. He was growing old, but he kept his eye on Mexico and after the death of Juarez he returned for the last time to his native land.

His influence was gone; he was poor, sick and almost without friends. His life had been long and literally crowded with adventure. He had been in the saddle, the executive's chair, or in retreat before victorious armies for over sixty years of his life. He had been cruel and treacherous. He had been plotting, scheming, fighting and traveling so long that it seemed he could not quit. But he now felt on his shoulder the grim touch of the death angel,

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and on June 20, 1876, his soul passed to that land from whose bourne no traveler returns. The "Renegade Mason" was no more.

Don Benito Juarez has been called a full-blooded Indian. It is certain that he was a descendant of the race which boasted a civilization not inferior to that of the Spanish who blotted it out. Educated in the Liberal college at Oaxaca, he first practiced law, but later entered politics, his efforts being directed against the Clerical or Church party. He was elected governor of his native state, Oaxaca, then representative to the Federal Congress, later being appointed Minister of Justice. He was as much distinguished for humanity as for ability. When Santa Anna, after proclaiming himself a dictator in 1854, was finally overcome and sentenced to death, it was Benito Juarez who had his sentence commuted to exile.

Juarez was as active in Masonry as he was in politics and rose in the councils of the Craft until he became Sovereign Inspector General of the Mexican National Rite. He was a member of the exalted Thirty-Third Degree.

In 1858 Juarez became President of Mexico and found himself opposed by the Clericals. He had an exhausted treasury and a civil war on his hands. For three years the tide of war ebbed and flowed with Juarez moving his capital from city to city, suffering repeated defeats as well as enjoying occasional victories. Then, in 1860, he triumphed and was enabled to set up his government in Mexico City in time to oppose a foreign invasion, at first sponsored by France, England and Spain.

The invasion ostensibly was for the collection of debts; the real reason being the ambition of Napoleon III of France to over-ride the Monroe Doctrine and set up a monarchy in Mexico. Being convinced of the ulterior motive, England and Spain withdrew and left France to

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carry on alone. Civil war having broken out in the United States, America could do little more than protest.

Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, sustained by Marshal Bazaine and fifty thousand French regulars, entered Mexico City in 1864, proclaimed an empire, chased President Juarez into the mountains and leered insultingly at the United States. The Clerical party was again in the ascendant.

But Juarez was loyal to his trust and kept the fires of revolt alive. Moving constantly from place to place, he and his loyal Masonic generals threw the French army on the defensive and held rigidly to the enforcement of the Liberal laws first promulgated by the leaders of the National Masonic Rite of Mexico.

Then, in the spring of 1865, the Southern Confederacy in the United States collapsed. As soon as practicable the government at Washington dispatched an army of veterans under General Philip Sheridan to the border and requested of Napoleon III that the French troops be recalled. Realizing the futility of entering upon a war with the United States, at that time the most powerful military nation in the world, Napoleon swallowed his wrath and withdrew his troops. Result: The Empire fell, Maximilian was shot, President Juarez returned to Mexico City and governed successfully from 1867 to 1871.

And now we come to the greatest statesman that Mexico has as yet produced: Porfirio Diaz.

He was born of Spanish lineage in Oaxaca in 1830. He was engaged in the study of law at Oaxaca when war with the United States broke out in 1846. Although a mere lad, he entered the military service and fought throughout the war, serving with distinction at Cerro Gordo, an action previously described in this chapter. At the conclusion of hostilities young Diaz decided to remain in the army. In 1854, when Santa Anna proved recreant to his trust, Diaz

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as major commanded a battalion under General Alvarez. A few years later he joined the Liberal party, then led by Juarez, and in 1861 was elected to Congress. It was probably at about this time that Diaz became a Mason.

His life henceforth was to be one of stirring adventure. During the invasion and usurpation of Maximilian, Diaz rendered the national cause good service and acquired a great reputation for courage and energy. Commanding a force at Pueblo in May, 1863, he was forced to surrender. A short time after this he managed to escape from the enemy. He then went back to his native haunts at Oaxaca, rallied to his standard a force of so-called Indians and was enabled to make matters very warm for the French in that vicinity. In February, 1865, he was again captured and again managed to escape. Placing himself at the head of his loyal troops, he turned fiercely on the enemy and forced him steadily to retire. After the evacuation of Mexico City by the French, Diaz advanced on Pueblo and captured it in April, 1867. A little more than two months later he entered the City of Mexico.

And now he began to plot against Juarez, his compatriot and Masonic brother. He ran for the Presidency, but was defeated. Thereupon he retired to his estates and began plotting anew. He had a remarkable influence with the people of his own locality and he frequently led them in abortive attempts against the government headed by Juarez and later by Lerdo de Tejada. In 1872 he was driven from the country. He returned and in 1876 was again driven out. He then made his way to New Orleans.

While in the Creole City he evolved plans and corresponded with adherents in Mexico, the effect of which led him to believe that if he could but return to his native land he would be received with open arms and would be enabled to secure control of the government. But how to return—that was the question. He knew full well that

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his political enemy had troops constantly on guard. Not only was the border being patrolled, but every ship that entered a Mexican port was searched. Furthermore, he knew that on his head was a reward of fifty thousand dollars.

For a time he haunted the port and mingled with the sailors of the lines that plied between New Orleans and Vera Cruz. Eventually he, in some manner not now known, became advised that the purser of a certain steamer about to sail for Vera Cruz was a Mason and a man of truth and honor. Approaching this officer one evening just as dusk was settling over the city, Diaz made a certain sign that is calculated to attract attention anywhere in the world. It did so in this case. The purser responded and desired to be informed how he could aid the brother.

Refraining from telling his name, Diaz made known to his new-found friend that he was particularly desirous of returning to Mexico, that he could not make his way there unaided, and that there was a reward offered for his capture. He however, assured the purser that he was guilty of no crime, his offense being political. He requested the purser to smuggle him on board his ship and hide him in his own room. It was not the custom of the Mexican soldiers to search the apartments of ships' officers, and the fugitive felt certain that, arriving at Vera Cruz, he would be enabled to make his way to shore.

The purser at first declined to take the risk; but, under Diaz's pleadings, he finally relented and agreed to do what he could. The ship sailed with Diaz safely hidden in the purser's stateroom. The boat arrived at Vera Cruz and was searched by a party of troops, the officer of which stated that he was positive a refugee was on board; his information had been specific.

The officers of the ship permitted a rigid search, none

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but the purser being aware that a stowaway *was* on board. Nothing, of course, was found, for the rooms of the officers were not searched. However, a guard was kept on board and it began to look as though the soldier of fortune could not make his way ashore.

Then one dark night Diaz crept from his place of security and informed his friend that he contemplated swimming to some unguarded point on the beach. The officer endeavored to dissuade him, but to no avail. Diaz, carefully avoiding the guard on the ship, dropped into the water and vanished in the darkness.

The purser was troubled in spirit. Long he stood leanining over the rail of the ship, staring into the gloom and listening ever for a cry of distress. The fire of his lighted cigar burned in the darkness.

Two hours passed, then somewhere below him—in the water—he heard his name called softly. The fugitive had returned after having found the beach guarded so carefully that not even a mouse could have landed. The purser lowered a rope and hauled the dripping and exhausted Diaz aboard just as two members of the guard came walking up, attracted by the slight noise.

And now the officer showed wonderful self control and quick wit. Seizing the head of the dripping man with his crooked arm, thus hiding his features from the glare of the guard's lantern, he began to pummel the fugitive and berate him for his evil doings. To the astonished soldiers the purser explained that the victim was a sailor who had endeavored to desert. The ruse worked. Still mauling Diaz unmercifully, the officer led him past the guard and once more hid him in his own room without arousing the suspicion of the soldiers.

Within a few days, after the guard was removed from the ship, the purser managed to smuggle his charge ashore.

There have been many versions of this story and most

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of them agree that the faithful brother, knowing of the reward on the head of his protege, but unaware of the real identity of the man, was in later years rewarded by Diaz with a lucrative diplomatic appointment. How much of fact there may be in this item, there can be no doubt that in its essentials the story is true; for the bare outline of the tale was, in the year 1909, told by *President Diaz himself to a friend of the writer of this book.*

Shorty after his return to Mexico, Diaz placed himself at the head of an army of loyal adherents, defeated his enemies at the battle of Tecoac, drove Lerdo de Tejada from power and, in May, 1877, became President.

And now began the regime of law and order. Diaz at this time was an exponent of the Liberal policies first advocated by the original Masonic party in Mexico. Furthermore, he restored peace throughout all the borders of the republic, won the respect and confidence of foreign governments and encouraged capital to come in and develop the natural resources of the land. Banditry was blotted out, and it became as safe to travel along the mountain roads of Mexico as it is in Connecticut today. Railroads were built, mines opened, an efficient postal system was devised, schools were thrown open to the children of the peons, the army was enlarged and thoroughly disciplined. Mexico took her place among the nations of the earth as one with a stable, progressive government, and —on the surface—the priesthood ceased from troubling.

At that time the constitution provided that the President could not succeed himself, so, in 1880, Diaz was succeeded by his personal friend, General Gonalez.

It soon became apparent, however, that Gonalez was not Diaz. He had not the ability requisite for the job, nor could he secure the confidence of the people or foreign investors. Hence, in 1884, Diaz resumed power and had

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the constitution changed so that he might continue as executive as long as his own inclination, the welfare of the country and the will of the people might render it desirable.

In the United States such a condition would be intolerable. But Mexico is not the United States. The mass of the Mexican people have no interest in politics; neither have they any genius for self-government. They are content if permitted to live in peace and accumulate enough to support life, having a little money to spend for drink, bull-fights and gambling. They are constitutionally adverse to thought and work. The government of Diaz, though thoroughly autocratic, was benevolent, and consequently one of which they fully approved. No longer were they forced into the army and slaughtered in quarrels of which they knew nothing and cared less. No longer were they the prey of bandits and renegade Indians. Each man was permitted to loll at ease under his own vine and fig tree, stroll to a dance, drink his liquor. What more could one ask? Hence they were all for President Diaz. Every time an election came around, those who went to the trouble of voting at all voted for Diaz as a matter of course. Why not?

To be sure Diaz held his disciplined army well in hand and had it conveniently near the polls. But that was a precaution against the plots of the Clericals, rather than because he anticipated trouble from the people.

And so the regime of Porfirio Diaz was the Augustian age of Mexico.

In the land of Anahuac the Masonic fraternity is largely a political party—and this through necessity. The Clericals constitute a political party and make no bones of it. The Liberal rulers, on the other hand, being almost exclusively Masons, are forced into the position they occupy.

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As for the *ruled,* they care nothing at all for either faction. Their great ambition is to be let alone.

In the United States Masonry is absolutely divorced from politics. And justly so. To inject partisan politics into the secret councils of Masonry at this time would kill the Order.

It is not inconceivable that if the same conditions that have blighted Mexico for generations obtained in the United States, the Masonic fraternity here would be forced to take an active part in politics in order that the liberty gained by the fathers be not lost by the sons.

Diaz continued to rule in the sunny land of Anahuac until he was past the extreme age of fourscore years. Then came a change in his policy. He married a young wife of a prominent Catholic family and almost immediately came under the influence of the Church. Forgetting his vows of an earlier year, he let down the bars to the clergy, the ancient Liberal laws were put aside or ignored, and a reign of oppression began.

The real Liberals of Mexico would not stand this state of affairs. Again the torch of revolt was held aloft, this time by Francisco Madero. Diaz was driven from power at last. He left his native land and took ship for Spain. He was not long to survive his downfall, for he was old, very old.

And so passed Porfirio Diaz, in spite of his faults, the greatest statesman yet produced in the turbulent land of Anahuac.

Had Madero been permitted to live long enough to put into practice his Liberal policies, the recent history of Mexico would, in all probability, have been vastly different. He was a high grade man; college-bred, of good old Mexican lineage, a Thirty-Third Degree Mason.

He governed but a short time. He was foully murdered

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by his political enemies and a regime of crime, misgovernment, veritable chaos, was inaugurated. And this ascendancy of disorder in our sister republic of the South led to one of the most trying periods in our own history. The blaze of succeeding revolutions in Mexico could not leave our own border unscathed. Against our will we were drawn to a certain extent into the contest, and in consequence another campaign was added to our military history.

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